

THE  
TRAVELS  
AND  
ADVENTURES  
OF

*Mademoiselle de RICHELIEU.*

COUSIN to the present DUKE of that  
NAME.

Who made the Tour of *EUROPE*, dressed  
in Men's Cloaths, attended by her MAID  
*LUCY* as her *Valet de Chambre*.

Now done into ENGLISH from the LADY's own  
MANUSCRIPT.

By the TRANSLATOR of the MEMOIRS and  
ADVENTURES of the Marques of *BRE-  
TAGNE* and Duke of *HARCOURT*.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the Globe in Paternoster-Row. MDCCXLIV.



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AND  
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OF

Mademoiselle de Richelieu  
Cousin to the Duke of  
N A M E



Who made the  
in Men's Club  
LUCY as her  
Now gone into England from the last  
M A N U S C R I P T

By the Translator of the  
ADVENTURES of the Duke of  
TAGNE and Duke of HARCOURT

V O L . I .

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. Coates, at the Globe in  
St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCCLXXIV.

# THE TRAVELS

OF

*Mademoiselle de Richelieu.*

**W**ERE I a common Writer, I should follow common Form, that is to say, deduce my Origin from a long Race of illustrious Ancestors, and conclude the pompous Introduction with a Word or two to the Male Sex, who think it a monstrous Presumption in a Woman to pretend to write; but I would have those vain Creatures

Vol. I.

B

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to know, that though, out of our great Condescension, we may allow them the masculine nervous Stile, yet the soft and tender is all our own. They may perhaps draw a stronger Picture of turbulent Life, describe Battles with the Breath of Fire and Fury, dip their Pens in Blood, and give Death its proper Colours; but for the softer Scenes of Life the Pencil must be ours.

I AM pretty certain, if ever my Travels are published, that your serious old flegmatick Fellows, and the wrinkled antiquated Matrons will cry, Fie upon this impudent Girl to shake off the Modesty of the Sex, and gallop over the World to satisfy the mad Whims of a romantic Brain. Why truly, as your Notion of a Woman is, that she is a domestic Tool designed for no other Use but to satisfy the brutal Inclinations of her Lord and Master Man, my Scheme of Life must give you offence, and your Indignation will still rise higher, when I very fairly and plainly tell you, that I abhor the shameful Drudgery to which my Sex is fatally subjected in propagating the Species, that I am highly sensible of our Misery in this Disposition of Nature, and find that I have a Soul as capable of noble and refined Sentiments, as those male Things who would fain make us meer Machines formed by God and Nature, for no other Purpose but to serve their Pleasures. Nay, I believe in my Conscience, you could chime in with that old doating Fool of a Stoic who very gravely said, 'Women were a Sort of Tubs prepared to hold the Juice of Life till it ripens into Maturity.'

This



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 3

This is a Tale of a Tub with a Witness, and if the World were to depend on my Tub, the Source of Life should be at an End ; for I swear I had rather be metamorphosed into a Tobacco-stopper, a Broomstick, or a Grid-iron. So much by way of Introduction. Let me now set out upon my Adventures, as a Cavalier, whom Curiosity, and an insuperable Passion to see the World, have dragged from the calm and easy Occupations of the tender Sex, to the Dangers and Fatigues that attend travelling ; but first of all, it will be proper to inform the Reader how this Whim, or Madness if you will, first entered my Brain, and by what Means it rose to such a settled Resolution, that neither the Representation of Friends, nor the Dangers, which I could not but foresee, were capable to make me relinquish my Design.

My Father, who was a Lieutenant-General in the King's Armies and Governor of *Lisle* in *French Flanders*, ( an Officer, as I have been told, respected in the Army ) died when I was but two Years old, and his only Child. My Mother of the *Epernon* Family, passionately fond of her Husband, fell into a State of Languishing after his Death, which never left her till she was laid into the same Grave with her Husband about two Years after. An Uncle on the Mother's Side was my Guardian, and placed me in a Convent of *Ursuline* Nuns at *Paris*, under the Inspection of his Sister, who was Prioress.



THIS Lady, whom Grates and Vows confined within the narrow Precinct of a Cloyster, often complained of her Prison, for depriving her of visiting, in Person, those Countries, of which she with so much Pleasure read the Descriptions, and often harangued upon the Advantages which Men had of making themselves acquainted with the Customs and Manners of different Parts of the World ; so that I longed to travel before I could well walk, and what with Books, and my Aunt's Lectures, at the Age of Twelve, I was just as fond of Travelling as she ; and fully resolved, when I could dispose of myself as I thought proper, to make the Tour of *Europe* dressed in Mens Cloathes. At the Age of Twenty-five, my Guardian put me in Possession of an Estate, of about 15000 Livres yearly Rent, and 100,000 Livres ready Money, which he had saved during my Minority, after paying some Debts which my Father had contracted. It was then I began seriously to think of commencing Knight Errant, and of metamorphosing myself into something that had, at least, the Appearance of a Man ; my Complexion a little brownish, my Stature about five Foot four Inches with the Advantage of not being full chested, were so favourable to my Design, that in the whole Course of my rambling my Disguise was never once suspected, and more than one fair Lady did me the Honour to receive my Addresses, as a Lover very capable of bringing an Intrigue to the last Perfection ; and tho' I always took Care when Things were coming to a Crisis to throw Disappointments in  
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Mademoiselle de Richelieu.

3

the Way, yet they were so artfully managed, that I was neither suspected of Indifference, Treachery, nor the unpardonable Crime of Incapacity.

THE Public is not to expect in my Travels, those extraordinary Events which never existed, but in the Writer's own Imagination: what I relate is Fact, and with the discreet and thinking Part of the World, Truth in its native Simplicity has more Charms than Romance dressed out with all the Art of Invention and Elegance of Stile. I do not indeed pretend to vouch for the Truth of some secret Court Intrigues in Politics and Gallantry which I learned; but thus far I can safely say, that I have neither added nor diminished, and that the Persons who informed me were of a distinguished Rank, and esteemed to be People of Veracity and Honour. As for my own Remarks upon the Customs and Manners of Countries, wherein I disagree with other Authors, I shall endeavour to justify with Reasons founded upon Observation and Experience; and as to my Characters of particular Persons in high Stations, I shall only say, that my Pen is neither dipt in Gall nor Honey. I have, indeed lashed Vice wherever I found it, even in the Palaces of crowned Heads, without being awed by the Frowns of a Royal Debauchee, or bribed by his Smiles, to conceal his Faults; and if I have dealt impartially on this Side, I have, on the other, equally done Justice to Merit and Virtue from the King to the Cobler.

YOUR morose hum-drum Readers will never be able to bear this vain Character of my Integrity ; but let me tell them by way of a Secret, that as my Book is not to make its Appearance in the World, 'till I am got into *Abraham's Bosom* ; and as there is Odds on my Side, that it will make a pretty good Figure, they will be forced to allow that I am modest, at least, in that Respect ; besides, I never looked upon a little Pride and Vanity to be a Failing in our Sex ; in Men, indeed, they are unpardonable, but in us, if they cannot, strictly speaking, be called Virtues, they very much contribute, however, to make us virtuous ; and were it not for these two happy Defects in our Constitution, many poor frail Females would consent to gratify Passions, to which we are all more or less subjected ; but Thanks to our Pride and Vanity we dare face the Enemy, and force them to honourable Terms ; such was the Case of a beautiful young Lady of my Acquaintance, who having made a noble Stand against the Efforts of a pressing agreeable Lover, sung her Victory in the following irregular Lines.

*A se rendre a L'hymen peut-on être blamable,  
 A fixer même le jour peut-on être coupable ;  
 Mais si L'homme presomptueux croit donter nos  
 coeurs,  
 Par ses Sermens parjures, par ses caresses flatteurs ;  
 Et non content d'avoir Sçu triompher de L'innocence,  
 Il jouit encore de son crime par une noire vengeance ;*

*Que*



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 7

*Que tel soit à jamais livré aux remords de son ame,  
Qu'il voutre dans le borbier d'une honteuse  
flamme ;  
Et qu' enfin rendu au bout de sa triste carriere,  
On le voit sans regret en monceau de poussiere.*

Thus PARAPHRASED :

We'll yield to Hymen's Laws, even fix the Day,  
Of our Surrender in an honest Way ;  
Or on such Terms as Honour will admit,  
And when 'tis glorious for us to submit ;  
But if the false deluding Creature Man,  
Be vain enough to fancy that he can  
Subject our Pride, entice our honest Hearts  
With Vows and Oaths, and all the practis'd Arts  
Of fly Deceit, that knows no other Aim,  
But first to tempt, and then to blast our Fame ;  
Let such long wallow in the Mire of Lust,  
And then unpitied moulder into Dust.

Now I warrant this little poetical Digression will be nibbled at by some of your quibbling Critics ; but I will tell them once for all, that as there can be no elegant Entertainment without what the *French* call *Entremets* \*, so no Work of this Kind can be diverting without Digressions ! and if this won't do, be it known to you all, and every one of you, that I love them, and will have them regularly inserted, or Woe be to the Publisher whoever he may be.

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\* Dainty Dishes served before the Fruit,



I fancy it will be no new Thing to tell you, that we *French* Folks believe as firmly as we do our Creed, that *France* is the most beautiful, the most powerful, and the most opulent Kingdom in the World, and if we add the most civilized; 'tis not surprizing that any of us, who have an Itch for travelling, should begin with our own dear Country, which we are to visit with all possible Exactness; that we may be ready on all Occasions, to shew how far it exceeds any other.

THOSE who are fond of tedious Descriptions may look into the *delices de la France* \*; for my Part I hate them, and am resolved in the whole Course of my Travels to be as short as possible in the descriptive Part, chusing rather to entertain my Readers with a particular Account of the Government, Laws, Trade, Customs and Manners of the several Countries which I have visited, (not forgetting the Intrigues and Gallantries of the different Courts) than to take up their Time and my own, in long Dissertations upon the Architecture of Houses and Churches; about which, even the *Connoisseurs* in different Countries are as little agreed as the Priests about Religion. An *Italian* will very gravely tell you, that the true Genius of Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Music is peculiar to his own Country, and that all the rest of *Europe* are at best but bungling Copiers. I re-

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\* The Delights of France.

member to have read in one of their Authors the following short but satyrical Remark :  
 ‘ The *French*, says he, shew the Unevenness  
 ‘ of their Tempers in the Irregularity of their  
 ‘ Buildings ; the *English* their Pride and Vanity,  
 ‘ in attempting to refine upon us ; the  
 ‘ *Spaniards* think it beneath them to change  
 ‘ their Taste in Houses or Habits, and an *Escu-*  
 ‘ *rial* is to them a more beautiful Piece of  
 ‘ Architecture than a Hundred such as *Ver-*  
 ‘ *sailles* ; give a *Dutchman* a Stove and Trade  
 ‘ and he is happy ; and the other Countries of  
 ‘ the North think a Wooden House painted on  
 ‘ the Outside, with *Bachus’s* on Hogheads,  
 ‘ large *German* Glasses, Pipes and Tobacco,  
 ‘ infinitely more beautiful than Marble Statues  
 ‘ and Pillars. *Ceci soit dit en passant* ; this by  
 ‘ the by.’

BEFORE I enter upon the Government of France, I shall first give my Opinion in general of Kings and Kingly Government, which will be thought monstrous by my own Countrymen, at least a good many of them, who are for absolute unlimited Power in the Prince ; but as I have no Notion of being a Slave, with their good Leave, I will lay this down as a certain Maxim, *That the Laws of every Nation are the Measure of Magistratical Power.* There is, I know, a certain celebrated Author \*, who lays much Weight upon the Word *Hereditary* ; but the Question is, What is inherited in an heredi-

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\* Mr. de Thou.

tary Kingdom, and how it comes to be hereditary? 'Tis in vain to say *the Kingdom*; for we do not know what is meant by it; 'tis one thing in one Place, and very different in others; and and I think it not easy to find two in the World that in Power are exactly the same: If *this* Author understands all that is comprehended within the Precincts over which it reaches, I deny that any such is to be found in the World: If he refers to what preceding Kings enjoyed, no Determination can be made, 'till the first Original of that Kingdom be examined, that it may be known what that first King had, and from whence he had it.

IF this Variety be denied, I desire to know whether the Kings of *Sparta* and *Persia* had the same Power over their Subjects; if the same, whether both were absolute, or both limited; if the last, how came the Decrees of the *Persian* Kings to pass for Laws? If absolute, how could the *Spartan* Kings be subject to Fines, Imprisonment, or the Sentence of Death, and not have Power to send for their own Supper out of the Common-Hall? Why did *Xenophon* call *Agésilas* a good and faithful King, obedient to the Laws of his Country, when, upon the Command of the *Ephori*, he left the War that he had with so much Glory begun in *Asia*, if he was subject to none? How came the *Ephori* to be established to restrain the Power of Kings, if it could no way be restrained, if all owed Obedience to them and they to none? Why did *Theopompus's* Wife reprove him for suffering his Power to be diminished by their Creation, if it  
could



## The TRAVELS of II

could not be diminished? Or, why did he say he had made the Power more permanent in making it less odious, if it was perpetual and unalterable? We may go farther, and taking *Xenophon* and *Plutarch* for our Guides, assert that the Kings of *Sparta* never had the Powers of War or Peace, Life and Death, which *de Thou* esteems inseparable from Regality, and conclude, either that no King has them, or that all Kings are not alike in Power. If they are not in all Places the same, Kings do not reign by an universal Law, but by the particular Laws of each Country, which give to every one so much Power, as in the Opinion of the Givers conduces to the End of their Institution, which is the public Good.

It may be also worth our Inquiry how this inherited Power came to be hereditary. We know that the Sons of *Vespasian* and *Constantine* inherited the *Roman* Empire, tho' their Fathers had no such Title; but having gained the Empire, by Violence, which is meer Tyranny that can create no Right, they could devolve none to their Children. The Kings of *France* of the three Races have inherited the Crown; but *Meroveus Pepin* and *Hugh Capet* could neither pretend Title nor Conquest, or any other Right than what was conferred upon them by the Clergy, Nobility and People; and consequently whatsoever is inherited from them can have no other Original; for that is the Gift of the People which is bestowed upon the first, under whom the Successors claim, as if it had been by a peculiar Act given to every one of them. It  
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## 12 Mademoiselle de Richelieu.

will be more hard to shew how the Crown of our Neighbours the *English* became hereditary, unless it be by the Will of the People ; for tho' it were granted that some of the *Saxon* Kings came in by Inheritance, yet *William* the *Norman* did not, for he was a Bastard and could inherit nothing ; neither did *William Rufus* and *Henry*, for their elder Brother *Robert*, by Right of Inheritance, ought to have been preferred before them : *Stephen* and *Henry* the Second were in the same Case ; for *Maud*, the only Heiress of *Henry* the First, was living when both were crowned ; as little did *Richard* and *John* succeed by Right of Inheritance, for they were both Bastards born in Adultery. They must therefore have received their Right from the People, or they could have none at all ; and their Successors fall under the same Condition.

I find a great Variety in the Deduction of this hereditary Right. In *Sparta* there were two Kings of different Families endowed with an equal Power. If the *Heracidæ* did reign as the Fathers of the People, the *Æacidæ* did not ; if the Right was in the *Æacidæ*, the *Heracidæ* could have none ; for 'tis equally impossible to have two Fathers as Two thousand. 'Tis in vain to say that two Families joined and agreed to reign jointly ; for it is evident the *Spartans* had Kings before the Time of *Hercules* or *Achilles*, who were the Fathers of the two Races. If it be said that the regal Power, with which they were invested, did entitle them to the Right of Fathers, it must in like Manner have belonged to the *Roman* Consuls, military

tary Tribunes, Dictators and Pretors ; for they had more Power than the *Spartan* Kings ; and that glorious Nation might change their Fathers every Year, and multiply or diminish the Number of them as they pleased. If this be most ridiculous and absurd, 'tis certain that the Name and Office of King, Consul, Dictator, or the like, does not confer any determined Right on the Person who has it : Every one has a Right to that which is allotted to him by the Laws of the Country by which he is created.

As the *Persians*, *Spartans*, *Romans* or *Germans*, might make such Magistrates, and under such Names as best pleased themselves, and accordingly enlarge or diminish their Power, the same Right belongs to all Nations, and the Rights due unto, as well as the Duties incumbent upon every one, are to be known only by the Laws of that Place. This may seem strange to those who know neither Books nor Things, Histories nor Laws, but is well explained by *Grotius*, who denying the Sovereign Power to be annexed to any Name, speaks of divers Magistrates under several Names that had, and others that under the same Names had it not ; and distinguishes those who have the *summum Imperium summo modo*, from those who have it *modo non Summo* : And tho' probably he looked on the first Sort as a Thing meerly speculative, if by that *summo modo*, a Right of doing what one pleases be understood ; yet he gives many Examples of the other. Among those who had *liberrimum Imperium*, he names the Kings of the *Sabeans* ; who nevertheless were under such a

Condition, that tho' they were, as *Agatharchidas* reports, obeyed in all Things, whilst they continued within the Walls of their Palace, might be stoned by any that met them without it.

THE Law that gives and measures the Power, prescribes Rules how it should be transmitted. In some Places the supreme Magistrates are annually elected, in others their Power is for Life; in some they are meerly elective, in others hereditary under certain Rules or Limitations. The ancient Kingdoms and Lordships of *Spain* were hereditary; but the Succession went ordinarily to the eldest of the reigning Family, not to the nearest in Blood. This was the ground of the Quarrel between *Corbes* the Brother, and *Orsua* the Son of the last Prince, decided by Combat before *Scipio*. I know not whether the *Goths* brought that Custom with them when they conquered *Spain*, or whether they learned it from the Inhabitants; but certain it is, that keeping themselves to the Families of the *Balthei* and *Amalthei*, they had more Regard to Age than Proximity, and almost ever preferred the Brother, or eldest Kinsman of the last King before his Son. The like Custom was in use among the Moors in *Spain* and *Africa*, who according to the several Changes that happened among the Families of *Almohades*, *Almoranides*, and *Benemerini*, did always take one of the reigning Blood; but, in the Choice of him, had most respect to Age and Capacity. This is usually called the Law of *Tha- nestry*; and, as in many other Places, prevailed also in *Ireland*, till that Country fell under the *English* Government.



IN *France* and in *Turky* the Male that is nearest in Blood succeeds ; and I do not know of any Deviation from that Rule in *France*, since *Henry* the First was preferred before *Robert* his elder Brother, Grandchild to *Hugh Capet* : But notwithstanding the great Veneration they have for the royal Blood, they utterly exclude Females, lest the Crown should fall to a Stranger, or a Woman (who is seldom able to govern herself,) should come to govern so great a People. Some Nations admit Females, either simply, as well as Males ; or under a Condition of not marrying out of their Country, or without the Consent of the Estates, with an absolute Exclusion of them and their Children if they do ; according to which Law in Force among the *Swedes*, *Charles Gustavus* was chosen King upon the Resignation of Queen *Christina*, as having no Title ; and the Crown settled upon the Heirs of his Body, to the utter Exclusion of his Brother *Adolphus*, their Mother having married a *German*. Tho' divers Nations have differently disposed their Affairs, all those that are not naturally Slaves, have preferred their own Good before the personal Interests of him that expects the Crown, so as upon no Pretence whatever to admit of one who is evidently guilty of such Vices as are prejudicial to the State. For this Reason the *French*, tho' much addicted to their Kings, rejected the vile Remainers of the *Merovingian* Race, and made *Pepin*, the Son of *Charles Martel*, King : And when his Descendants fell into the like Vices, they were often deposed, till at last they were wholly rejected, and the Crown



given to *Capet* and to his Heirs male as formerly. Yet for all this, *Henry* his Grandchild being esteemed more fit to govern than his elder Brother *Robert*, was made King, and that Crown still remains in his Descendants ; no Consideration being had of the Children of *Robert*, who continued Dukes of *Burgundy* during the Reigns of ten Kings. And in the Memory of our Fathers, *Henry* of *Navarr* was rejected by two Assemblies of the Estates, because he differed in Religion from the Body of the Nation, and could never be received as King, till he had renounced his own, tho' he was certainly the next in Blood, and that in all other Respects he excelled in those Virtues which they most esteem.

WE might enumerate a multitude of other Examples, were it not too tedious ; and as the various Rules, according to which all the hereditary Crowns of the World are inherited, shew that none is set by Nature, but that every People proceeds according to their own Will ; the frequent Deviations from those Rules do evidently testify. That *Salus Populi est Lex suprema*, and that no Crown is granted otherwise than in Submission to it.

BUT tho' there were a Rule, which in no Case ought to be transgressed, there must be a Power of judging to whom it ought to be applied. 'Tis perhaps hard to conceive one more precise than that of *France*, where the eldest legitimate Male in the direct Line is preferred, and yet that alone is not sufficient. There may be Bastardy in the Case : Bastards may be thought legitimate,

gitimate, and legitimate Sons Bastards. The Children born of *Isobel of Portugal* during her Marriage with *John the Third of Castile* were declared Bastards, and the Title of the House of *Austria* to that Crown depends upon that Declaration. We often see that Marriages which have been contracted, and for a long Time taken to be good, have been declared Null; and the Legitimation of *Lewis XIV.* is founded solely upon the Abolition of the Marriage of *Henry IV.* with *Marguerite of Valois*, which for the Space of twenty-seven Years was thought to have been good. Whilst *Spain* was divided into five or six Kingdoms, and the several Kings linked to each other by mutual Alliances, incestuous Marriages were often contracted, and upon better Consideration annulled; many have been utterly void thro' the Preinengagement of one of the Parties. These are not feigned Cases, but such as happen frequently, and the Diversity of Accidents, as well as the Humours of Men, may produce many others, which would involve Nations in the most fatal Disorders, if every one should think himself obliged to follow such a one who pretended a Title that to him might seem plausible, when another should set up one as pleasing to others, and there were no Power to terminate those Disputes to which both must submit, but the Decision must be left to the Sword.

THIS is that which I call the Application of the Rule, when it is as plain and certain as human Wisdom can make it; but if it be left more at large, as where Females inherit, the Difficul-

ties are inextricable : And he that says, the next Heir is really King when one is dead, before he be so declared by a Power that may judge of his Title, does, as far as in him lies, expose Nations to be split into the most desperate Factions, and every Man to fight for the Title which he fancies to be good, till he destroy those of the contrary Party, or be destroyed by them. The *English* did not look upon *Robert the Norman* as King of *England* after the Death of his Father ; and when he endeavoured, on pretence of Inheritance, to impose himself upon the Nation that thought fit to prefer his younger Brothers, he paid the Penalty of his Folly, by the Loss of his Eyes and Liberty. The *French* did not think the Grandchild of *Pharamond* to be King after the Death of his Father, nor seek who was the next Heir of the *Merovingian* Line, when *Chilperic* the Third was dead ; nor regard the Title of *Charles of Lorrain* after the Death of his Brother *Lothair*, or of *Robert of Burgundy* eldest Son of King *Robert* ; but advanced *Merovius*, *Pepin*, *Capet* and *Henry* the First, who had no other Right but what the Nobility and People bestowed upon them. And if such Acts do not destroy the Pretences of all who lay claim to Crowns by Inheritance, and do not create a Right, I think it will be hard to find a lawful King in the World, or that there ever has been any ; since the first did plainly come in like *Nimrod*, and those who have been ever since Histories are known to us, owed their Exaltation to the Consent of Nations, armed or unarmed, by the Deposition or Exclusion of the Heirs of such as had reigned before them. What dull Entertainment,



tainment, what dry Stuff, cry the Young and Gay! but have a little Patience and I'll please you by and by; in the mean Time if what is already said upon Government in general, or what I am to add upon that of *France* in particular does not go down with you, why even leave these Pages to the Perusal of your serious sort of Folks who deserve at least something for their Money. Now to the Point—and you young Folks to your Task of turning over a few Leaves without so much as reading one Line as you would oblige your humble Servant.

THE Succession not being well settled in the Time of *Meroveus*, who had dispossessed the Grandchildren of *Pharamond*, he was no sooner dead than *Gillon* set up himself, and with much Slaughter drove his Son *Chilperic* out of the Kingdom; who after a little Time returning with like Fury, is said to have seen a Vision, first of Lions and Leopards, then of Bears and Wolves, and lastly of Dogs and Cats, all tearing one another to Pieces. This has been always accounted by the *French* to be a Representation of the Nature and Fortune of the three Races that were to command them, and has been too much verified by Experience.

*Clovis* their first Christian and most renowned King, having exceedingly enlarged his Territories, chiefly by the Murders of *Alaric*, and *Ragnacaire* with his Children, and suborning *Sigismond* of *Metz* to kill his Father *Sigibert*, left his Kingdom to be torn in Pieces by the Rage of his four Sons, each of them endeavouring to make himself

himself Master of the whole ; and when, according to the usual Fate of such Contests, Success had crowned *Clothair* who was the worst of them all, by the Slaughter of his Brothers and Nephews, with all the Flower of the *French* and *Gaulish* Nobility, the Advantages of his Fortune only resulted to his own Person. For after his Death the miserable Natives suffered as much from the Madness of his Sons, as they had done by himself and his Brothers. They had learned from their Predecessors not to be slow in doing Mischief, but were farther incited by the Rage of two infamous Women, *Fredegonde* and *Brunehaud*.

*Chilperic* the Second, who by the Slaughter of many Persons of the royal Blood, with infinite numbers of the Nobility and People, came to be Master of so much of the Country as procured him the Name of King of *France*, killed his eldest Son on Suspicion that he was excited against him by *Brunehaud*, and his second, lest he should revenge the Death of his Brother : He married *Fredegonde*, and was soon after killed by her Lover *Landry*.

THE Kingdom continued in the same Misery through the Rage of the surviving Princes, and found no Relief, tho' most of them fell by the Sword, and that *Brunehaud*, who had been a principal Cause of those Tragedies, was tied to the Tails of four wild Horses and tore Limb from Limb, since a Plague more mortal than their Fury ensued by the Succession of ten slothful Kings whom the *French* call *Les Rois faineans*.

SOME

SOME may say, they who do nothing do no Hurt ; but this Rule will not hold with respect to Kings. He that takes upon him the Government of a People, can do no greater Evil than by doing nothing, nor be guilty of a more unpardonable Crime, than by Negligence, Cowardice, Voluptuousness, and Sloth, to desert his Charge. Virtue and Manhood perish under him ; good Discipline is forgotten ; Justice slighted ; the Laws perverted or rendered useless ; the People corrupted ; the publick Treasures exhausted ; and the Power of the Government always falling into the Hands of flattering Favourites, a Way is laid open for all manner of Disorders.

THE Reigns of *Septimius Severus*, *Mahomet* the Second, or *Selim* the Second, were cruel and bloody, but their Fury was turned against Foreigners, and some of their near Relations, or against such as fell under the Suspicion of making Attempts against them : The Condition of the People was tolerable ; those who would be quiet might be safe ; the Laws kept their right Course ; the Reputation of the Empire was maintained, the Limits defended, and the publick Peace preserved. But when the Sword passed into the Hands of lewd, slothful, foolish, and cowardly Princes, it was of no Power against foreign Enemies, or the Disturbers of domestic Peace, tho' always sharp against the best of their own Subjects. No Man knew how to secure himself against them, unless by raising Civil Wars ; which will always be frequent, when a Crown defended by a weak Hand is proposed as a Prize to any  
that



that dare invade it. This is a perpetual Spring of Disorders, and no Nation was ever quiet, when the most eminent Men found less Danger in the most violent Attempts, than in submitting patiently to the Will of a Prince who suffers his Power to be managed by wicked Men, whose constant Study is to flatter him in his Vices. But this is not all, for besides the Mischiefs brought upon the Public by the Loss of eminent Men, who are the Pillars of every State, such Reigns are always accompanied with Tumults and Civil Wars; the great Men striving with no less Violence who shall get the weak Prince into his Power, when such Regard is had to Succession that they think it not fit to divest him of the Title, than when with less Respect they contend for the Sovereignty it self. And whilst this sort of Princes reigned, *France* was no less afflicted with the Contests between *Grimbault*, *Ebroin*, *Grimoald*, and others for the Mayoralty of the Palace, than it had been before by the Rage of those Princes who had contested for the Crown. The Issue also was the same: After many Revolutions, *Charles Martel* gained the Power of the Kingdom, which he had so bravely defended against the *Saracens*; and having transmitted it to his Son *Pepin*, the general Assembly of the Estates, with the publick Approbation, conferred the Title also upon him. This gave the Nation present Ease, but the deep-rooted Evil could not be so cured, and the Kingdom, which by the Wisdom, Valour, and Reputation of *Pepin*, had been preserved from Civil Troubles during his Life, fell as deeply as ever into them so soon as he was dead,

His

HIS Sons *Carloman* and *Charles*, divided the Dominions ; but in a little Time each of them would have all. *Carloman* filled the Kingdom with Tumult, raised the *Lombards*, and marched with a great Army against his Brother, till his Course was interrupted by Death, as is supposed, caused by such Helps as Princes liberally afford to their aspiring Relations. *Charles* deprived his two Sons of their Inheritance, put them in Prison, and we hear no more of them. His third Brother *Griffon* was not more quiet, nor more successful, and there could be no Peace in *Gascony*, *Italy* or *Germany*, till he was killed. But all the Advantages which *Charles*, by an extraordinary Virtue and Fortune, had purchased for his Country, ended with his Life.

HE left his Son *Lewis* the Gentle in Possession of the Empire and Kingdom of *France*, and his Grandson *Bernard* King of *Italy* ; but these two could not agree ; and *Bernard* falling into the Hands of *Lewis*, was deprived of his Eyes, and some Time after killed. This was not enough to preserve the Peace : *Lothair*, *Lewis* and *Pepin*, all three Sons to *Lewis*, rebelled against him, called a Council at *Lions*, deposed him, and divided the Empire amongst themselves.

AFTER five Years he escaped from the Monastery where he had been kept, renewed the War, and was again taken Prisoner by *Lothair*. When he was dead, the War broke out more fiercely than ever between his Children : *Lothair* the Emperor assaulted *Lewis* King of *Bavaria*

*varia*, and *Charles* King of *Rhetia*, was defeated by them and confined to a Monastery, where he died.

NEW Quarrels arose between the two Brothers upon the Division of the Countries taken from him, and *Lorrain* only was left to his Son. *Lewis* died soon after; and *Charles*, getting Possession of the Empire and Kingdom, ended an inglorious Reign, in an unprosperous Attempt to deprive *Hermingrade*, Daughter to his Brother *Lewis*, of the Kingdom of *Arles*, and other Places left her by her Father. *Lewis* his Son, called the *Stutterer* reigned two Years in much Trouble, and his only legitimate Son *Charles the Simple* was not much happier; for *Robert* Duke of *Anjou* raised War against him, and was crowned at *Rheims*, but was himself soon after slain in a bloody Battle near *Soissons*.

HIS Son-in-law, *Herbert* Earl of *Vermandois*, gathered up the Remains of his scattered Party, got *Charles* into his Power, and called a General Assembly of Estates who deposed him, and gave the Crown to *Raoul* Duke of *Burgundy*; tho' he was no otherwise related to the Royal Blood than by his Mother, which in *France* is nothing at all.

AFTER his Death, *Lewis*, Son to the deposed *Charles* was made King; but his Reign was as inglorious to him as miserable to his Subjects. This is the Peace which the *French* enjoyed for the Space of five or six Ages, under their Monarchy;



narchy ; and 'tis hard to determine, whether they suffered most by the Violence of those who possessed, or the Ambition of others who aspired to the Crown ; and whether the Fury of active, or the baseness of slothful Princes was most pernicious to them ; but upon the whole Matter, thro' the Defects of those of the latter Sort, they lost all they had gained by Sweat and Blood, under the Conduct of the former.

*Henry and Otho of Saxony*, by a Virtue like that of *Charlemagne*, deprived them of the Empire, and settled it in *Germany*, leaving *France* only to *Lewis*, surnamed *Outremer*, and his Son *Lothair*, who seemed to be equally composed of Treachery, Cruelty, Ambition and Baseness ; they were always mutinous and always beaten ; their frantick Passions put them always upon unjust Designs, and were such Plagues to their Subjects and Neighbours, that they became equally detested and despised. These Things extinguished the Veneration due to the Memory of *Pepin* and *Charles*, and obliged the whole Nation, rather to seek Relief from a Stranger than to be ruined by their worthless Descendants. They had tried all Ways that were in their Power, deposed four crowned Kings, within the Space of an Hundred and fifty Years ; crowned five, who had no other Title than the People conferred upon them, and restored the Descendants of those they had rejected, but all was in vain ; their Vices were incorrigible, the Mischiefs produced by them intollerable ; they never ceased from murdering one another in Battle, or by Treachery, and bringing the Nation into

Civil Wars upon their wicked or foolish Quarrels, 'till the whole Race was rejected, and the Crown placed upon the Head of *Hugh Capet*.

THESE Mischiefs raged not in the same Extremity under him and his Descendants; but the Abatement proceeded from a Cause no way advantageous to absolute Monarchy. The *French* were, by their Calamities, taught more strictly to limit the regal Power; and by turning the Dukedoms and Earldoms into Patrimonies, which had been Offices, gave an Authority to the Chief of the Nobility, by which that of Kings was curbed; and though, by this Means, the Commonality were exposed to some Hardships, yet they were small in Comparison of what they had suffered in former Times. When many great Men had Estates of their own, that did not depend upon the Will of Kings, they began to love their Country; and tho' they chearfully served the Crown in all Cases of public Concernment,, they were not easily engaged in the personal Quarrels of those who possessed it, or had a Mind to gain it.

To preserve themselves in this Condition they were obliged to use their Vassals gently, which made Monarchy easier and less tumultuous, than when the King's Will had been less restrained; but still there was a Root remaining, that from time to time produced poisonous Fruit. Civil Wars were frequent among them, though not carried on with such desperate Madnefs as formerly, and many of them upon the Account of Disputes between Competitors for the Crown.

All

All the Wars with *England*, since *Edward* the Second married *Isabella* Daughter, and, as he pretended, Heir of *Philip le Bel*, were of this Nature. The Defeats of *Crecy*, *Poitiers* and *Agincourt*, with the Slaughters and Devastation suffered from *Edward* the Third the Black Prince, and *Henry* the Fifth, were merely upon Contests for the Crown. The Factions of *Orleans* and *Burgundy*, *Orleans* and *Armagnac*, proceeded from the same Spring, and the Murders that seem to have been the immediate Cause of those Quarrels, were only the Effects of the Hatred growing from their Competition.

THE more odious, though less bloody Contests between *Lewis* the Eleventh, and his Father *Charles* the Seventh, with the Jealousy of the former against his Son *Charles* the Eighth arose from the same Principle. *Charles* of *Bourbon* proposed to fill *France* with Fire and Blood upon the like Quarrel, when his Designs were overthrown by his Death in the Assault of *Rome*. If the Dukes of *Guise* had been more fortunate, they had soon turned the Cause of Religion into a Claim to the Crown, and repaired the Injury done, as they pretended, to *Pepin's* Race, by destroying that of *Capet*; and *Henry* the Third thinking to prevent this by the Slaughter of *Henry le Balafre*, and his Brother the Cardinal *de Guise*, brought Ruin upon himself, and cast the Kingdom into a most horrid Confusion.

THE Duke of *Orleans* was several Times in Arms against *Lewis XIII.* his Brother; the  
D 2 Queen



Queen Mother drew the *Spaniards* to favour him ; *Montmorency* perished in his Quarrel ; *Fontrailles* revived it by a Treaty with *Spain*, which struck at the King's Head as well as the Cardinal's, and was suppressed by the Death of *Cinq Mars* and *de Thou*. Those who understand the Affairs of this Kingdom make no Doubt that the Count *de Soissons* would have set up for himself, and been followed by the best Part of *France*, if he had not been killed in the Pursuit of his Victory at the Battle of *Sedan*. Since that Time the Kingdom has suffered such Disturbances as shew, that more was intended than the Removal of *Mazarin* ; and the *Mareschal de Turenne* was often told, that the Check he gave to the Prince of *Condé* at *Gien*, after he had defeated *Hocquincourt*, had preserved the Crown upon the King's Head. And to testify the Stability, good Order, and domestic Peace that accompanies absolute Monarchy, our Fathers have seen in their own Days the House of *Bourbon* often divided within itself ; the Duke of *Orleans*, the Count *de Soissons*, and the Princes of *Condé* and *Conti* in War against the King ; the Dukes of *Angoulesme*, *Vendome*, *Longueville*, the Count *de Moret*, and other Bastards of the Royal Family following their Example ; the Houses of *Guise*, *D'Elbeuf*, *Bouillon*, *Nemours*, *Rochefocault*, and almost all the most eminent in *France*, with the Parliaments of *Paris*, *Bordeaux*, and some others joining with them.

I might add many more Examples to shew that this Monarchy, as well as all others, has  
from

from the first Establishment been full of Blood and Slaughter through the Violence of those who possessed the Crown, and the Ambition of such as aspired to it ; and that the End of one Civil War has been the Beginning of another ; but I presume that what is already said will be sufficient to prove, that it never enjoyed any permanent domestic Quiet ; and if, after all, this long Historical Account should not satisfy the Curious, let the Author, from whom I copied every Word of it, and a terrible Piece of Drudgery it was, stand up and plead his own Cause ; for my Part, I am so little curious about what the World did before I came into it, or what will happen after I leave it, that whoever reads my Travels ought to look upon this long winded Story of the Succession of Kings in *France* to be a Compliment rather paid to their Taste than to my own.

As I had been constantly in a Convent from my Infancy, I was as little known in *Paris* as at *Japan* ; and as all my Acquaintance consisted in Nuns, and some Boarders whom I left in the Convent when I came out of it, there was not so much as a Possibility of my being discovered ; so that I might act the *petit Maitre*, do and say what I pleased when I was once got into my short Coat and Breeches ; and I assure you it was no small Satisfaction to me to think that I should, at least for some Years, be exempted from the trifling unnecessary Rules of Decorum, which a Woman, who has any Regard to her Character, must observe. I am neither a Prude nor a Coquet, but a whimsical Sort of a

Creature who loves roving, and to know a little more of the World than what is usual ; and to please you, I'll add necessary for my Sex.

LIKE all wise People who consider the Instability of human Affairs, I settled mine, and made my Will in due Form, not knowing how soon I might have Occasion to be run through the Body for the Sake of some fair Lady, or upon some Punctilio of Honour. At first I own I was in some Doubt about my Courage ; and tho' I have no Taste for Matrimony, I would have much rather contributed to bring a Creature into the World than to put him out of it ; but when I found that Men, generally speaking, drew their Swords more for their Reputation than to kill their Adversaries, I followed the common Example some two or three Times, and found that my Antagonists had no more Intention to kill me than I had to destroy them ; so that if we drew Blood it was but a meer Scratch in a proper Place, to prevent the Imputation of Cowardice ; but as Instances of my Heroism and Bravery cannot properly be brought in here, though, to my great Praise be it spoken, I very often bring in Things Heels over Head, I shall be a little upon my Guard at this Time ; and instead of Blood and Wounds and clashing of Swords, tell you a Story, or rather give you a Song, which may be of no small Use to your Topers of both Sexes.

THE lovely *Polignac*, the sprightly *Paraberre*, the gay *St. Etienne*, and pretty *Courbon*, cloyed at last with a long uninterrupted Round  
of



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 31

of Love and Gallantry, resolved to devote themselves wholly and solely to the jolly God of Wine, admitting no Male Creature into their Society ; but a certain Abbé, Nephew to the Cardinal de Bois, a Man of Wit and Humour, and a Topper non-such.

ON a certain Day, marked by red Letters, in the Feasts of *Bacchus*, our four new Votaries went in solemn Procession to the *Elisian Fields* \*, where, with awful Reverence, under the cooling Shade of a tall and spreading Elm, the lovely *Polignac*, as Priests for the Day, put up this short pathetic Prayer.

*Qu'en ce jour nous puissions, O Dieu de la  
treille,  
Effacer nos chagrins, et chanter tes merveilles ;  
Qu'en vin de Champagne nous fassions la guerre  
Au Dieu de L'amour, aux hommes sur la terre  
Inconstans et Volages, qui courent de belle en  
belle  
Comme le plus grand des Dieux a ses Maitresses  
infidelle.  
Va t'en petit Aveugle, ton regne tire a sa fin  
Vive Bacchus notre Dieu et Bourgogne pour le  
vin.*

Thus PARAPHRASED.

O powerful *Bacchus* ! O lovely God of Wine,  
Let us this Day in Bowls of brisk Champaign

---

\* Adjoining to the Garden of the *Thulleries*,

92      *The* TRAVELS *of*

Drown all our Cares, despise the God of  
Love,

And Man, the Monster, made to cheat, and  
rove

From Fair to Fair, as Poets sing of *Jove*.

*Cupid* be gone, thy Reign is at a Close,

*Bacchus* is our God, and Burgundy our Dose.

WHEN they had performed what we may call a Libatory Sacrifice to their new Deity, for you must know that every one of them had a Glass of Champaign, which they first tasted, and then with their soft and delicate Hands, sprinkled the Wine upon the Head of a Marble Statue representing *Bacchus*: after which they retired with great Decency to Madam *Paraberre's* House, where an elegant Entertainment was prepared for them. I shall not trouble you with their Bill of Fare; but you may take it for granted, there was no Penury of delicate Ragoos, and polite Fricassees, besides Pheasant-Pouts, red Legged Partridge and Ortolans, all in the polite Goust of *bien mortifié*, which a Clown of an *Englishman* would call stinking Stuff, and sing, "O! the roast Beef of Old  
" *England*."

A Footman was dispatched for the privileged Abbé, who, having nothing to do that Morning, went to Church, where the Servant found him and delivered his Message; you may judge how welcome it was, when I tell you he was in such a Hurry that he forgot to take his Hat with him, and never thought of it till he was got half Way to the Lady's House, but  
then

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 33

then it was too late ; for one of those industrious People, commonly called Pick-pockets, had seized on the Ecclesiastical Beaver, by way of Exchange, for his own, which he honestly left for the Abbé's Use.

WHEN Dinner was over, and Bottles placed on the Table, Wine and Wit flowed in Deluges. It was at last proposed, that, in Honour of the Day, every Lady should make a Couplet to a Tune then in high Vogue, and of which, for the Satisfaction of my singing Readers, I have prick'd down the Notes ; but that the Abbé might not be without an Opportunity of displaying his Wit, it was resolved, that it should be his Task to make the Chorus ; all unanimously agreed to the Proposal ; and the Lady of the House began :

M. Paraberre. { *De ce jus délicieux,  
L'amour Sçait tirer sa gloire ;  
C'est pour nous enflammer mieux,  
Qu'il nous ordonne d'en boire.*

*Le chœur.*

Par L'abbé. { *Buvons, buvons, buvons tous,  
En amans fidelles  
Tout autant des coups  
Que voudront nos belles.*

M. Polignae. { *Non, pour moi si je ne bois,  
L'amour n'est point redoutable ;  
Pour m'engager sous ses lois  
Il faut qu'il me prenne a table.  
Buvons, &c.*

M. St.



34 *The* TRAVELS of

M. St. Etienne. { Dans cette aimable Liqueur,  
Quand L'amour trempe ses  
armes ;  
Les coeurs en ont plus d'ardeur,  
Les yeux en ont plus de charmes.  
Buons, &c.

M. Courbon. { Venus jointe a ses appas,  
L'ardeur que Bacchus lui donne,  
Et c'est apres le repas  
Que l'heur du Berger sonne.  
Buons, &c.

TRANSLATION.

Paraberre. { To the Grape's delicious Juice,  
Cupid owes his Fame and Glory ;  
It warms the Heart, and clears  
the Voice,  
To sing a wanton Story.

Chorus by the Abbé.

Fill your Glasses, drink away,  
Tiplers are but Asses ;  
Oft's the Word and the Way,  
To please our jolly Lasses.

Polignac. { No, for me I dread not Love,  
But with Wine when I'm a  
bouzing ;  
He that fain my Heart would move  
Must try when I'm carouzing.  
Fill, &c.

St. Etienne.

*St. Etienne.* { *Cupid's* Arrows dipt in Wine,  
Pierce our Hearts with so much  
Vigour ;  
That should a Lover not try mine,  
Adieu to Pride and Rigour.  
Fill, &c.

*M. Courbon.* { When with *Venus*, hand in hand,  
*Bacchus* joins in Courtly wooing,  
There's not a Lady in the Land  
But yields to her Undoing.  
Fill, &c.

The TUNE.



I should

I should now, in Pursuance of the Plan which I have laid down, endeavour to give an accurate Description of our royal Palaces, which Curiosity led me to examine with so much Exactness, that if I pleased I could write a Quire of Paper upon the Blunders in the Architecture, and Disposition of the Apartments; but as I have already declared my Aversion to the Drudgery of long Descriptions, I shall only in general say, that *Versailles*, towards the Gardens, is grand and magnificent, though not strictly regular; but the Fore-front to the great Avenue is a murdered Kind of Amphitheatre, which, however, might be easily remedied, by raising it one Story higher; but his present Majesty seems to have no great Taste that Way, delighting more in Hounds and Horses than in building Castles; and if *Lewis XIV.* had not added to many grand Qualities a large Share of Vanity, no *Versailles*, no *Marli*, had been seen in our Days. *Trianon*, which may be properly enough called the Seat of Love, was the Invention of Madam *Maintenon*, and were the Cabinet of Mirrours, to represent the amorous multiplied Scenes that passed in that Cell of *Venus*, how strange would the Prospect be? They tell us a Story of Father *La Chaise*, *Lewis XIV.*'s Confessor, which I have been assured was Fact. The good old *Jesuit* often teized the King upon his Amours; some will maliciously tell you more for political than religious Reasons, but I look upon this Insinuation to be uncharitable; for, if we can believe any thing at all, he was certainly grieved at his Master's disorderly



derly Life, and often read him Lectures on Futurity, which now and then threw the libidinous Monarch into Fits of Devotion; but though the Spirit was willing the Flesh was weak, poor sensual *Lewis* was always repenting and always sinning, till Decay of Nature put a Stop to his Career.

MADAM *Maintenon*, after many fruitless Attempts to gain the clamorous Priest, resolved at last to put his Virtue to a severe Trial by a Temptation hard for Flesh and Blood to withstand, the lovely Miss *Scarron* her Cousin was a bewitching Girl and a very proper Person to manage a Scheme of this kind, but as the Priest was a Courtier and a Man of great Penetration, all *Maintenon's* Contrivance (which to speak the Truth was what we may call tip-top) was necessary to hook him in, and consequently a long round-about Scheme was to be laid down to prevent Suspicion, for the Children of *Loyola* \* are sadly mistrustful. Well the royal *W*— with the persuasive Eloquence of Diamond Ear-rings and Necklace, which Miss *Scarron* wanted and was very sorry for it, easily prevailed with her to undertake her Part in the Farce that was to be acted.

*Plot of the Farce.*

IN the first Act Miss *Scarron* was to affect upon all Occasions to show the Priest an uncommon Respect, to admire every Thing he said,

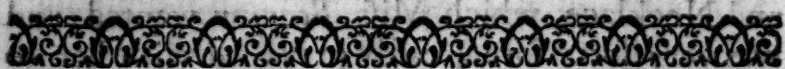
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\* The Patron of the Jesuits.

and to have it buzz'd in his Ears from all Corners that she thought him the most accomplished Man of the whole Society of *Jesus*.

In the second Act she was to practise, according to the strict Rules of Art, stollen Glances, downcast Eyes, Blushes, Sighs, and all the little pretty Symptoms of Love.

In the third and last the whole Plot was to be unravelled in the Cabinet of Mirrours, where the honest Jesuit was under most terrible Convulsions from the obstinate Combat of the Flesh and the Spirit, and had it not been for the Intercession of his beatified Patron at the Throne of Grace, the Disciple alas ! had fallen, had fallen : The Scene was moving and the Temptation strong, but before I enter upon the particular Description of it, which I believe would be better left out considering the Sensibility of some Readers, I shall put down the Copies of three or four Letters which I will warrant to be authentick.



*Miss Scarron to Father La Chaife.*

**M**Y Hand shakes, my Heart quakes, my Blood runs rapid in its Course, Tears burst from my Eyes, Sleep from me flies, how wretched is my Fate ! from Morn to Night I sigh and mourn, in restless Anguish on my Bed I turn ; why was I made a Partner of the Light, who never have a happy Day nor Night ? What  
cruel

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 39

cruel Star into the World me brought ? What unkind Hand to nurse me (Orphan) sought ? What Thing so dear as I hath Essence bought ? The smallest living Things which Nature wrought are freed of Woe : While I in black Despair, and gnawing Anguish my own Tomb prepare. O ! woful Life ! Life, No, but living Death, a Gem exposed to Fortune's stormy Breath ; frail Boat of Cristal in a rocky Main, still lost with Terror and still kept with Pain ; when did mine Eyes behold one chearful Morn ? When did not angry Stars my Projects scorn ? When had my tossed Soul one Night of Rest ? O ! now I find what is for Mortals best, even, since our Voyage but shameful is and short, soon to strike Sail and perish in the Port. But ere I sink, 'tis fit to let you know ; that by your Means these Sorrows on me flow, and should you cruel to poor *Scarron* prove, she dies a Victim to unhappy Love.



*Father La Chaise's Answer.*

**I** Received your poetical Prose, in which I find a Mixture of Madness and Wit ; if you are seriously in Love with an old Jesuit, who can have no Communication with your Sex but in the Character of Adviser, I must conclude that your Ladyship is sorely troubled with Vapours, if not seriously mad ; and the best Service I can do you at present is to get a



Recipe from the King's first Physician, which I shall send you to-morrow Morning; and my next Step will be to exhort Madam *Maintenon* to get you a Husband as speedily as possible, for I truly think you are in a dangerous Way.

*Adieu.*



*Miss Scarron's Reply.*

**I** Am indeed in a dangerous Way, but how can you be so barbarous as to sport with my Misfortune! what can the whole Faculty prescribe to cure a broken Heart, and what Satisfaction can there be in the Arms of a Man whom we can not love. I know very well that I can have no reasonable Pretensions to your Heart, as it is fortified with Vows of Celibacy and Chastity against the Attacks of Love; but you must know very little of this Passion, if you imagine that it can be governed by Reason. When first I felt the Poison reach my Heart, I thus argued the Case with myself, poor silly Fool, who is the Object of thy Wishes? a Man! No, a Thing only in the Likeness of a Man, who has solemnly vowed never to propagate his Species; a Drone, a Creature useless to Society, and whom Heaven made a Male fit to answer the Purposes for which he existed; but who, from a mistaken Notion of Purity, as you Priests term it, openly declares War against the established Laws

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 41

Laws of Nature. Monstrous Custom ! horrid Abuse ! to what else are owing the scandalous Intrigues of Friars and Nuns, but to the Prohibition of Marriage : Do you think it an easy Matter for a Man or a Woman in full Vigour to get the better of the strongest of all the sensual Appetites, the Struggle is terrible if they conquer, and the Fall shameful if they yield ; why should they be reduced to this Dilemma ? why excluded from the Privileges to which Nature has entitled them, and their Lives rendered miserable and wretched by an Abstinence that destroys the End of Creation, and, as it is often involuntary, can never conduct them to that sublime Virtue which they pretend to be the Motive of their Sacrifice ? and which I very freely shall term the Motive of their Folly ; for had Providence intended that a select Number of human Creatures should deny themselves those Enjoyments to which by our Frame and Constitution we have a natural Propensity, is it not highly probable that they would have been made of a different Mould from the rest of the Species, that they might not be eternally harassed by the Members of the Flesh warring against the Spirit ; but you know that no Male without he be a perfect Man, with respect to the Members of his Body, can be admitted into the holy Order of Priesthood, and if so, must he not from that Perfection be liable to the Imperfections, or rather, I think, to the natural Consequences of his Manhood. I make no doubt but that in your Answer, if you deign to favour me so far, after you have

fully vented your Spleen against Creatures wallowing in the Mire of Sensuality, you'll fly to your strong Hold the miraculous Operations of Grace, by which we are enabled to surmount all carnal Inclinations. Far be it from me to deny the Power of the supreme Being, but still I can not conceive how what was originally planted in our Natures, no doubt for wise and good Ends, must be eradicated by the omnipotent Power in a miraculous Manner, that we may attain to a higer State of Perfection than what was thought necessary for us in our first Constitution. As an Adviser, since you are determined to deal with me in no other Character, I hope you'll favour me with your Sentiments upon this dark Point, perhaps they may rectify mine, nay even spiritualise them to such a Degree that all Sensuality will be intirely banished out of the Question, and I shall love you as my ghostly Father without any Wishees that can offend the Delicacy of your Profession, or give you the least Disturbance; but till then you must allow me to tell you that I have other Desires and Wishees than what are purely and simply spiritual.



*Father La. Chaife to, Miss Scarron.*

**S**INCE you call upon me in a solemn Manner to give you my Opinion or rather answer your Objection. 'Why what was originally



“ginally planted in our Natures must be e-  
 “radicated in a miraculous Manner, that we  
 “may be enabled to attain to a higher State  
 “of Perfection than what was thought neces-  
 “sary for us in our first Constitution.” I shall  
 very seriously and with great Concern tell you,  
 that I find you are not only under the Influ-  
 ence of carnal Inclinations, but would wil-  
 lingly make them noble as well as necessary  
 Ornaments of human Nature, and by that  
 means destroy the Merit of Chastity and Ce-  
 libacy in the Clergy and religious Orders;  
 but pray consider the Difference of human  
 Nature before and after the Fall: Had Man  
 remained such as he was created, his Passions  
 (if they could properly bear that Name) would  
 have been moderate and governable, but after  
 his Disobedience they became violent, un-  
 governable by Reason or Religion, and con-  
 sequently not to be conquered but by the im-  
 mediate Influence of the divine Spirit in a mi-  
 raculous Manner. If this short Explication  
 can rectify your Sentiments and bring them to  
 be such as may not make me ashamed to cor-  
 respond with you, I shall look upon your  
 happy Change as the Effects of Providence,  
 and shall always be glad to cultivate the Seeds  
 of Grace in you, till your Wishes at last are  
 become purely and simply spiritual.

*Miss*



*Miss Scarron to Father La Chaife.*

**T**O fancy that a Girl of Eighteen can be confined to Wishes such as your Letter concludes with, is not less absurd than to imagine a Man of four Score and ten a gay sprightly Fellow. Your spiritualising Scheme does mighty well in the Imagination of an old worn out Confessor, but you may as well talk to me of a World in the Moon as of a Man or Woman's divesting themselves of certain Inclinations, so that all your Theological Rhetorick will never persuade me that I ought to act in direct Opposition to what the Author of Nature designed me. 'Tis, I own, your Trade to preach up Chastity, Continence, and all That, and 'tis right to do so for political as well as religious Reasons; nay I am positive that a Priest ought to do so, tho' he be fully convinced in his Conscience that there neither is nor can be any such Thing in Nature; this I say may be a very necessary and justifiable Practice with the indiscreet or ignorant Part of the Sex, but that you should very gravely order me (whom I believe you don't take for a meer Simpleton) to strip my self of Flesh and Blood and love you *a la mode des Anges* \*, I humbly beg leave, good Father, to tell you that I neither can nor will  
take

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\* In the Angelical Manner.

take your Advice, for Reasons which I shall make very obvious to you at a proper Occasion ; in the mean time let me exhort you, in my Turn, to throw off the Mask, and to deal with me as you would with a Bosom-Friend ; take all the Precautions that jesuitical Policy can suggest, believe me a Cheat, a jansenian Tool bribed to serve a Turn, a Snake in the Grass, in short, a Creature who professes Love with no other Design but to expose you, and as such put me to the severest Trials that you can possibly devise, but if after all you find me honest and sincere in what I profess, use me kindly, make me happy. Can you imagine that I have so little Regard to my own Reputation that I would sacrifice it for the uncertain Pleasure of making you pass for a Man of Gallantry, I say uncertain, for 'tis ten to one but the *Society* would have the Art and Interest in this Case, as in some others which I could instance, to make my Story pass in the Opinion of the Public for a malicious Aspersion, and I might very readily have the Fate of Miss *Fierville* who was a little free with the Character, as you very well know, of the right reverend Father *Tur-nemine* of your Society, the least I could expect would be to be shut up within four bare Walls and to have the comfortable Diet of Bread and Water till it pleased the Society to allow me more substantial Food. I don't love Abstinence nor to mortify the Body, and therefore for my own Sake, tho' I had no Regard for you, it is to be presumed that I would take

care



care to keep council \*, and— but alas ! where am I hurrying ? what Infatuation makes me break through all the Rules of Modesty to persuade a cruel ungrateful Man that I am a weak simple fond Fool ! O ! my Heart why dost thou not rather break than thus to expose me ! sure I dream, or I am mad, and fancy it to be Love ; foolish Girl, recal thy banished Reason.— Ah ! would it were no more, would I could rave, sure that would give me Ease, and rob me of the Sense of Pain, at least, among my wandering Thoughts I should some Time light upon—and fancy him to be mine, kind Madness would flatter my poor feeble Wishes, and sometimes tell me he is not lost—not irrecoverably—not for ever lost—well fatal but dear Cause of my Misery, since thy Heart is inaccessible to Love let it not be barred against Pity ; can there be any Thing more glorious than to relieve the Wretched, think of this ; and let that bewitching Eloquence to which I have but too often listened with fond Extasy, undo its own Work.

You know, I suppose, that his Majesty and Madam *Maintenon* are to take the Diversion of Angling on the great Canal Tomorrow after Dinner, for Heaven's Sake let us take that Opportunity of an Interview in the Cabinet of Mirrours, where I shall have the multiplied Mortification of observing in your severe Looks and my own deep Blushes the Folly that you tell me I am guilty of, and  
of

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\* *Que j'aurois soin d'avoir bouche cousue,*

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 47

of receiving, I hope, from your cold Indifference a Cure which is above the Power of my Reason.



*The Father's Answer to the above.*

A MAN more rigid than I would laugh at your Distemper, tho' he supposed it to be real, which I scarce can do ; however, as it is possible, my Profession obliges me to grant your Request, and to do all that Christian Chariry requires of me ; with this View I shall come to the Place appointed To-morrow at three o' Clock, where you may be assured I will exert my utmost Skill to dissipate the Vapour that disturbs your Brain.

P. S. Mr. Godeau advises the Cold Bath, and that you'll drink no Tea.

THO' I promised a Description of the last Scene in which the good Father's Virtue was put to the severest Trial it ever met with, yet to paint it in natural Colours is a Task that I am not very fond of, for Reasons which I dare say my female Readers will easily guess : I shall therefore only say that the lovely Miss Scarron got her Lesson from Madam Maintenon (the best School-mistress for the Art of Coquetry that France could ever boast of) and acted

48      *The* TRAVELS of

acted her Part to the Life. Imagine you see a *Venus* lying on a Couch at full Length in a sort of Undress which invited the curious Eye to gaze on Beauties--- hang them I'll say no more about them—but only tell you that the poor Confessor stood like a Statue, and could not pronounce one single Word. Miss stretched out her beautiful Arm which unluckily happened to be uncovered, she sighed, looked languishing—dropt a tender Tear—He advanced—retired—looked silly—would have fain said an *Ave*, but had no Power;—well, what next—not at all what some may rashly imagine, for in the Twinkle of an Eye some invisible Power hurried him off the Stage.

‘ O! *Loyola*, how well thou nicked the  
 ‘ Time when thy frail Son was just upon the  
 ‘ Brink of Perdition, and how justly did he  
 ‘ annually perform a *Neuvaine* \* in Honour of  
 ‘ this memorable Deliverance.

THE King and Madam *Maintenon* laughed heartily at this Adventure, and tho’ it had not altogether the Effect which that Lady proposed to herself, yet the *Jesuit* was so ashamed of it, that he appeared seldomer at Court than before, and became a more gentle and indulgent Monitor.

THE Reader is now to remember that, for the future, I am *Monsieur le Chevalier de Rad-*  
*pont*,

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\* A nine Days Devotion.



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 49

*pont*, and at present lodged at the *Hotel de Luines* in *St. German* Suburbs, with my Maid *Lucy*, whose travelling Name is *Pelissier* my *Valet de Chambre*, and a hackney Footman who knew so little of our Disguise that he would at any Time have taken a solemn Oath of our being real Men. The House where I lodged was one of the best of what we call *Hotels garnis* \* in *Paris*, and much frequented by Strangers of Distinction.

THE Count *de Saluce* and his Lady from *Auvergne* had an Apartment in this House. I happened to meet this Gentleman pretty often either going out or coming in, and tho' we were entire Strangers to one another, a certain Simpathy, which can not be accounted for, made us salute as we passed in such a kind and friendly manner, that it was easy to judge we both earnestly desired a farther Acquaintance, which perhaps would not however have happened, had not Chance offered me a favourable Opportunity on coming out of the Playhouse.

THE Count could neither find his Coach nor any of his Footmen which made him and his Lady stop at the Door till some of them should appear ; as I overheard him complaining of their Negligence, I took that Opportunity of offering him my Coach which he frankly accepted, telling me, in a very graceful Manner, that he was glad of this Accident,  
since

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\* Furnished Lodgings for Strangers.

since it procured him the Honour of my Acquaintance, and added, with a Smile, that he had been laying Schemes for some Days past how to accomplish what Chance and my Politeness had happily brought about. I answered his Compliment with an Assurance that we had perfectly sympathised in our Desires, and that mine appeared to be very strong since they had forced me to use a Freedom which I should not otherwise have taken: He then presented me to his Lady telling her I was the Gentleman who lodged in the same House with them, and whom he had so often mentioned to her.

I made a short Compliment to the Countess and then handed her to my Coach, in which her Husband and I placed ourselves with her, and drove straight to our Lodging, where I supped with them, and passed the Evening in a most agreeable Conversation; the Count being a Gentleman of great Merit, and his Lady a virtuous, sweet tempered, and beautiful Woman. In short, we became so intimate that from Morning to Night I was either in their Apartment, or abroad with them, and we went about a Month after our first Acquaintance to *Fountainbleau* together, where the Court then was, and where we remained during the whole Time of the King's Stay.

I ought here, as a Traveller, to give a Description of that hunting Palace, which indeed is as singular in its Fabrick, as in its Situation, and may be called an Edifice beautiful

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 51

tiful for its Irregularity; but all the royal Palaces in *France* have been so often described already in Books to be found in every Book-seller's Shop, that it would be trifling to repeat what every Mortal who has read any Travels, must know as well, if not better than I do my self.

THE Court at that Time happened to be under strange Agitations, upon account of the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Disgrace, brought about by the ancient Bishop of *Frejus*, afterwards Cardinal *de Fleury*, who had got such an Ascendant over the King by having been his Preceptor, that all the Duke and his Party's Efforts were not able to restore him to Favour; the cunning Priest stood his ground, became his Master's sole Adviser, and the Duke of *Bourbon* forbid to come to Court for near two Years. *Frejus*, 'tis true, had but too good a Handle to kick up the Prince's Heels, who was so far infatuated with *Madam de Prie*, as to oppress the Kingdom to satisfy her insatiable Avarice, and to make himself more odious still to the People than the Duke of *Orleans*, by *Law's Mississippi System*.

THE only good Thing that ever this debauched Woman did, so I think, tho' others will not agree with me, was the hand she had in bringing about the King's Marriage with *Stanislaus's* Daughter, in Opposition to the *Orleans* Family and the *Spanish* Faction; and my Reason for approving her Conduct in this Affair, proceeds rather from the good Effects



it has produced, than from the Motive which made her attempt it. Our excellent Queen proves a Blessing to the Nation, tho' Madam *de Prie* designed her as a Curse; the clearing up of this would lead me into a Labyrinth, out of which I could not easily draw myself; besides, I don't think it very necessary to trouble the Public with a long Narration of this Transaction, it being more properly the Business of an Historian: All I shall say is, that the Duke's Fall involving all his Creatures, and particularly this Lady, who was ordered to retire to her Husband's Country Seat in *Normandy*, all her Expectations were frustrated, which, with the Absence, and perhaps a little Infidelity in the Duke, soon ended her Days.

I had by this Time contracted such a Friendship with the Count and his Lady, and they appeared to be so fond of me, that I could not think of setting out upon my Travels while they remained at *Paris*; we were never separate but while we were in Bed, and in the whole Course of my Life I never met with two People whom I half so much esteemed. I hope this Declaration will serve as an Apology for my entertaining my Readers, by way of a very long Digression, with the History of their Amours, which have something very singular, and in my Opinion, very entertaining in them. The Count had taken the Pains to commit them to Paper, and what I relate is Word for Word from his Manuscript, which indeed has been published in *France* by what  
Acci-

Accident I know not, and passes with some for a Novel, tho' I have all the Reason in the World to believe that the Story in every Circumstance of it is literally true.

A Merchant of *Lyons*, named *Dallon*, who had acquired the Reputation of a Man just and honest in his Dealings, retiring home one Evening, was accosted by a Stranger, who begged in a melancholly submissive Tone, that he would grant him a Moment's Audience.

*Dallon* taking him for an indigent Person, pulled out of his Pocket some small Pieces of Silver to give him. But the Stranger looking at him with an Air of Assurance, told him he did not want Charity; and that, instead of asking, he had brought Money to offer him: I only beg, added he, that you may conduct me to a Place where we cannot be overheard. *Dallon* judging by his Discourse that there was some Mystery in this Affair, brought him into a Low Parlour of his House; and ordering his Servant to retire, desired he would speak his Mind freely.

THE Stranger, who by his noble Air gave *Dallon* Ground to believe that he was a young Gentleman of Distinction, pulled from under a shabby Cloak a Sort of Maund in which was a young Child and a Bag of Money: Here's a thousand Pistols and a little Girl, said he, both which I have Orders

to leave with you ; some important Reasons oblige the Father and Mother of this Child to conceal its Birth for some Years : Your Reputation of being a Man of Honour and Probity has engaged them to put so high a Confidence in you ; the Thousand Pistols will defray all Expences for some Time, and Care will be taken to retire her before this Sum is expended, or a new Fund lodged in your Hands, if the Parents should be obliged to keep her longer concealed. In the mean Time, they beg you'll give her Education suitable to a Woman of Quality, and never give up your Charge but to the Person who shall present the other Half of this Letter, giving him a Piece of Paper cut in such a Manner that the Words had neither Sense nor Coherency, without adding the Half that was wanting.

*Dallon* was at a Loss what to think of this Adventure ; and very unwilling to comply with the Request that was made him, representing, by way of Excuse, that as the Child seemed to be at most but three or four Days old, he could easily find a Nurse capable to take Care of it, and to keep the Secret ; that she would be better concealed in the Hands of obscure Country People than with him ; that being a Widower, and having only one Daughter about Two Years old, he could not easily find any Pretence for his taking Care of this Child's Education, every body knowing that he had neither Neice nor Cousin, and therefore begged he would think of



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 55

of some other ; but the young Gentleman used so many and strong Intreaties, not to throw the Parents into Despair by a Refusal, that he was at last prevailed upon ; and taking the Child, the Money, and the Half of the Letter, by which she was to be known again, he assured him that he would make it his Endeavours to discharge himself with Integrity of the Trust reposed in him.

THE young Gentleman charmed with his Success, thanked him in Terms which made it plain that he had more than a common Regard for this little Girl ; and tho' his Youth seemed to take off all Suspicion of his being the Father, yet *Dallon* concluded from his Behaviour that he was, and pressed him to tell the Truth.

You are not deceived in your Conjectures, replied he sighing, this Child is dear to me ; but though she is the Present of Love, she is not the Fruit of disorderly inconsiderate Youth, nor of an unlawful Commerce ; her Mother is my Spouse ; but as we are neither of us at Age to claim an Inheritance worth preserving, and that the Severity of our Parents makes us dread the Consequence of their Violence, we find ourselves forced to conceal our Marriage for some Time. I am very sensible that I might have put my Daughter to Nurse in some Country Place, and had her brought up by a Peasant, who, from the large Allowance for her  
Main-

Maintenance, might perhaps have been careful enough of her, but then she would have been brought up in a Clownish Manner, which determined me to address myself to you as a Man of an exceeding good Character, and distinguished in the Place where you live, and to whose Probity I might safely trust this dear Pledge, leaving to your own Prudence and Discretion the Degree of Relation you think most proper to give her, and only recommending your giving her a genteel Education, and proper for the Child of Parents who hold a distinguished Rank in the World.

*Dallon* earnestly pressed him to make a full Discovery of his Family and Birth; but he begged to be excused, and only promised that six Months hence he would see him again; and then gave him with the half Letter a Billet, in which were these Words:

*This Child is the first Fruits of a lawful Marriage, was regularly baptized, and named Sylvia.*

*Dallon*, on his Part, assured him of the Care he would take of his Daughter; so that they parted very well pleased with one another.

THE Merchant was no sooner alone than he made an exact Search about the Child, to see if he could any how unfold the Mystery of this Adventure; but all was lost Labour, and

and therefore he resolved to trouble himself no farther about Inquiries, but to do his Duty with respect to the Infant, whom, from a Motive of Compassion, joined to the Influence of the Thousand Pistols, he resolved to serve as a Father, and with that View immediately sent for his Daughter's Nurse, and gave her the Child as his Niece, a Brother's Daughter who lived at *Clermont* in *Auvergne*, and whose Spouse having come to *Lyons* about Business, had lost her Life in bringing a dead Child in the Seventh Month to the World ; but this Misfortune had been kept so secret that few People were as yet informed of it ; so that the Nurse had no Notion but that the Child, even when she heard of the Mother's Death, was his Niece ; but what gave still a greater Appearance of Truth to this Story, was the Death of *Dallon's* Brother by an unfortunate Fall from his Horse, about three Week's after his Wife's Death ; so that *Dallon*, as this Child's Uncle and natural Tutor, publicly assumed the Title, so that the little *Sylvia* passed in an authentic Manner for his Niece, and was nursed as such.

THE six Months not only expired, but several Years followed without the Father's appearing or any News from him. Nevertheless, *Sylvia* having attained to her fourth Year. and the little *Dallon* to her Sixth, they were in the House together as Cousins, had the same Masters, and in short the same Education to their fifteenth and seventeenth Years.

THE



THE two young Ladies had equally answered to his Care of their Improvement, by rendering themselves perfect in every Thing that was taught them, such as Musick, Dancing and Instruments. A tender and solid Friendship united them ; and tho' Nature had not favoured Miss *Dallon* with the Charms of Beauty, which the young *Silvia* joined to her other Perfections, yet she was not in the least jealous or uneasy, nor *Silvia* in the least vain.

*Ismena*, the Name of the Merchant's Daughter, was not at all ugly but little ; *Silvia* was tall, well shaped, and beautiful as an Angel. But Virtue, Wit, and Sweetness of Temper, had been shared between them with so much Equality, that if the lovely *Silvia* might look upon her rare Qualities as an Addition to her Charms, the virtuous *Ismena* might find in hers what made Amends for the Loss of those external Accomplishments which attract the Eye. They loved one another with the most perfect Friendship ; and, believing themselves to be really Cousins, made it an agreeable Law to fulfil the Duties which the Proximity of Blood requires in virtuous Minds.

THIS lovely Correspondence and Sympathy was for some Time agreeable to *Dallon* ; he doated on his Daughter, and every Thing she loved being dear to him, he expressed such an Affection for *Silvia* as he could have had  
for

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 59

for a real Niece. But as he felt a secret Grief at her having the Advantage of *Ismena* in Beauty, and was apprehensive that, notwithstanding his Daughter's great Fortune, *Silvia* would be preferred to her by the Lovers who appeared, he often repented his having taken upon him the Charge of this young Girl.

EIGHTEEN Years having slipt away since she was under his Care, without any Person's appearing to inquire about her, he thought himself authorized to dispose of her ; and therefore resolved to shut her up in a Convent, if he perceived that her Presence was any Hindrance to his Daughter's Establishment, which he soon found to be the Case.

THOUGH *Dallon* took Care that they should not see much Company, yet having allowed them to appear at some Assemblies, their Merit soon made a Noise, and the whole Conversation of *Lyons* was about the two Cousins. But though they rendered the Justice that was due to *Ismena*, all the Hearts in general declared for her Cousin, which so highly provoked *Dallon*, that he refused to hear of any Addresses to *Silvia* ; the two Ladies soon penetrated into the Cause of his Behaviour, but were different in their Opinion of his Conduct.

*Silvia,*

*Silvia*, who placed Beauty in the Rank of Things upon which she put the least Value, and who really thought herself in nothing superior to her Friend, found that *Dallon* could not at all be blamed for desiring to have his Daughter married before his Niece, and protested that the greatest Grief he could give her would be to act otherwise.

*Ismena*, who was no less generous, and who knew all the Worth of her Cousin, could not bear the Thoughts of her Father's being liable to such a Weakness. It is impossible, my dear *Silvia*, said she one Day when they were upon this Subject, but that my Father's acting in this Manner, must make People imagine I am jealous of your Charms ; and this, I believe you will allow, is setting me in a ridiculous Light, a thousand times more capable to frighten Courtiers than my Uglinefs. Let him, at least, give me the Satisfaction to make it appear, that if I do not resemble you in Beauty, I have the Happiness, at least, to do it in Character, which I shall prove by the Joy that your Marriage will give me ; he even deceives himself, continued she, if he fancies by this Means to force Hearts to do me Homage ; and I am persuaded that it is his Interest as well as mine, allowing his Notion of the Necessity of my having a Husband, to get you bound by  
*Hymen's*



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 61

*Hymen's* Chain as soon as he can ; for Men who are not meer Fortune-Hunters will never make their Addresses to me, while they have any Hopes of succeeding with you ; but when you are once disposed of, I don't know but the Adorers may approach my Shrine.

No, my dear *Ismena*, answered *Silvia*, it is not natural that a Father should establish his Niece preferably to his Daughter ; your Virtue, your Sentiments, and admirable Talents deserve the Attachment of every Man who has any Pretensions to Sense or Reason ; and I own that I am perfectly pleased with your Father's giving no Encouragement to my Admirers, having a very indifferent Opinion of Men, who, allowing themselves to be dazzled by vain Ornaments, only place their Happiness in ocular Satisfaction, without examining the Qualities of the Mind.

WERE those Gentlemen whom your Father admits into his House allowed a certain Time to be acquainted with us, before they made their Addresses, I am very certain that you would have the Preference, or, at least, that the Hearts would be divided between us ; but that without the least Examination they should ask *Silvia* and neglect *Ismena* is what I cannot pardon, and what determines me to approve of my Uncle's Behaviour.

YOUR Friendship for me blinds you, replied Miss *Dallon*; and mine for you, on the contrary, enlightens me. I will agree for a Moment to please you, that my Character, Humour and Sentiments, may, perhaps, render me worthy of a Gentleman's Addresses; but when with these internal Qualities he shall find Beauty and Charms, such as you possess, would it be surprizing that he should prefer them? No, no, my dear *Silvia*, I do myself Justice; I cannot blame the Men for thinking as they do: Were I in their Place I should do no less; and if my Father believes that his rejecting their Proposals for you will make them change the Object, he will know in the Sequel how much he has been deceived.

AFFAIRS were in this Situation, when my Cousin the Marquis *Dantin* and I arrived at *Lyons*, we were both Lieutenants in the same Regiment, he in the Twenty-fifth Year of his Age and I in my Twenty-second, so were obliged to come from *Riom* in *Auvergne* to *Lyons*, to terminate an Affair of Interest, in which both our Fathers, lately deceased, were equally concerned.

As the Case was about a considerable Sum deposited in the Hands of *Dallon's* Brother, who died at *Clermont*, and of which we had heard nothing since his Death, but that *Dallon* had taken Possession of all his Effects; the first Thing we did on our Arrival was to  
go

go to his House. It must be owned that he received us with Distinction ; and our Claim being justified by the Vouchers which we produced, he promised, without the least Hesitation, to pay the Money in a Month's Time.

As we happened to please him mightily, and that by our Discourse he understood our Fortunes, though pretty tolerable, did not answer to our Birth, and were not sufficient to enable us to make a Figure in the military Profession, he immediately formed a Project, to purchase with a large Fortune the Title of Marchioness or Countess to his Daughter, by a Marriage with one of us. With this View he pressed us so earnestly to take no other Lodging but his House, while we remained at *Lyons*, that we consented, hoping this would be a Means to hasten the Payment of our Money.

THE Merchant, who did not penerate into the Motive of our Compliance, having no Notion of failing in the Execution of what he had promised, thought himself highly obliged, and conducted us directly to his Daughter's Apartment, to whom he presented us as Persons of Merit and Distinction, recommending to her to assist him in doing us the Honours which Persons of our Quality deserved.



*Ismena* was at that Time alone, and not penetrating into her Father's real Intentions, took what he said upon the Footing of a Compliment usual upon such Occasions. As she spoke gracefully, and all her Actions were animated by the Liveliness of her Wit ; the Delicacy of her Expressions, the Solidity of her Decisions, and the Charms of her Conversation ravished us, but my Cousin the Marquis had the good Fortune to please her more than I ; whether it was that not being so young, she thought him more capable of a serious Attachment, or that she really thought he had more Merit, I shall not determine ; but this is certain, that she owned, when she came to be his Wife, that from the first Moment she found herself very much disposed to love him. Nevertheless, as she wanted that *Silvia* should be in every Respect as happy as herself, she earnestly wished that her Friend might entertain the same favourable Thoughts of me, as she herself had of my Cousin.

WHEN that charming Girl, who had no Notice given her of this Visit, entered the Apartment, with a Design to reproach her gently for shutting herself up in her Chamber alone, found her in so good Company, she said not a Word, and only saluted us with her usual Gracefulness, but with a Reserve which the Presence of unknown Persons usually inspires.

*Ismena*

*Ismena*, who perceived her Constraint, and who was fond that she should display all her Charms, presented my Cousin and me to her, explaining the Subject of our Visit, and the Commands that she had received from her Father. *Silvia* soon penetrated into his Design, and opened not her Mouth but to extol every thing *Ismena* said, that she might prepossess us with a favourable Opinion of her Cousin, and with an indifferent one of herself: But notwithstanding all her Efforts to make us believe her a Girl of a weak Understanding, she could not hinder her first Glances from piercing, at the same Time, both our Hearts; but concealing what past in our Breasts, that we might not give Miss *Dallon* the Mortification of perceiving her Cousin's Triumph, and mutually to hide from one another our growing Passion, we continued the Conversation in the same free Manner that we had begun it.

THE charming *Silvia*, whose Silence left her at Liberty to make Observations, was not long before she discovered that her Cousin favoured the Marquis more than me; and owned to me afterwards that it gave her great Pleasure, finding herself very much disposed to have the same Inclination for me that *Ismena* had for my Cousin.

WHILE we were thus engaged in Conversation, and affected a Tranquillity which we really had not, *Dallon* was giving Orders for

## 66      *The* TRAVELS of

an elegant Entertainment, and afterwards returned to his Daughter's Apartment. The gay Humour in which he found her, and the Serioufness he observed in *Silvia's* Countenance, giving him Ground to imagine that my Cousin and I had made our Court wholly to *Ismena*, and that *Silvia's* Reserve proceeded from Vexation; he felt a Pleasure in this Thought, which he could scarce conceal.

WORD was at last brought that Dinner was upon the Table, where there was Plenty of good Dishes; but as I observed that every Time *Silvia* opened her Mouth to speak, *Dallon* commanded her to Silence, and obliged his Daughter to do the Honours of the Table; neither my Cousin nor I could relish what was presented to us.

Miss *Dallon*, sadly vexed at her Father's Behaviour, and who wished that her Cousin should make a Conquest of my Heart, while she sought the Way to my Cousin's; made several Signs to her to take no Notice of her Father's Whims, and begged when the Desert was served that she would sing along with her: But *Dallon* interrupting her with an Air of Resentment; No, no, said he, sing alone, *Silvia's* Voice does not agree with yours; it is untuneable, and I want to hear you sing by yourself.

THIS disobliging Discourse put *Ismena* very much to the Blush, and fearing that we  
might



Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 67

might think she approved of it : I am extremely surprized, Sir, replied she, that you render so little Justice to *Silvia* ; no Body sings more justly, or more methodically ; her Voice is a great Deal sweeter than mine ; and as I know that she lends me Graces which I am not Mistress of myself, you'll excuse me, I hope, from singing if you will not allow her to accompany me. My dear *Ismena*, answered *Silvia* smiling, don't let us be deprived of the Pleasure of hearing you for such a weak Obstacle ; consider, that not being able to come up to the Idea which you have given of my Voice, you'll expose me more than my Uncle's unfavourable Judgment.

THIS Dispute, which plainly discovered the Modesty and Candour of the two young Ladies, charmed my Cousin and me ; and tho' we could not love *Ismena* with the same Ardour as we did *Silvia*, yet we could not refuse her our Esteem ; and both of us judging that the effectual Way to please her was to prevail with *Dallon* to consent to her Cousin's singing along with her ; we pressed him so earnestly that he consented, and they sung together so exquisitely well that we were highly charmed, and gave deservedly equal Encomiums to both. But as *Silvia*'s Beauty was much superior to her Cousin's, every Thing she did seemed to have particular Charms, so that we suck'd in Love's Poison in large Draughts ; we concealed however our Sentiments so carefully, and applauded the Ladies so equally, that *Dallon* imagined  
*Ismena*

68      *The* TRAVELS of

*Ismena* had made a Conquest of us both. As he had ordered our Equipages to be brought to his House, where he insisted on our taking up our Lodgings, we employed the remaining Part of the Day in different Walks, which affording us a favourable Opportunity of entertaining *Silvia* in our Turns, and of knowing all her Merit, we resolved each of us in private to ask her in Marriage.

THE two Ladies having mutually communicated their Thoughts of the Marquis and me, were extremely pleased to find that their Hearts had fixed on different Objects. *Ismena* flattered herself that she had pleased the Marquis, and *Silvia* fancied that she had read in my Looks a Part of the Sentiments with which she had inspired me. As we were entirely our own Masters, *Dantin* having neither Father nor Mother, and I only a Mother-in-law, to whom I was in no manner subjected, we made no doubt but *Dallon* would willingly give his Daughter to one of us, and his Niece to the other; we carefully however concealed our Designs from one another, each of us fearing to meet with Opposition from the other for intending to marry a Woman so inferior to us in birth.

THE Time of the Reimbursement approaching, both of us resolved to declare ourselves, accordingly I went one Morning early to *Dallon's* Apartment, whom finding alone, I addressed my self to him in the following Manner: I can not express, said I, the Joy  
which

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 69

which your Acquaintance gives me, and how much I am sensible of the obliging Manner in which you have received my Cousin and me ; it will always be fresh in my Memory, and I should esteem it a very great Happiness to have it in my Power to acknowledge your Favours by a suitable Return. *Dallon* answered that he had only done his Duty, and wished for an Opportunity of giving more essential Proofs of the Respect and Esteem he had for us.

As for Respect, replied I, embracing him, let us wave that, but for Esteem, if it be true that you have it, give me leave to put you to a Trial. I adore your charming Niece, my Happiness depends upon her Possession, and consequently upon you, as she is wholly under your Direction. Perhaps you will not think my Fortune answerable to what I am told she is to inherit from her Family, but as I spring from a Race of illustrious Ancestors, and have a tolerable Estate, I dare hope for your Consent to my entering into your Alliance by a Marriage with *Silvia*.

*Dallon* was strangely disappointed in his Expectation, having on my first Compliment imagined that I had Designs upon his Daughter, and he could not constrain himself so far as not to let his Trouble appear at the Name of *Silvia*, by a visible Alteration in his Countenance : I know my self too well, said he, with a Concern which plainly marked the Perplexity of his Mind, not to be highly sensible of the Honour that my Family must receive  
from



70      *The TRAVELS of*

from an Alliance with yours, and I shall own that I would purchase it at the Expence of my whole Fortune if it were necessary, but it is not in my Power to attain to it in the Manner you propose.

THIS *Silvia*, whom you believe to be my Niece, is no Relation of mine ; I am ignorant to what Country she belongs, or who gave her Birth ; in one word, she was a Child whom I took out of Pity a few Days after her Birth, and whom I have brought up as my Niece, in hopes that her Parents would come and reclaim her, as a Stranger, who put her in my Hands, promised about nineteen Years since ; but as I have kept her long enough without any Person's appearing, and that it is not natural I should give to Strangers any Part of a Fortune to which my Daughter has a just Title as Heiress, I am obliged to declare the Truth, and therefore, Sir, continued he, you plainly see that this Match is not suitable, and that I am no ways concerned in the Honour which you designed me ; but to give you a convincing Proof of the sincere Desire I should have of forming indissoluble Ties with you, I offer you *Ismena* with a Portion of a hundred thousand Crowns independent of as much after my Death.

I am obliged to you, answered I, greatly afflicted at what I heard. I render the Justice that is due to *Ismena's* Merit, but the more I know her Worth, the more I think she deserves to have the entire Possession of a  
Heart ;

Heart ; mine is no more at my Disposál, the fatal Dart that pierced it has rendered the Wound incurable : Love, my dear *Dallon*, is not a Passion which is formed and laid aside at Pleasure, and it gives me very great Concern ; but *Silvia* has made a Conquest of my Heart, and I find that I must love her to the Hour of my Death.

As *Dallon's* Design in revealing *Silvia's* Story was to discourage me from marrying that beautiful Maid, and to let me know that he would not authorise her Marriage with me, lest she should have a Rank superior to his Daughter ; he answered coldly, that he was sorry I had conceived so sudden an Inclination for a Girl no ways proper for me, since by all Appearance her Birth was as mean as dubious. I could no longer bear this cruel Conversation, but retired in a Condition that deserved Pity, and shut myself up in my Chamber to think without Interruption upon this melancholy Adventure.

My first Reflections ran upon abandoning *Silvia*, and to seek in Absence the Cure of my Distemper ; but this Thought, which proceeded from the Fear of having made a Choice unworthy of me, soon yielded to more generous Sentiments, and my Passion representing this beautiful Maid with all her Charms of Body and Mind, the Reasons of Rank, of Birth, and of Interest, appeared to be so weak Obstacles, and what she inspired so much above them, that I was ashamed to have once  
thought

thought of them. What Obligation, said I within myself, would *Silvia* have to me to adore her, and to wish to be her Husband, if her Birth were equal to her Beauty? were it so, to what Rank might she not pretend? Could I flatter myself that she would be satisfied with mine? What, continued I, are not Beauty, Wit, and Modesty, Titles a thousand times more preferable than those of Nobility, which we owe to the Caprice of Fortune? What do I say, was not I willing to unite my Destiny to *Silvia*, Niece of the Merchant *Dallon*? Did that Name place her above what she is at present? Did not I intend to nobilitate her by becoming her Husband? Has she lost any of her Charms for springing from unknown Parents? Has my Passion taken its Birth from the Nobleness of her Blood? Are not her Charms the only Source, and are they not sufficient to constitute my Happiness? This Reflection flattered my Passion too much not to comply with it: —*Silvia* without Birth became more dear to me than before; full of Indignation at the Injustice of Fortune, my Thoughts were wholly taken up upon repairing it, by sharing what I had with her; and being resolved not to delay acquainting her with my Love and honourable Intentions, I went to *Ismena's* Apartment, hoping to find a favourable Opportunity of entertaining her.

DURING these Reflections in which I was wrapt up for a considerable Time, several Things had happened. I had scarce left *Dallon's*



*lon's* Apartment when my Cousin *Dantin* presented himself, and demanded *Silvia* in Marriage. *Dallon* almost in a Fury to see two Men, to whom he had not been so civil but with a Design that one of them should marry his Daughter, make their Addresses to his pretended Niece, answered him in a very dry Manner, that he was not *Silvia's* Uncle ; that she was a Foundling whom he had brought up out of Pity, of which he had but a Moment before informed his Cousin, who had made the same Demand ; that he would not deceive, nor draw upon himself the Resentment of our Families, by concurring in our making an Alliance so disproportioned and unequal. *Dantin* was no less struck with this News than I had been ; but whether his Passion was not so violent, or that his Affection to me made him apprehensive of a Quarrel upon account of this Rivalship, he resolved from that very Moment to surmount his Love.

I am very much concerned, said he to *Dallon*, for *Silvia's* Misfortune ; she deserved a happier Fate ; nevertheless, since she is nothing to you, and that we are at Freedom to continue or abandon our Pretensions, I will consider on what is proper for me to do ; all the Favour that I would desire of you is to conceal from the Count that I am his Rival ; I hope I shall not long be so, at least, I will do my Endeavours ; but as I am a Stranger to his Sentiments, and resolved to know them in

order to regulate my own, I should be glad that he knew nothing of this Conversation.

*Dallon*, who had formed his Plan, promised Secrefy, and when the Marquis was gone, ordered *Ifmena* and *Silvia* to attend him in his Clofet: *Silvia*, said he to that charming Girl, I can not poffibly conceal any longer a Secret which I have kept while I thought it might be useful to you, without Prejudice to myfelf; but now as I fee it to be of the greateft Confequence to my Daughter and to me, I am obliged to declare that you are not my Niece; that I am ignorant to whom you owe your Birth, and that you have no Right to my Brother's Succeffion. Then without mentioning any thing of the young Gentleman who had committed her to his Care, nor of the thoufand Piſtoles he had received from him, he only told fimply that a Perfon very indifferently drefſed had intreated him on his Knees to give her out to nurſe, promiſing to retire her in fix Months, and begged that he would not deliver her but to the Perfon who ſhould preſent the Half of a Letter which he left with him. Nevertheleſs, continued he, I have for eighteen Years paſt taken care of you without any Perſon's appearing, which makes me naturally conclude that my Compaſſion has brought me into this Scrape, and that you owe your Birth to poor People, who not being in a Condition to entertain you, have made uſe of this Stratagem to procure you Subſiſtance; and that being dead perhaps by Want and Miſery, or in foreign Countries,  
they

they have abandoned you to what Fortune pleased to make of you. You know, added he, what I have done for you, and in what Manner I have brought you up, of which I don't repent, since you have answered to my Endeavours, by your Sweetness of Temper, Modesty, and Attachment to *Ismena*; and it is with the Intention of rewarding them, that I am resolved to put you in a Condition of having no Dependance on the World, by making you a Nun. As it is the only reasonable Resource in your present Situation, without Fortune, without Parents, and deprived of all Assistance, I shall conduct you to a Convent where your Voice and musical Talents will procure you Admission, without the usual Portion; and to continue the Charity which I have all along exercised, I will settle a small Pension on you for providing, from Time to Time, some Necessaries that you'll have occasion for; and this is all I can possibly do, or you reasonably expect.

*Dallon* might have continued to speak as long as he pleased, without the least Interruption from either of the two young Ladies, their Astonishment and Grief not permitting them to open their Mouths. However, *Silvia* making a strong Effort to conceal the Trouble with which she was agitated; tho' I was far from expecting, said she to him, the cruel Change which you have now declared to me, and that as your Niece I thought myself under strong Obligations to you, yet by what I now learn, they are so far augmented



that I can find no Terms proper to express my Gratitude. I shall not pretend to disguise the Concern which this Overthrow of my Fortune gives me ; not that Ambition has any Part in my Grief, the Regret only of not knowing who I am, occasions my Pain ; and I would rather owe my Origin to the lowest Class of Mortals, than to be under so melancholy an Uncertainty : But since I must submit to my rigorous Fate, and separate myself for ever from *Ismena*, I accept, without Hesitation, of your generous Offer, by which I shall have the Satisfaction of concealing from the World the Shame of my unhappy Destiny.

WHAT ! my dear *Silvia*, cried *Ismena*, all in Tears, will you then have the Cruelty to leave me ? O ! Sir, said she to her Father, can you think of dragging her from my Arms ? Ought you to have united us by so perfect a Friendship, to separate us hereafter with so much Rigour ? What matters it whether she be my Kinswoman or not ? Is she not still my Friend ? Am not I rich enough to supply the Place of those who have abandoned her, and are not you so too to serve her as a Father ? Can you with any Justice dispose of a Will over which you have no other Authority but what Gratitude requires of her ? Ah ! Sir, continued she, throwing herself at his Feet, it is on my Knees that I ask you *Silvia*, don't force her from me, or suffer that the same Cloister may inclose us both. Generous *Ismena*, interrupted *Silvia*, with Eyes drowned in Tears, don't shake my  
Con-

Constancy by these tender Marks of your Friendship, and be assured that there is nothing so cruel to me as a Separation from you ; but consider that I can no longer appear in the World with Honour ; that having been educated and known as Niece to your Father, and Heiress to his Brother, I shall become an Object of Contempt, when the Public shall be informed of my fatal Adventure : Whoever I may be, Heaven has given me Sentiments too high to live under the Humiliation which is fit for my present Condition, and I look upon it as a special Happiness that your generous Father is inspired with a Design of screening me from the Town-talk, and the ridiculous Light in which my unhappy Case must set me.

*Dallon*, who had no such delicate way of thinking as the two Ladies, and who was absolutely determined to have *Silvia* out of his House, highly extolled her Courage and Resolution ; and ordering *Ismena*, who still remained at his Feet, to get up, he laid his Commands on her with great Severity, to submit without murmuring to his Will ; but far from being discouraged, she renewed her Sollicitations with so much Earnestness, that *Silvia* fearing her Presence and Tears might be the Cause, withdrew, to leave *Dallon* at Liberty to explain himself with his Daughter, and to be at Freedom herself to complain of her unhappy Fate.

As she was going into *Ismena's* Apartment I met her, being come there with a Design to find her out. Her Eyes were bathed in Tears, and Melancholly was visibly painted in mine. We soon perceived our mutual Grief, and saluted one another without being able to pronounce one single Word; I presented my Hand to her, trembling; and she gave me her's almost under the same Concern; and in this silent Manner we went into Miss *Dalton's* Closet, where *Silvia* threw herself into an Arm Chair, and I upon my Knees before her.

THIS Posture of mine made her recover herself; and blushing when she looked at me: What do you mean Count, said she? Does your Distraction make you forget that I am *Silvia*? I am under no Absence of Mind, answered I, I adore you, and I am come to declare it; but as my Esteem equals my Love, my Words shall prove my Respect while I endeavour to express the Ardour of my Flame. This Declaration surprizes you, and appears no doubt rash and bold, continued I, observing her to change Colour: Nevertheless, I hope you will not think it so culpable, when you know that it is not my Fault, if you was not informed by him from whom I thought you was to be obtained; but his Refusal, founded on a Pretence which only augments my Love, forces me to offer you my Heart and Hand. The Tears, of which I still see the Traces on your Cheeks,

inform



Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 79

inform me that he has discovered to you the Secret of your Birth ; but as I presume he has not at the same Time informed you of the Sentiments with which you have inspired me, my Mouth must be the Interpreter : Yes, charming *Silvia*, you see in me the most passionate of all Lovers who aspires to the glorious Title of Husband. Permit me to repair the Injustice of Fate, by sharing my Fortune with you ; and let my Love and my Name serve you instead of Portion and Parents. I am my own Master, *Dallon* is not yours ; and nothing can oppose my Felicity, unless by an Effect of my Misfortune you have contracted a Hatred for the most amorous Man in the World.

AH ! good God, cried the lovely *Silvia*, lifting up her Eyes to Heaven, was not my Fate rigorous enough, without joining this new Subject of Grief. Generous Count, added she with a soft kind Glance, I know all the Value of the Advantages which you offer me ; they even make me sensibly feel the Weight of my Misfortune ; and I will freely declare to you, that were I born a Queen and had a Crown to bestow, you should be the only Person on whose Head I would place it ; but the dearer you are to me, the more your Glory is precious in my Eyes : Niece to *Dallon* and sole Heiress to a considerable Estate, I found myself still so far beneath you, that I scarce durst allow myself to think that you would stoop so low as me, and I blushed when your Looks seemed to flatter me.

me. Judge now of my Sentiments, possessing nothing of what might in some Measure justify your Choice. I know that Love renders all its Vassals equal, that it has often united the Scepter and the Sheep-hook, but they who made such odd Matches knew at least their Origin; the Shepherdess knew that she was born such, and the Purity of the Blood which ran in her Veins might in some Measure make Amends for the Want of Rank and Fortune; but for me, of what can I boast, ignorant how or from whence I came; if I owe my Birth to the Effects of a criminal or virtuous Love, or if the Obscurity of my Birth be the greatest Failing of those who were the Authors of it.

AH! Count, this Idea alone makes me tremble; what would be my Despair, if having honoured me with your Name, some Time or other, the Authors of my Life should be discovered; and that upon Information of my Origin, Subjects of Shame were found in it for exceeding its Meanness. No, I shall not expose you to such terrible Events; satisfied with the Glory of having pleased you, and that you did me the Honour of offering me your Hand, which, as I cannot deserve by the Advantages of those who may pretend to it, I shall endeavour by my Sentiments to preserve your Esteem; and since it is impossible that I can be the Count *de Saluce's*, no other shall ever possess me.

AH!

AH ! too charming *Silvia*, cried I, transported with Love and Admiration, what Fortune, what Rank, and what Renown are comparable to the Beauty of your Character ; and should not I be the most unworthy Man living to prefer any Consideration to the Perfections of your Mind ? My dear *Silvia*, continued I, since I have the Happiness to find that you don't despise my Love, let me beg of you not to reject the Testimonies of it, and consider that it is signing the Sentence of my Death to oppose the only Thing that can render my Life happy. I have told you already that I am my own Master, and that my Family has no Right to controul my Actions, and I can — No, Count, interrupted she, you can do nothing ; you may have it in your Power to make a worthy Choice ; but when the Question is, whether you shall wed a Girl without Name, without Fortune, and without Birth, Reason must be your Master. Your Family, from which you have nothing to fear, because you do nothing that may give them Occasion of Complaint, will no sooner know the Injustice which you do to your Glory, than they will join to oppose you : I will become the Object of their Resentment, and you would have the Grief of seeing me sacrificed to it.

As she pronounced these Words *Ismena* entered, but under such a terrible Trouble that she did not at first perceive me, and  
 throwing



82      *The* TRAVELS *of*

throwing herself into *Silvia's* Arms; my dear Friend, said she, I have gained no Ground, my Father is inflexible.

As I judged by these few Words that something was in Agitation, of which I was ignorant and greatly alarmed, I conjured her to tell me what was the Matter; but *Silvia*, who was resolved to conceal her Departure from me, prevented *Ismena's* Answer, by telling me that this tender Friend had left nothing unattempted to oblige her Father not to discover the Secret of her Birth, but to own her still as his Niece; and that the Excess of her Grief only proceeded from her not being able to prevail with him; and as she was desirous to be alone with Miss *Dallon*, she begged that I would retire, promising to come to no Resolution without first acquainting me. As I flattered myself that I would at last get the better of her Scruples, and being afraid that to speak of my Love before *Ismena* would not be agreeable to her, I obeyed her Commands, begging she would remember that I had still many important Things to tell her.

*Silvia* could not see me go without Trouble; my Procedure, which she thought generous, joined to the secret Inclination she had felt upon our first Interview, made an absolute Conquest of her Heart; and persuaded that she was upon the Point of being for ever separated from me, she had not Power to prevent her Tears from bursting out

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 83

out with a Violence that surprized *Ismena*, still the more as she had not found her so much affected at the Change of her Fortune as she could have wished ; she embraced her tenderly, and mingling her Tears with hers : My dear *Silvia*, said she, you are then under some Concern at the Thoughts of leaving me, but, continued she with Vivacity, why don't you oppose my Father's Project, since he is nothing to you you owe him no Obedience ?

I owe him every Thing, replied *Silvia*, he has nourished and brought me up ; and the Education which he has given me requires that I should be as obedient to him as if he were my own Father : But my dear *Ismena* you don't know all my Misfortunes. Though *Dallon* were not to put me into a Convent, I should be obliged to go and hide myself in the remotest Part of some Desert from the whole World. I love the Count *de Saluce*. and he is passionately fond of me ; so that I cannot too soon avoid the Danger which we both of us run in following the Dictates of our Hearts. I must therefore be gone, I must take the Benefit of your Father's last Favour ; and by shutting myself up for ever, preserve the Count from the Shame which would soon be the Consequence of his intended Project.

Miss *Dallon* extremely surprized that her Friend should refuse so favourable an Opportunity of repairing her Misfortune, since she  
confessed

84      *The* TRAVELS *of*

confessed that she loved me, employed all her Eloquence to make her change her Resolution ; and flattering herself that the Mystery of the Half Letter might alter her Mind, she entreated her to read it carefully. I laid hold of it, said she, when I found that my Father was deaf to my Intreaties, and it was with great Difficulty that he was prevailed upon to leave it in my Hands : Here it is, perhaps some Time or other it may be useful to you ; and though the Manner in which it is divided renders it very obscure, yet I cannot allow myself to think that it is the Work of a poor Wretch. *Silvia's* Curiosity was so far excited by what her Friend said that she took and read what follows.



*Half of a LETTER.*

**T**HE melancholly Necessity under which I  
am to conceal - - - - -  
to do the same with regard to her - - - - -  
and as I am ignorant as yet into what Hands  
that my Design is not to reveal so - - -  
to prevent the Misfortunes that may - - -  
to make her known in Time and Place - - -  
baptized as a Foundling, without Father or - -  
who gave her Birth is my lawful Spouse - -  
in Possession of the Half of this Writing - -  
unravel the Mystery of it, in Case my - -  
should prevent my going myself to retire my -

THE



THE reading of this Letter threw *Silvia* into a long and deep Thoughtfulness ; but at length awaking, as it were out of her Dream, and looking mournfully at *Ismena* : All this proves nothing, said she, and People are but too well acquainted with the Tricks of those who seek to get rid of the Burthen of their Children's Intertainment and Education, to make any certain Judgment from such a Writing as this : Misery often sharpens Invention, and this Billet is, no doubt, a Bait laid to oblige your Father to take Care of me; they probably imagined that the mysterious Manner in which it was written would make him believe that I belonged to Persons of Note, and that he would be handsomely rewarded for his Trouble and Care ; but whatever may be in it, my dear *Ismena*, my Honour and Peace of Mind force me to retire : I dread the Shame and Ridicule constantly attached to Adventures of this Kind, and the Count *de Saluce* is too dear to me to think of exposing him to a Share of them : Therefore the only Favour which I would beg of you, as the strongest Proof of your Friendship, is to conceal from him the Place of my Retreat, if it should happen to come to your Knowledge.

MISS *Dallon*, terribly grieved at the Resolution of her Friend, reiterated her Prayers and Tears, to engage her at least to give her Father the Slip by retiring immediately, with an Assurance that she would take Care to

provide her with the Necessaries of Life ; but all to no Purpose : She looked upon such a Step as a sort of Treachery to her Benefactor, who was resolved to crown his Generosity by placing her in a Convent ; the only Resource for one in her unhappy Situation ; for which Reason, notwithstanding her natural Aversion to the Cloister, joined to the Inclination which she had for the Count, she was unalterably resolved to give a blind Obedience to *Dallon's* Will and Pleasure.

THE melancholy *Ismena* perceiving that there was no Possibility of altering her Mind, and that there was a Necessity of consenting to this dreadful Separation, resolved to provide every Thing that was necessary for her in the Convent, and to put her in a Condition to leave it if she happened not to like it. With this View she forced her to accept of the best Part of her Jewels, and all the Money which she had, and not being able to beat it out of her Thoughts but that the half Letter would be some Time or other useful, she inclosed it in a little Satchel of Silk fastened to the Ends of a Ribbon she wore about her Neck, and which hung down in her Bosom, in a manner not to be seen, and earnestly recommended to her never to part with it ; this *Silvia* promised, tho' she had no Hopes of its Utility.

WHILE the two Ladies were thus employed, *Dallon*, who resolved to get rid of us as soon as possible, since neither of us inclined

clined to be his Son-in-law, was counting out our Money, and being informed that we were in our Apartments, sent a Servant to intreat that we would take the Trouble of coming to him in his Closet; which making us conclude, each within himself, that he had changed his Mind, we obeyed the Call with equal Ardour, but all our Hopes were dashed when *Dallon* shewed us the Money ranked in Order upon the Table, and with an Air of Coldness, thanked us for the Honour we had done him in lodging at his House; making broad Hints that our Money being paid, nothing more detained us at *Lyons*.

WE easily understood this Language, and as there was no thinking of staying at a Man's House against his Will, we resolved to change our Lodgings that very Day, which gave *Dallon* so much Joy that he made no Difficulty of permitting us to take leave of *Ismena*; this we both asked but with different Intentions, for my Cousin's were to make his Addresses to Miss *Dallon*, since he found too strong Obstacles from the Obscurity of *Silvia's* Birth, and a Competition with me, to prosecute his first Design; and mine were to combat her Scruples with all the Eloquence that Love is capable of.

WHEN we entered *Ismena's* Apartment, we found her alone, *Silvia* having retired to her Closet to write. My Cousin was the first who spoke, and told her what had passed between *Dallon* and us in so mournful a manner,



88 *The TRAVELS of*

that she could not conceal her Surprise and Grief; and looking at him with Eyes that discovered a Part of her Secret; this Day, said she, is marked out for the most unlucky of my Life, and my Father has, no doubt, resolved to make it odious to me.

I should think myself extremely happy, answered he, could the Offer of my Service be acceptable; in that case, I would endeavour to prevail with your Father to allow me to remain some Time about your Person. *Silvia* appeared as he had pronounced these Words, and as I perceived that the Marquis and *Dallon's* Daughter were like to be engaged in a Conversation that was not indifferent, I took this Opportunity of leading *Silvia* to a Window at a little Distance, and informed her of the Necessity I was under, not only of leaving *Dallon's* House, but also to return to *Augsburg*, where my Presence was necessary upon Business of Importance; proposing to conduct her there, and to procure her in the Countess, my Mother-in-law, a Friend as tender and affectionate as Miss *Dallon*; *Madam de Saluce*, added I, is of a distinguished Piety, her greatest Pleasure is in assisting unhappy Persons; she esteems me, and I have the same Regard and Respect for her as if she were my own Mother: I will declare my Passion to her, make her sensible how deserving you are of my Choice, which will, I am certain, gain her Approbation, and prevail with you to make me happy.

BUT

BUT *Silvia*, whose Virtue was alarmed at the least Appearance of Irregularity, preferring her Obscurity to the Splendor of a Rank which was not to be purchased but by running away with a Man, rejected the Proposal without the least Hesitation ; and tho' she did not deny but that she would think herself happy to be united to me by indissoluble Ties, she nevertheless withstood the Bent of her Heart, and was so far Mistress as to resist the Pleasure of giving way to it ; but being apprehensive of my taking some violent Resolution, she begged I would expect, from Time and her Perseverance, some favourable Change, insinuating that *Dallon* would perhaps take another Thought, and that she flattered herself Providence would some Way or other clear up the Mystery of her Birth : Thus by her Wit and Sweetness I was quite disarmed, and forced to submit to what she desired.

ON the other Hand, Miss *Dallon* vexed at the unguarded Expression which had slipped out of her Mouth upon what *Dantin* had told her, affected a greater Reserve than at first, and turning the Conversation upon the Fate of *Silvia*, without informing him of her Departure, which she had solemnly promised to keep a Secret ; she displayed such noble and generous Sentiments, so rare in her Sex when the Case is to do justice to the Beauty and Merit of another, that Esteem taking in his Heart the Place which Love for *Silvia* had some Moments before possessed, he was fully

persuaded that he could not miss of being extremely happy with a Person of her Character, and as it was certain that this Match would procure him an Opulency which his own Fortune could not afford, he resolved from that Moment to turn his Thoughts wholly towards *Ismena*, and not to leave *Lyons* till he carried her along with him as his Wife; but being willing also to render me Service, and flattering himself that *Dallon*, upon Account of his Marriage with his Daughter, would refuse him no Favour, he resolved to make it one of his Demands that Miss *Dallon*, when he was married to her, should have the Disposal of *Silvia*, and even carry her along with her to *Auvergne*. Full of this notable Scheme, he assured *Ismena* of the Part he took in her Friend's Misfortune, which he hoped might still be repaired, if a Project which he had in View succeeded to his Wishes; but, lovely *Ismena*, added he, in order to bring it to a happy Conclusion, you must accept of the Vows and Wishes of a Man whom you have for ever subjected, and consent to my addressing your Father in quality of one who places all his Felicity in the Possession of your Heart and Person.

*Ismena* could not hear with Indifference the Marquis's Project of making her his Wife, but did not conceive how her private Happiness could make any Alteration in *Silvia's* Case. Tho' I am not ambitious, answered she, blushing, I think it would scarce be pardonable in me to reject the Honour you intend



tend to do me, and my Happiness would be perfect if the Consent which you desire could contribute to that of my Friend. *Dantin*, charmed with this Declaration, returned thanks with Transport, and protested so strongly and so confidently that he would change *Silvia*'s Fortune, that *Ismena* was almost persuaded of it ; She begged however to know upon what Foundation he gave her so agreeable Hopes ; but the Marquis, who resolved to have the Pleasure of giving me an agreeable Surprise, begged she would allow him to be silent till he had spoken to her Father, and that she would mention nothing of it to her Friend.

*Ismena*, unwilling to press him farther, promised what he desired, upon which, *Silvia* and I joining them, the Conversation became general ; but as *Silvia* and I were both under a Load of Melancholy which tied up our Tongues, I soon took my leave of the Ladies, and the Marquis followed my Example, with a Design to speak to *Dallon* before Night ; and as we could by no means stay longer in a Man's House who had paid us such a Compliment, we went directly and took Lodgings.

*Dallon* being suspicious that our Passion for *Silvia* would not allow us to leave *Lyons* soon, and dreading the Charms of this Girl as well as the Tears of his Daughter, hastened to prepare every Thing for her leaving *Lyons* the very next Day, having resolved to conduct her to a Convent near *St. Flour* in *Auvergne*,  
of

of which a Relation of his was *Priores*s ; he had kept his Design a profound Secret both from *Silvia* and *Ismena*, that we might not endeavour to prevent it, and to avoid meeting with us at his own House, he went out the Moment he had paid the Money, leaving word that he was to sup abroad.

THIS obliged the Marquis to defer the Conversation he intended to have with him, till next Day, but he was again disappointed, for *Dallon* no sooner returned to his House than he ordered *Silvia* to make ready for her Departure at the Break of Day. Tho' this sudden Resolution surprised and afflicted her very much, yet she submitted to it without murmuring, and, notwithstanding *Ismena's* Tears and her own Grief, employed the whole Night in packing up and preparing for this melancholy Journey.

SHE wrote me a Letter which she begged Miss *Dallon* would deliver ; this dear and tender Friend was under a heavy Load of Grief, the more insupportable as she had flattered herself with Hopes of a Turn in *Silvia's* Affairs, which now vanished by her Father's cruel Precipitation. She used all Endeavours to know the Name of the Convent where he intended to put her, with a Design to inform me, tho' she had promised otherwise to *Silvia* ; but *Dallon* put it out of her Power to break her Word, having absolutely refused to tell her the Place.

IN fine, the fatal Moment came, and the two lovely Friends had almost sunk down when they were locked in one another's Arms, at the Thoughts of this cruel Separation. Any other but *Dallon* would have been penetrated with such a moving Sight; but he, far from being affected, pulled them forcibly from one another, and made *Silvia* get into a travelling Coach, placing himself at her Side, and ordering the Coachman to march, after having left *Ismena* under the Tuition of an old House-keeper, in whom he placed the greatest Confidence.

*Dallon* took a round-about Way to *St. Flour*, not judging the common Road, safe, lest he should have been followed by my Cousin and me when we came to know of his carrying off *Silvia*. A gloomy Silence reigned between him and her, as she afterwards told me, during the whole Journey; and it was only within a few Miles of the Village in which was his Kinswoman's Convent, that he informed her they were in *Auvergne*, and not far from *St. Flour*.

*Silvia* spoke not a Word, but inwardly rejoiced that she was to pass the Remainder of her Days in the Country where I lived; she even became less melancholy, and without being able to account for this Change, since she had no Intention to inform me where she was; she found her Mind in so sweet a Tranquillity, that she entered her Prison with a Satisf-



Satisfaction of which she did not think herself capable.

As *Dallon* had been long thinking how to get rid of her, and had written several Letters to the Prioress his Relation, that Lady expected them, and seemed to be charmed with *Silvia*, to whom she greatly magnified the Agreeableness and Advantages of a religious Life. *Silvia* approved every thing she said, and expressed so little Repugnance to her being shut up, that *Dallon* made no doubt of her making a very good Nun. After a private Conference with the Prioress, in which they agreed upon their Terms, he took his Leave of *Silvia* without any seeming Concern, and immediately set out for *Lyons*.

THOSE whom *Silvia* had left were not so resigned as she: For my own Part, as I thought all the Moments lost which I passed without seeing her, I waited with great Impatience the Hour in which I might with Decency go to *Dallon's* House.

MY Cousin *Dantin* full of his new Project got up very early, with an Intention to put it in Execution; but how great was his Surprize when he understood by *Dallon's* Servants that their Master was gone with *Silvia* at the Break of Day, without leaving any Word where he intended, nor when he would return.

THOUGH

THOUGH he had by this Time got the better of his first Passion, and was fully resolved to make *Ismena* and his Fortune the only Objects of his Desires, yet he was extremely concerned at that beautiful Maid's unhappy Fate, which he was sure would make me in a Manner desperate, and greatly afflict *Ismena* ; so that all these Considerations joined together drew Sighs from his Heart, and Tears from his Eyes.

As it was too early to think of visiting Miss *Dallon*, he returned home ; and being told that I was got out of Bed, came into my Chamber, but with a Countenance so changed that I imagined he was very ill, or had heard some disagreeable News ; which made me ask him very abruptly what was the Matter, and what had obliged him to go abroad so early : I have so many Things to tell you, my dear Count, answered he in a melancholly Tone, that I don't know how to explain myself ; I could wish you were ignorant of them, and yet I think it is necessary that you know them ; would to God I could afford a Remedy to the Evil. In short, I am under a Perplexity which no Words can express.

THIS Discourse made me shake from Head to Foot, and I begged he would keep me no longer in Suspense. You love *Silvia*, replied he, you asked her in Marriage from *Dallon*. The Mystery you made of your Love,  
and

and the Error I was under as well as you that she was his Niece, giving me Ground to hope that nothing would oppose my Wishes, I made no Attempt to withstand the Power of her Charms ; and finding in this Marriage the Satisfaction of my Heart, and the Increase of my Fortune, I made a Proposal Yesterday to *Dallon* the same with yours, which met with no better Reception than your Request to him on the same Subject. I own that the Obscurity of *Silvia's* Birth gave me great Concern ; but less amorous than you, and unwilling to engage myself in a Marriage neither suitable to my Quality nor Interest, I resolved to desist in your Favour ; since, notwithstanding the Knowledge of *Silvia's* Misfortune, you still loved her ; and to turn my Thoughts towards *Ismena*, who though not so charming as her Friend, has such internal Accomplishments as render her amiable, and whose Fortune, *Silvia* being no longer *Dallon's* Niece, will render mine opulent and splendid.

IN this Thought I went to find *Ismena*, to whom I declared my Sentiments, and had the Pleasure of finding that she had no Aversion to my Person ; but that penerated with the Fate of her dear *Silvia* she could relish no Happiness while her Friend was wretched.

HIGHLY charmed with her generous Sentiments, I went out this Morning with a Resolution to declare my Intentions to *Dallon*,  
with



with regard to his Daughter, and to make it one of my Conditions, that in Consideration of this Marriage his Daughter and I should have the Disposal of *Silvia*; but the barbarous Man has carried her off this Morning by Break of Day, and no body knows where he is to conduct her.

O! Heavens! cried I, *Silvia* gone, and shall I no more see her! a gloomy Silence succeeding to this Exclamation, I appeared like one who had lost his Judgment and was quite stupified. The Marquis did not employ his Eloquence to comfort me, but proposed Means to find out the Place of her Retreat, protesting that he would assist me with all his Power to make this Discovery.

THIS Manner of entering into my Grief had more Influence, and produced a better Effect than all the reasoning that he could have employed. I asked him if Miss *Dallon* was not informed of her Father's Design; and upon his answering that he had not seen her, it being too early to demand Admittance, I begged he would go along with me to her House, which he readily agreed to; and we were upon our Arrival directly introduced into her Apartment, where we found her all in Tears; and conducting us into her Closet, she informed us with what Cruelty her Father had carried off *Silvia*, without her being able to prevail with him to name the Place where he designed to put her; and continuing her Complaints addressed to me. We shall see

98 *The TRAVELS of*

this charming Girl no more, said she, and it is no doubt to bid you an eternal Adieu that she has wrote you this Letter, which I took hastily out of her Hand, and found it contained the following Words.



*To the Count De Saluce.*

**I** AM scarce allowed Time to assure you that I shall not, while I live, forget your generous Proposals ; it would perhaps be necessary for my Quiet that I should lose the Remembrance of them, but Gratitude is dearer to me than my Tranquillity ; and to give you the only Proofs that are in my Power, be assured that to the last Moments of my Life you shall be the only Worldly Object of my Thoughts ; and that since I did not deserve the glorious Title of your Spouse, no Mortal shall have that of Husband to the unfortunate

SILVIA.

No, no, cried I after reading, either I must find hers or die ; and then addressing myself to *Ismena* ; Pardon, Madam, the Transports of a Man in Despair, were not *Dallon* your Father, nothing should save him from my just Fury ; but my Respect for you, and Friendship for my Cousin, prevent the Effects of it. My dear *Dantin*, added I, let  
not

not my Grief bring any Obstacle to your Happiness, enjoy in Peace the Pleasure of possessing what you love ; as for me, to whom Life is become odious after the Loss of *Silvia*, I will go and wander from Province to Province, visit every Cloyster, and if, after all, I cannot discover where her cruel Tyrant has shut her up, you shall never see me more, upon which I got up to be gone ; but *Ismena* stopping me, No, said she, you shall not go without the Marquis. If your Passion makes it impossible for you to live without *Silvia*, my Friendship and Affection forbid me to enjoy Felicities in which she does not share. I am the only Cause of her Misfortune. My Father jealous that her Beauty would conquer those who might come to make their Addresses to me, by an inconceivable Weakness, rendering her answerable for what Nature has not thought fit to bestow upon me, inhumanly sacrifices her to my Defects ; it is therefore my Business to let him know the Injustice of his Procedure, and since he believes that *Silvia's* Presence hindered my Establishment, we must let him see that her Absence is still more prejudicial, by forcing me to stand out against what would make me happy.

I dare not flatter myself that the Marquis *Dantin* can be truly touched with one of so little Merit as I can pretend to ; but whatever may be in that, I shall not deny but that his has made some Impression upon my Heart ; and that if I cannot share with him the large



Fortune to which I am intitled, none other shall have a Right to it by a Marriage with me ; and yet, notwithstanding my Inclination, and the Hopes with which he flattered me Yesterday, I make no Difficulty of declaring to him that I will never consent to be his Wife, until I see *Silvia* Countess of *Saluce*, and that he has assisted you to find her out. It is not in your Presence alone that I make this Declaration, my Father shall no sooner be returned than he shall be informed of my Sentiments, and of the Resolution I have taken to retire into a Convent the rest of my Days, unless he restores to me a Friend whose Society I prefer to the most brilliant Fortune.

It is not easy to express the Admiration which such Sentiments raised in the Marquis and me. I found such an Ease to my Grief that I could hearken to Reason, and *Dantin* was so penetrated with them, that the Motive of Interest, which had at first influenced him to think of her, was converted into Esteem, and even as violent a Passion as if Beauty had kindled the Flame.

HE threw himself at her Feet, and, by the most tender Protestations, convinced her that without doing him the greatest Injustice, she could not doubt of the Sincerity of his Sentiments, but he conjured her at the same time not to think of retiring, and to permit him to wait for her Father's Return, representing to her that since the Dread alone of seeing  
*Silvia*

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 101

*Silvia* preferred, had forced him to banish her from his House, it was to be presumed she would give him no more Umbrage when he had a Son-in-law, and that he would not refuse to bring her back, or to inform them of the Convent into which he had put her.

THIS Reasoning was just, and too agreeable to *Ismena's* Desires to contradict it : even I approved of it ; but the Agitation of my Mind not permitting me to remain at *Lyons* a peaceable Spectator of *Dallon's* Resolutions, I begged they would permit me to visit all the Cloysters in and about *Lyons*, while they on their Parts were using their best Endeavours for our common Satisfaction ; adding, that this Occupation was alone capable to dissipate the gloomy Ideas with which I was tormented ; that the Hopes of finding *Silvia*, or to learn News of her from them at my Return, would prevent my sinking under the Load of my Grief ; that I would very soon rejoin them, but that it was impossible for me to live under the Trouble and Perplexity into which this Event had plunged me.

*Ismena* and *Dantin* attempted in vain to retain me, all their Reasons serving only to exasperate my Despair, they judged that it was better to give me my own way, than to expose me to see *Dall'm* in the present Height of my Fury ; and that, not knowing when he would return, it was more adviseable to let me indulge my Impatience, than to

make me languish under Expectation. I promised to inform them exactly of all the Steps I made, and to give them Directions from place to place how to write to me ; on their Part they promised to inform me exactly of what passed between *Dallon* and them ; and that not doubting of the Success of their Design, they were persuaded that they should soon call me back to be united to *Silvia* ; after which my Cousin and I embraced each other, and the generous *Ismena* could not see our Separation without shedding Tears.

As I intended to be gone that very Day, *Dantin* accompanied me to our Lodgings, and having seen me on Horseback returned to Miss *Dallon*, to whom his Heart was intirely attached. I was accompanied by two of my Servants ; and flattering myself that my Mistress had not been carried out of the Province, I made the whole Tour of it, ordering my People to go one Way while I went myself another, and visited with great Exactness all the Convents and Communities, demanding *Silvia* of all the Abbesses and Prioreesses of these holy Retreats, without receiving any Satisfaction, none of them knowing so much as her Name.

THESE fruitless Inquiries put me into such a terrible Despair that I resolved to visit the neighbouring Provinces before I returned to *Lyons*. I had written several Letters to the Marquis *Dantin*, and this faithful Friend had punctually answered them ; and as his last  
Letter



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 103

Letter informed me that *Dallon* was returned, that he was to see him next Day, and that he had conducted *Silvia* to a Convent in *Auvergne*, I resolved directly to go there.

NEVERTHELESS *Dallon*, very well satisfied with his Journey, and believing that he would hear no more of her whom he looked upon as an Obstacle to his Daughter's Establishment, returned home with a Resolution to spare nothing to make her a Countess or a Marchioness. Miss *Dallon* received him with Respect, but did not express so much Joy upon his Arrival as he could have wished; and being persuaded that *Silvia's* Charms gave her Jealousy, he magnified the pretended Service he had done, in ridding her of so dangerous a Rival; and, with a View to render her still more terrible, he recounted all that had passed between us and him; but *Ismena*, to whom the Marquis had confessed the Inclination he had felt for that beautiful Maid, and had concerted with her what she had to say, appeared to be unconcerned at this Artifice. I never envied *Silvia's* Charms, answered she, I was always the first to admire the Graces with which Nature has favoured her, and I should look upon it as a Crime in me to be offended at the Justice which is done to her Merit, it is affronting the Author of our Being, and demeaning ourselves, not to esteem his Workmanship, whatever it may be, and to be jealous of Perfections which he has not thought fit to bestow upon us. As for me, who found in *Silvia's* Friendship, a  
sweet

sweet Consolation for the Charms which Heaven has refused me, I regret much more the Loss of her Presence, than Perfections that depend not upon our own Wills: It seemed to me that the Pleasure of being loved by her lent me Graces; and I find myself so disagreeable, even in my own Eyes, since you dragged her from me, that I am ashamed to appear; and therefore, Sir, continued she, be not surpris'd if I dare make it my Request to you that I may have Permission to retire into a Convent the rest of my Days, and that a Veil may for ever conceal an Uglinefs which has made you commit the highest Injustice.

THE Marquis *Dantin* loves me, and is to solicit you to accept of him as a Son-in-law; but though his Demand does me Honour, and that I have no Repugnance to his Person, I earnestly intreat of you to refuse him, having formed a firm Resolution to be a Nun.

THE Merchant's Astonishment at this Discourse was extreme, and not being able to believe either the Marquise's Love, or that his Daughter would retire from the World, he answered her with a stern Authority, that he was Master of her Destiny, and that he knew very well how to make her obey at a proper Occasion; that as for *Dantin*, when he spoke to him he would make him a proper Answer, but that if he had changed his Sentiment, it only fortified him in the Idea which  
he

he formerly had, that *Silvia* would have kept back those who might have desired his Alliance, since the Marquis, upon not seeing her any more, had taken another Resolution, and therefore he laid strict Commands upon her to mention that Girl no more to him.

*Ismena*, satisfied with having made a bold Push, retired without answering, and went to wait in her Apartment the Result of the Conversation which the Marquis was to have with her Father. In Effect, this Cavalier, pressed by his Love for *Ismena*, and by his Friendship for me, entered almost the Moment she retired, and when the first Civilities had permitted him to speak freely, looking at *Dallon* with a smiling Countenance, you are no doubt astonished, said he, to see me still at *Lyons*, and I believe you will be still more so, when you shall know that Love detains me, and that Miss *Dallon* is the Object of my Wishes. My Daughter ! interrupted the Merchant with Surprise ; did not you tell me that you loved *Silvia* ? I have still for that charming Girl, answered he, a perfect Esteem, but no more Love ; I have sacrificed it in Favour of my Cousin, with whom my Friendship will not allow me to have any Dispute, the Violence of his Passion making me judge that it was not so easily to be governed as mine, my Wishes are turned towards the lovely *Ismena* ; her Virtue, Wit, and amiable Character, have kindled a Flame in my Heart which will never be extinguished. In one Word, I come to ask her of you in Marriage ;



riage ; I am my own Master, and can dispose of a tolerable Fortune, and tho' not so considerable as yours, I flatter my self that the Name which I bear will make amends for the Defect of Riches. The Joy of *Dallon* was inconceivable ; he knew the Marquis's Family, and that he could not make a better Choice ; besides the Ambition he had of giving his Daughter a grand Title, the Marquis *Dantin* was preferable, he thought, to me, because my Father had considerably diminished the Inheritance, by Settlements on his second Wife. All these Reasons determining him directly, he embraced the Marquis, returned him Thanks for the Honour he did him, and promised that this Marriage should be no longer delayed than the necessary Formalities which are indispensable on such Occasions, required, and to begin with giving him Proofs of his Satisfaction, he conducted him to *Ismena's* Apartment, whom he ordered to look upon him as a Man who was in a very few Days to be her Husband.

Miss *Dallon* saluted them with an Air of Coldness, and looking at her Father with Eyes that expressed the melancholy Situation of her Mind ; I am sorry, Sir, said she, that you expose the Marquis to a Refusal from such a Person as me. I told you already the Design I had taken : I have the most sincere Esteem for him, and if I had a Choice to make, he should be the Man ; but I am resolved not to marry, being too unlucky in the Attachments of my Heart to give way to this.

I loved *Silvia*, and you have barbarously taken her from me ; I shall have no sooner given way to my Inclination for the Marquis, than you'll find Pretences to break the Ties that you have your self formed : My Resolution is unmoveable, and since it is impossible to prevail with you to restore to me my Friend, that my Tears and Prayers have had no Influence upon your Heart, don't take it amiss that your Orders have none upon mine.

*Dallon* was preparing to answer, but was prevented by the Marquis : The constant Friendship, said he, which you preserve for *Silvia*, is to me too favourable an Omen of your Fidelity to a Husband, to condemn it ; and if nothing is wanting but her Presence to ingage you to render me happy, I can not allow my self to think that your Father will be so much my Enemy as to refuse to bring her back : But, said *Dallon*, mad with Anger, what Business has that Girl with your Marriage ? Am I obliged to take care all my Life of a Person who is nothing to me, and have I not done enough for her ? No, replied *Ismena*, throwing herself at his Feet, the first Favour I asked you, was, that you would not deprive me of my Friend, and I again renew it on my Knees ; but if you refuse it, don't hope that the Marquis *Dantin*, or any other shall ever be *Ismena's* Husband.

*Dantin*

*Dantin* joining with her, begged that he would not put a stop to his Happiness upon so frivolous an Account, promising that *Silvia* should be no more a Burthen upon him ; that he would take care of her, and even reimburse what she had cost him, if he insisted upon it ; giving him to understand plainly enough that, notwithstanding all his Love for *Ismena*, he would not consent to her being forced to give him her Hand ; that he wished to owe the Gift to herself, and that her Obedience might not clash with her Inclination. *Dallon* made new Efforts to be exempted from what was required of him, being still apprehensive that *Silvia*'s Return might re-kindle the Marquis's Flame, but finding that neither the one nor the other would listen to his Reasons, and that he ran the risk of losing an illustrious Match for his Daughter, he at last yielded, and promised that their Contract should be no sooner signed, than he would give orders to have *Silvia* sent back to him.

*Ismena* charmed that her innocent Stratagem had succeeded, returned her Father a thousand Thanks, and assured him of her Obedience. The Marquis, who inclined that the Effect of his Promise should not be retarded, intreated him to send for his Notary, which he accordingly did : The Articles were drawn out without Difficulty on either Side, and in the Evening the Parties concerned signed the Contract with an equal Satisfaction, which was scarce terminated when *Dantin* made *Dallon* take Pen in Hand to execute his Promise ;



mise ; both *Ismena* and he declaring that the Ceremony of their Marriage should not be performed but in Presence of *Silvia*. As the Marquis was now tied, and that he saw no more Danger of her carrying off Sons-in-law, he did not require much Intreaty, the rather, because he had caused to be inserted in the Contract, that *Ismena* and the Marquis should take charge of this unknown Girl, and should dispose of her as they thought proper.

THE Letter was dispatched, and the Marquis learning by it the Convent into which *Dallon* had put her, wrote that Moment to inform me where she was, and of every Thing that had passed. It was then that *Ismena* and he abandoned themselves to the Pleasure of seeing, loving, and telling reciprocally their tender Sentiments without Interruption : But while they believed that the End of every Day approached them to that of their Happiness, strange Things were passing in *Auvergne*, and having no Answer from me, nor from the Convent, they became uneasy. *Ismena* had wrote a most affectionate Letter to her Friend, intreating her to come and share in her Fortune and Happiness, but got no Return ; this Silence alarmed them, and tho' *Dallon* pressed them to conclude their Marriage, they delayed it a Month longer, hoping that I would return to *Lyons*. In fine, *Dallon*, who concealed the News he had received, for Fear of afflicting them, wearied with their Delays, shewed them a Letter

110 *The* TRAVELS *of*

from his Kindswoman the Prioress, by which she informed him of *Silvia's* having perished in a terrible Fire that had consumed the Convent, and which had raged in so cruel a Manner that the greatest Part of her Nuns had been burnt, the whole Building almost destroyed, and she herself obliged to seek a Sanctuary in a Convent of *Saint Flour*, from whence she wrote him.

'Tis impossible to imagine the Grief of *Ismena* and the Marquis, and judging that I must have been informed of this fatal Accident, since they did not hear from me ; *Dant*in resolved to go in Quest of me, but as it was no longer possible to elude a Marriage which they all desired with an equal Ardour, and that *Dallon* would not have allowed him to go without Solemnizing it, the Ceremony was performed some Days after this melancholy News, without any Pomp or Magnificence. *Ismena* being inconsolable and the Marquis's Satisfaction not at all perfect, by the Trouble into which the Absence of a Man, whom he looked upon as a second Self, and the Melancholy of his Spouse gave him ; he consented without Difficulty to her Intreaties for his going to *Auvergne* and enquiring himself if it was true that *Silvia* had really perished, and what was become of me.

WHILE the News of *Silvia's* Death filled with Grief and Mourning the Hearts of those who interested themselves in her Fate, while *Madam Dantin* passed the Days and Nights  
in

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. III

in regretting her; and the Marquis was in Quest of me to prevent the Effects of my Despair, and while I was seeking every where the Object of my Wishes, the charming *Silvia* had escaped the Danger, but not without great Trouble.

THO' she had entered the Convent with less Pain than she imagined to herself, and that the first Days of her Retreat seemed to promise her an absolute Detachment from the World, they were no sooner over, and the alluring Officiousness which the Nuns affect for new Comers was scarce ceased, than, as it were come to herself again, she perceived that all her Courage was only a kind of Stunning occasioned by her Misfortune, and not the Effect of a solid and durable Resolution. The sweet Society of an affectionate Friend; the Ease and Plenty which she but just left, the Liberty which she enjoyed, and above all my Image which she could not raze out of her Heart, attacked her with such reunited Force that all her Reason could not obtain the Victory. The Cloister then appeared the most terrible of all her Misfortunes; her Piety was even terrified with the Danger of coming under Vows in the present State of her Mind, consumed with a Passion which Obstacles only increased, tormented with the Mystery of her Birth, and sensibly piqued to be under the Necessity of receiving Assistance from a Stranger, she found herself so remote from the eminent Virtue which a Soul Devoted to Heaven ought to possess



possess, that she could not but tremble at the Thoughts of an involuntary Choice.

THESE melancholy Reflections were not the only Subjects of her Distaste to the religious Life, other Motives joined to disturb her Vocation. She knew that the whole Convent was informed of the Misfortune attending her Birth, and perceived with Grief that, notwithstanding her Talents, they did not regard her as they did those who brought a Portion: But what touched her most was to learn from the Prioress that *Dallon* had settled nothing upon her by way of Pension, and that it still depended upon his Pleasure to abandon her intirely. This hard-heartedness, after having brought her up and flattered her with Hopes so different, determined her to declare that she would not be a Nun, and that the Merchant being nothing to her, and doing nothing for her, it was not in his Power to confine her in that House rather than another, and that if he pretended she should remain in it, he must make good his Promise, in settling a Pension upon her. The Prioress, who had agreed in private with him for a small Sum once paid, and who had already received it, answered in a scornful Manner, that it was surprizing a Girl without Name, without Relations, or even a Place of Abode, should pretend to give Laws to those who had the Charity to bring her from nothing to a happy Situation, and therefore commanded her in a haughty and imperious Manner, to submit with a good Grace to her Destiny; threatening

ning to transport her to a Community less honourable than hers if she made the least Resistance to what was required of her. *Silvia* was extremely mild and patient, but she had a noble Soul, and justly offended at such a Discourse : No Body knows better than I, said she looking at her with an Air of Confidence, the meanness of the Sacrifice which I should offer to God in devoting myself to his Service, and the first Reason that dissuades me is that I don't think myself worthy, but if my Virtue is not sufficient for so grand an Action, it is however too pure to be thus reviled, and retiring the Moment she had pronounced these Words, she left the Prioress as much surpris'd at her Resolution, as perplexed how to keep her, having engaged herself to return the Money she had received, if she refused to take the Vail.

WHILE this Lady was projecting how to force her, *Silvia* gave herself intirely up to Grief. The Horror of her Situation presented itself in so lively a Manner to her Mind, that she was more than once tempted to write to the Count, and to have Recourse to his Love for her Liberty : But soon condemning this Thought as a thing contrary to the Strictness of Modesty, it made her blush, and fortifying herself in the Resolution she had taken to keep him ignorant of her Fate, and to die rather than to yield to the impulse of her Inclination, she turned her whole Thoughts towards the Almighty, who can alone subdue the greatest Obstacles, and protect the wretch-

ed; and as her Aversion to the monastick Life did not hinder her from being really pious, she remitted to his providence the Direction of her Destiny. This resignation calmed the Agitations of her Mind, and persuaded that Heaven would not abandon her, and would be a Light to her in the midst of so many Obscurities, she expected from its goodness what her Virtue would not suffer her to expect from Men. She was in these commendable Sentiments when one Night that the whole Community was in a profound Sleep, and that her Thoughts kept her alone awake, she saw all her Cell in a Flame.

WHAT ever Indifference Misfortunes may give us for Life, it always becomes dear to us at the Approaches of Danger, and the Person who in the Height of his Misery, looks upon Death as an Advantage, has it no sooner before his Eyes, than he looks upon it as the most terrible of his Misfortunes, and seeks to avoid it with far greater Haste than he desired it. The charming *Silvia* experienced this Truth. Frightened at the Sight of the Flames with which her Chamber seemed to be surrounded, she quickly put her Arms into a loose Gown, opened her Door, crossed a Gallery, which the Fire had already reached, and made her Escape into the Garden, where she was scarce got when she heard the loud Shrieks of the Nuns who confounded with this fatal Accident were running up and down without knowing what they did, some of them in their Smocks and others of them  
half



half dressed. The Night was extremely dark, and these unfortunate Women were only directed by the Flames that consumed their House. *Silvia's* Cell was the first burnt, and the Wind, extremely boisterous, favouring the Impetuosity of the Fire, it soon reached every Part of the Building, and presented a most horrid Spectacle ; penetrated with a sincere Compassion, she was imploring the Assistance of Heaven for so many wretched Creatures ready to perish, when she heard Persons running towards the Garden Gate which opened to the Fields, and judging by the Alarm-Bell that the Prioress had ordered all the Gates of the Convent to be opened, to let those enter who came to give Assistance ; pushed by some unknown Motive, she resolved to take this Opportunity to make her Escape, and perceiving several People going out at that Door, she followed the Croud, and without thinking what was to become of her, nor where she directed her Steps, she walked the greatest Part of the Night without stopping. Fear gave her Strength, and she thought she could not retire too far from this Melancholy Abode. The Cries of its Inhabitants, and the throwing down Part of the Building to save the rest, resounded in such a terrible Manner that her Ears were struck with it all the Time that she was running from it, which made her so hasten her Pace that at the Break of Day she found herself in the Suburbs of the Town of *Saint Flour*. As she entered, a Sister of the Hospital was opening the Gate of that Sanctuary for the Sick.

*Silvia*

## 116 *The* TRAVELS *of*

*Silvia* perceived her, and being very much fatigued went up to her and begged that she would allow her to repose some Hours in the House.

THE Youth and Beauty of our Fugitive as well as her Dress so surprized the good Sister, that she looked at her a considerable Time without answering, but perceiving that she was uneasie and much cast down, she at last began to speak with an Air of Sweetness; don't imagine said she, taking her by the Hand and conducting her into the House, that I hesitate to grant your Request; the Astonishment under which I am to see, at such an Hour and in such a Condition, a Person of your Appearance is the only Cause of my Silence; some great Misfortune must have happened that makes you expose yourself in this Manner.

It is true, answered *Silvia* shedding Tears, that none is more to be pitied than I. The charitable Sister, moved with these few Words, gently squeezed her Hand, conducted her to her Chamber, and observing that she could scarce support herself, made her lie down in her Bed; and having left her a Moment, returned with a Poringer of Broth, and afterwards embracing her tenderly: My dear Child, said she, take the Rest that is necessary for you, endeavour to forget what may disturb it, you are here in Safety, no Mortal can interrupt you; I will go and do the Duties of my Employment, and will  
come

come back some Hours hence to know how you are, and if you will have an intire Confidence in me, I shall perhaps find a Remedy for what afflicts you ; God takes many Ways, my Child, to give us Proofs of his Providence ; give yourself intirely up to him, and consider that there are no Misfortunes from which he cannot extricate us, when we place our Confidence in him..

AFTER this wise and pious Exhortation she shut the Bed and Window Curtains, went out softly, and left her at Liberty. The lovely *Silvia* who made had her Tears express her Gratitude to her charitable Benefactrix, was no sooner alone than she returned Thanks to Heaven for her having fallen into so good Hands, judging that it was necessary to conceal nothing of her Situation, she resolved to inform her fully of it, and to act by her Advice : In this Thought, and perceiving her Mind less disturbed, she composed herself to Sleep.

GREATLY fatigued with having passed so many bad Nights, and particularly the last, it was late before she awoke. The compassionate Nun had come several Times to make her take some Nourishment, and having always found her asleep, she waited patiently till she should open her Eyes, extremely curious to know by what strange Adventure a Girl so charming had been reduced to the Necessity of asking Sanctuary from her. She was under this Anxiety when *Silvia* awoke,  
who



who perceiving her at the Bedside, began to express her Gratitude for her generous Care, begging she would continue her Goodness by assisting her with her Advice.

THE charitable Sister, dazzled with the Beauty which Rest had restored to this charming Girl, and prepossessed with a Friendship which it was impossible to refuse her, assured her that she would not limit her Attentions to simple Advices, but that she might depend upon her Service in every Respect as a Mother, conjuring her to inform her of her Misfortunes, and to fear nothing from her Indiscretion.

CANDOUR and Sincerity were so visibly painted in her Countenance, that *Silvia* not in the least mistrustful, faithfully related her Misfortune, concealing nothing of her Adventures, except what regarded me, whose Name she did not so much as mention. You see, Madam, continued she, of what Consequence it is to me to be well advised. Without Parents, without Protection, I know that the Convent is what is most proper for me; and tho' I have no Inclination to be shut up in a Cloister, I make no doubt but my Reason would get the better of my Aversion, if I could be admitted as others; but having no Portion to offer, what House would receive me? To return from whence I came there is no Likelihood, after the abusive Threats of the Mother Prioress, and the little Satisfaction I had while in that Convent.

IT

IT would be equally ridiculous to have Recourse to *Dallon* in my Misfortune, since it is but too visible that he only wanted to get rid of me, without troubling his Head what might be my Fate afterwards, and that he would do no more on this Occasion than on the first. I am perswaded that *Ismena* his Daughter would not abandon me, were I to make my Case known to her; but I confess that I cannot think of returning to *Lyons*, after what has happened. Besides, my Friend is not yet her own Mistress; and if her Father came to know that she assisted me, or discovered my Retreat, he would perhaps employ Force to get me out of the Way.

No, my dear Child, answered the good Sister, you must neither return to your Convent, nor seek Assistance from any Person concerned in *Dallon*. Suppose you had an Inclination to return to the Convent, you could not be received, for we have just now had Accounts of the Fire which you mention. The Prioress and her Nuns are removed to *St. Flour*, some of them are with their Friends and others in the Convents of the Town. All the Lay-women and Boarders who were in the Convent, are spread up and down, and several of them perished in the Flames, and they believe you to be among the Number of the dead by the Report that prevails of the Fire's beginning in the Cell of a young Postulante, in which she was consumed, before the Nuns were alarmed, being the most exposed

exposed by the Proximity of that Chamber to the Bake-house where the Fire first began; and therefore I believe it will be your Interest to take the Advantage of this Error, and to change your Name to prevent your being called upon by the Prioress, and to secure you against the Designs of *Dallon*; if this be agreeable to you the next Thing I would propose is, to place you about a Lady, whose Piety, Rank, and Virtue, will be of greater Assistance to you than any Thing I can think of.

THE Countess of *Mirelle*, added she, which is this Lady's Name, is a Widow retired about a Month since to a Country Seat about two Leagues from this. Her House is as regular and orderly as a Convent; no Pride no Ostentation, nothing but what is agreeable to the strictest Decorum and Decency to be seen within her Gates, and her greatest, nay her only Pleasure is to assist the wretched; she only sees her deceased Husband's Relations and a few particular Friends, but so seldom that not to be intirely alone she is resolved to seek out a proper Person for a Companion, on whom she will bestow her Friendship and a Share of her Fortune. As she is a great Benefactrix to our House, and that I am appointed to receive what she is pleased to bestow upon us, she laid her Commands on me to look out for such a Person as she desires; good Sense and Virtue are what she demands, reserving to herself the Care of every thing else.

HOWEVER,



HOWEVER, as I imagine that one is still more regarded when they can tell what they are, I am of Opinion that you must not appear there as a Person unknown to yourself, and without assuming vain Titles, you are only to take that of Orphan of honest People, whom Fortune had deprived of the Means of putting you in a Way to subsist after their Death; by this Expedient we shall excite Compassion, without being liable to be despised; and I am confident that the Countess will soon put you in a Condition to have no Occasion for any body's Assistance. This is, my dear *Silvia* the best Advice I can give you; the Countess puts Confidence in me, I will present you to her, and recommend you in such a Manner that you shall be satisfied.

It is impossible to express *Silvia's* Joy upon this Proposal; she was so transported that she clasped her Benefactrix in her Arms: Ah! Madam, said she, how sensible am I of the Effects of Providence, in the Care it has taken to conduct me here, and what Thanks do I not owe you? My Child, answered she returning her Caresses, though Charity should not prompt me to assist you, the Friendship I have for you would force me; your Youth and Beauty have preposessed me in your Favour, and the Dread of seeing you exposed to greater Dangers than that which you have now escaped, made me at once think of preserving you from them.

Vol. I.

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Perhaps

Perhaps the Averſion you have for the Monastic State proceeds from the Permiſſion of Heaven, which deprives you of the Means of being a Nun, with a Deſign to reſtore you to your Parents. In fine, I have a Sort of Prophetic View of a thouſand Advantages that will redound to you from being with the Counteſs *de Mirelle*. I am to go to her Houſe after To-morrow in a Coach which ſhe ſends me, and you ſhall accompany me; ſo make yourſelf eaſy and have Patience.

*Silvia* reiterated her Thanks, and they both agreed that ſhe ſhould give herſelf out for a Merchant's Daughter in the Neighbourhood of *Auvergne*, who having failed, had left her without the leaſt Support, or Relations capable to aſſiſt her; that having no Mother, and not knowing what Courſe to take, ſhe had formed a Deſign to be one of the Charity Siſters in the Hoſpital of *St. Fleur*, to which Place ſhe had come with that Intention; and that having addreſſed herſelf to Siſter *St. Martha*, the Name of her Benefactrix, ſhe had diſſuaded her from it, finding her too weak and delicate for the Work of that Houſe, and had deſtined her for the Counteſs *de Mirelle*. Having thus concerted their Meaſures, *Silvia* directly changed her Name to that of *Caliſta*.

SISTER *St. Martha*, animated by a Spirit of Charity, which rendered her attentive to the minuteſt Things, reflecting that *Silvia* had

had saved nothing from the Fire but the Gown which she had upon her, cloathed her with the Garments of a Stranger who had died at the Hospital, and who had no other Reason for coming there but to be better taken Care of, and who at her Death had made her a Present of her Cloaths and Linnen, as an Acknowledgment of her Care and Services ; which put it in Sister *St. Martha*'s Power to equip the new *Calista* in a genteel Manner, and to provide her with Necessaries.

THIS charming Girl was at a Loss to find Terms to acknowledge such Generosity ; and the Sister on her Part racked her Invention to prove the Esteem she had conceived for her. In fine, mutually charmed with one another, they passed the two Days they had to remain together with an equal Satisfaction.

SISTER *St. Martha* perswaded that she could not make the Countess *de Mirelle* a more acceptable Present, waited with Impatience the Moment of presenting *Calista* to her ; and she on her Part, flattering herself that she should find about this Lady a Sanctuary against Adversities, and live unknown to the Count *de Saluce*, did not desire it less than her Benefactrix, the Picture which she constantly represented to her of the Countess, the Encomiums which she made on her Virtue, and the Retirement in which she lived, appeared to agree so well with the Situation of her Heart, that she already formed a thou-



sand flattering Projects of Tranquillity, hoping that the Example and Piety of *Madam de Mirelle*, whom *St. Martha* represented still young and handsom, would bring her Reason to triumph over a Passion which could never be happy.

THIS Lady's Coach not having failed to come at the Hour appointed, they set out together in it ; and the Countess was no sooner informed of its Arrival than she advanced, according to Custom, to receive *St. Martha* ; but perceiving that she was accompanied by a Person in a secular Habit, whose surprizing Beauty struck her, she abridged her usual Civilities, and asked her hastily who this charming Person was. *St. Martha*, who had directly perceived her Admiration upon the Sight of *Calista* : It is, answered she, Madam, a Present which I take the Liberty to offer you. I shall not pretend to extol her external Charms, you see them, these are Advantages of which we ought to make so small Account that I pass them slightly over ; but I can assure you that her Wit and Modesty far surpass her Beauty.

AFTER which she told her what *Silvia* and she had concerted, and painted out her Situation in so lively Colours, that the Countess, whose Eyes were constantly fixed upon her, and who was extremely moved, could not restrain the Tears that forced their Way, and came trickling down her Cheeks.

THE fair *Calista* (who had been no less moved in accosting her, and who by some unknown Power, which she attributed to her Timidity, felt herself penetrated with a Respect that no other Person had ever raised in her) perceiving how she was moved at Sister *St. Martha's* Discourse, threw herself at her Feet, and embracing her Knees with a Transport which it was not in her Power to restrain: Yes, Madam, said she, you see before you an unfortunate Creature, who comes to implore your Pity, and to beg Permission to consecrate all the Moments of her Life to your Service.

THESE few Words accompanied with the Graces which she knew how to diffuse in her most simple Actions, finishing the Conquest of Madam de *Mirelle's* Heart: Oh! charming *Calista*, answered she clasping her in her Arms, what Heart could be so barbarous as to refuse such a Treasure? For my Part, I accept of it as a Gift from Heaven, and solemnly promise to use all my Endeavours to preserve it.

IN pronouncing these Words she hugged her still closer in her Arms, and gave her a thousand tender Kisses. *Calista* received them with Transport, Streams of Tears flowed from the Eyes of both, and they could not part. The good and pious *Martha* charmed to perceive this sudden mutual Friendship, which she attributed to the Effects of a simpa-

thetic Virtue, excited by the Conformity of their good and chaste Inclinations, blessed, in secret, the Thought with which she had been inspired, and mingled Tears of Joy with theirs, for having so well succeeded in her Design.

MADAM *de Mirelle* loaded her with Thanks, and proved her Satisfaction by augmenting her Benefactions to the Hospital; she obliged her to stay Dinner, and the beautiful *Calista*, whom the Presence and Caresses of the Countess had recovered from all her Melancholy, displayed so much Wit and Modesty, that the Countess could not enough admire her; and far from imitating those who accompany Favours with Expressions of Compassion more offensive than charitable, and who only pity the wretched that they may the better make them feel the Weight of their Misery, and the Consequence of what they do to extricate them; she rendered Thanks to Heaven for having made Choice of her to terminate that of *Calista*, and without ever pronouncing one single mortifying Word, she made it her whole Business to comfort her, by representing that Afflictions were but for a Time; that she flattered herself this Day would prove the Period prescribed to hers, and that she begged of her to banish them all from her Memory, that she might the better share in the Pleasure which she herself felt, to have her as a Companion of her Solitude.



So much Generosity and Goodness could not miss to augment in *Silvia's* Heart the extreme Tenderness which she had at first felt. Sister *St. Martha* passed the Day with them, and in the Evening the Countess's Coach reconducted her to the Hospital. *Calista* at parting renewed her Thanks, expressing a great Regret that she had no better Proofs to give of her Gratitude for all her Favours than meer Words. My dear Child, answered she, I find my Recompence in the Pleasure of seeing you sheltered from the Misfortunes of Life; and the Generosity of the Countess has overpaid a Service in which Interest had no Share: You cannot be better than where you are, since you are not in a Convent; endeavour to keep yourself in this House; Madam de Mirelle has no Children, and is in a Condition to do a great Deal for you: I perceive that the first Glance of the Eye has decided in your Favour, and that your Heart corresponds with hers; endeavour to link them more and more by a discreet and complaisant Behaviour, and always depend upon my Friendship.

*Calista* assured her that she would have no Difficulty to follow her Advice; that the Countess had inspired her with Sentiments of Love and Respect, till then unknown to her; that secret Ties seemed to bind her to her; and that by a Happiness which she could not too much admire, she found herself in this House as if she had been in it all her Life.

The

The kind Sister *St. Martha* blessed Heaven  
and then took the Road to *St. Flour*.

WHEN the Countess found herself alone with *Calista* she renewed the Assurances of her Friendship ; and calling for her Women and other Domestics, commanded them to serve and shew her the same Respect as they did to herself ; and, being desirous to have her always near her, ordered the Apartment next to her own to be prepared for her, into which she could enter by a Door at the Back of her Bed ; and the very next Day she gave her in Cloaths, Linnen, and Jewels, all that was necessary and agreeable to a Person of her Age, accompanying her Presents with so many Marks of Tenderneſs, that *Calista* preferred the Manner of bestowing to the Things themselves. These two Persons were not long before they mutually discovered in one another Qualities worthy of their Admiration, and the most perfect Esteem soon followed upon the ardent Friendship that they had at first felt.

It seemed by their tender Union, the Resemblance of their Sentiments, and the Conformity of their Thoughts, that they had been destined to live together. The Countess had a great Share of Wit, Reading, and Delicacy : *Calista* was nothing inferior, and the amiable Talents which she possessed being joined rendered her Society charming. *Madam de Mirelle* played a little on the Harpsicord ; and the beautiful *Calista*, who touched  
it

it in the last Perfection, made her often pass many agreeable Moments, by accompanying on this Instrument the admirable Voice which Nature had bestowed on her. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their reciprocal Tenderneſs, their Confidence was not as yet arrived at the Point of mutually declaring the Secrets of their Hearts, not but they both of them had a very great Deſire to do it.

*Calista* who had often perceived that the Counteſs ſighed, and even ſhed ſome Tears when ſhe looked at her, would have willingly known the Cauſe, and imagining that by making a full Diſcovery of herſelf, her Sincerity might induce her to be free, ſhe was every Moment upon the Point of declaring the Truth of her Birth, but a timorous reſpectfulneſs which ſhe could not conquer, ſtopped her Mouth the Moment ſhe intended to ſpeak.

HER Circumſpection went even ſo far, that perceiving Madam *de Mirelle* never ſpoke of her Family, ſhe durſt not inform herſelf of what concerned her, ſhe only knew by ſome incoherent Diſcourſes of her Women, that ſhe was a Widow, and that for Reaſons which ſhe herſelf alone knew, ſhe did not go by the Name of her late Huſband, that of *Mirelle* being the Name of an Eſtate; that ſhe was extremely rich, and though not above Thirty-eight Years old and ſtill beautiful, ſhe had reſolved not to marry again, and had retired from Diversions and  
Company



Company to live in the Country in the Exercises of Piety and Charity.

As *Calista* heard these Things but confusedly, and according to the Occasions which gave her Women Opportunities to converse about them, and not daring to question them, she had learned nothing farther from them; but it appeared so singular that this Lady should prefer the Name of an Estate to that of her Husband, and that for fifteen Days she had been with her not a Mortal had come to visit her, her Curiosity about the Countess increased every Minute, who on the other Hand believing herself sufficiently informed about *Calista*, no Suspicion troubled her upon this Head; but not being free of Uneasiness upon other Subjects, all her Moments were not calm and peaceable, even *Calista* had recalled to her Memory Things which always renewed her Grief; and tho' she might have softened them by laying her Heart open to her Companion; yet as they contained a Mystery so dangerous to be brought to Light, she was forced to bury it in Silence; and it was this perpetual Constraint that made her often sigh, and forced Tears from her Eyes, which *Calista* had frequently perceived.

THIS lovely Maid, who notwithstanding all her Resolutions, could not altogether forget me, and who nourished in the Bottom of her Heart a Passion the more pungent as it was not dissipated by any Object, having no Opportunity

Opportunity of conferring with any body who might combat her Weakness, would have willingly discovered it to Madam de *Mirelle*, in order to find in her Counsels the Remedies which her Reason could not afford, but a certain Respect mixed with Timidity, as I have already said, obliged her to be silent.

A Month had passed in this Manner, when one Day, as the Countess and *Calista* were walking in an Alley bordered with lofty Trees, with which the Park was surrounded, they perceived, advancing towards them, a Man whom they both knew, but with Thoughts very different. *Calista* turned pale and was mute, and Madam de *Mirelle* stepping towards him with Precipitation: Ah! my God, cried she, it is my Son, 'tis the Count de *Saluce*; and then redoubled her Pace, believing that *Calista* followed her; but this charming Girl, whom these Words had thrown into an Astonishment, out of which she could not recover herself, had remained in the same Spot without being able to advance or retire.

HOWEVER, Madam de *Mirelle* and I being come up close to one another, I was received by her with all possible Marks of Affection, she embraced me and I kissed her Hand; and when these first Testimonies of Respect and Friendship were over, the Countess perceiving an extraordinary Melancholy in my Looks, and all the Symptoms of a  
long

long Distemper, or of a violent Grief. The Condition in which I find you, said she, is a heavy Draw-back upon my Joy. Is it possible, my dear Count, that after three Months Absence I shall only see you again to put me under the deepest Concern? What has happened to you? What has occasioned the strange Change which I observe in you?

AH! Madam, answered I sighing, you see the most unfortunate of all Men, my Despair is at the highest Pitch; I know myself no more, and if it were allowable to give myself Death, I would prefer it to the fatal Torment to which I am condemned; but a small Degree of Reason which I still have, has obliged me to come and apply to you for Comfort, which I can have no where else; hoping that your Virtue, Counsels, and Goodness, will replace into my Mind a Tranquillity which I am not capable of giving myself.

I am this Moment arrived, I thought to find you alone, and to inform you without Witnesses of the Subject of my Misfortunes; but in coming into the Castle, I was told that a Lady was with you, and that you were taking a Turn together. I was some Time indetermined whether I should endeavour to find you out; but my Impatience to see you getting the better, and perswading myself that this Lady would soon leave us at Liberty, I have ventured to come to you here.

Mr



My Companion, said the Countess will put us under no Constraint ; she's a lovely Girl whom I have taken to keep me Company in my Retirement ; her Merit has endeared her to me, and if your Trouble be of a Nature to be softned, I am sure she can still contribute more than I ; however, continued she, if her Presence gives you the least Uneasiness, she will retire to her Apartment when you want to speak with me about your Affairs.

WHILE she spoke thus walking and still advancing with me towards the Place where the trembling *Silvia* had remained, this beautiful Maid not daring to show herself intirely, had turned so as that I could only see her back Parts ; and as my Mind was taken up with too gloomy Thoughts to permit me to remark any Thing, I had scarce bestowed a Look upon her, but the Countess soon obliged me to view her : My dear *Calista*, said she, desiring her to approach, I have so long confined you to a Solitude that 'tis but just I should release you a Moment in favour of the Count *de Saluce*.

As *Calista* could no longer avoid approaching, she saluted me with a Confusion which *Madam de Mirille* might have easily remarked, had not my Melancholy wholly taken up her Thoughts. On the first Surprize I quitted the Countess's Hand whom I assisted to walk, and, without thinking what I was do-

ing, ran to throw myself at *Calista's* Feet, where, transported with Joy and Surprize : O Heavens ! cried I, ah ! great God, shall I believe my Eyes. Adorable *Silvia*, is it you I see ? How were you preserved from the Flames, and by what happy Adventure are you in this Place ? Ah ! Count what have you done, answered she, retiring from me with Precipitation, alas I am ruined. She could say no more, Fear and Astonishment having seized her in such a Manner that she fainted, and would have fallen had not the Countess speedily advanced to support her, though she was herself in a Condition little different.

THIS Accident having put a Stop to my Transports, and perceiving by *Madam de Mirelle's* Looks that my Passion had made me guilty of Imprudence, I was sorry for my Indiscretion ; but not knowing how to repair it, and *Silvia's* Condition augmenting my Trouble, I only thought of what was most pressing, and to assist the Countess in bringing *Silvia* to her Senses again. Our Endeavours were not useless, she opened her Eyes, from which immediately flowed a Torrent of Tears.

MADAM *de Mirelle*, who discovered in this Adventure a Mystery which displeased her, and who nevertheless felt her Heart rent by *Calista's* excessive Grief, was at a Loss which Way to behave. However, this beautiful Girl, drowned in Tears, and I more like a Statue

Statue than a Creature animated, being a Scene not at all proper to be seen by her People, she made a Sign to me to assist her in conducting *Calista* to a Saloon at the End of the Alley where we were walking; I obeyed, and when we were got into it, *Calista*, who could no longer support the Countess's Looks, threw herself at her Feet, and embracing her Knees: Allow me, Madam, said she, by a sincere Confession of what I am, to justify my Conduct, and to deface the bad Impressions which the Count *de Saluce*'s Transport may have given you of it.

I am not so sudden in taking Offence, answered the Countess: I love you *Calista*, and feel myself much readier to excuse than to condemn you; and if any Thing affects me in this Adventure, 'tis only the Mystery you have made of your Acquaintance with the Count. Alas! Madam, replied she, I would have willingly concealed it from myself, and I thought I was so secure here from what has now happened, that I had not the least Suspicion.

AH! cruel *Silvia*, interrupted I, cannot you justify yourself without killing me. For in fine, Madam, continued I, addressing myself to the Countess, 'tis no longer Time to endeavour to conceal what my Imprudence has but too plainly discovered. I adore this ungrateful Maid; I would have shared my Fortune and Life with her, when a Barbarian carried her off from me.



INFORMED that she had been conducted to a Convent near *St. Flour* I flew thither : But Gods what a dismal Spectacle found I there ; Nuns frightened, and Flames devouring that sacred Retreat were the first Objects that presented themselves to my View. Alarmed for my dear *Silvia*, I inquired about her of all those whom I saw going in and out of that House without receiving the least News.

IN fine, I ventured to go in my self ; and meeting in my Way Nuns who were making their Escape, I asked them if they knew what was become of *Silvia* ? They all cried out that she was the very first Victim, and that the Fire having broke out in her Chamber had intirely consumed it. What Thunderbolt for a Lover so tender as I.

CONSULTING nothing then but my Despair, I rushed into the Places where the Fire appeared to be most violent, resolved to bury myself under the Ruins of the Convent ; but my Servants forcibly pulled me away, made me mount my Horse, and conducted me rather as a Prisoner than their Master to *Riom*. I hoped to have found you there ; but to compleat my Misfortune, I understood that you was retired to this Place, where, under another Name than my Father's, you were resolved to end your Days.

THIS

THIS new Stroke adding to my former Oppression I was seized with a burning Fever, and struggled between Life and Death for about 15 Days, flattering myself at last with an approaching End of my wretched Fate, when the Marquis *Dantin* arrived at *Riom*; this faithful Friend, who knew my Misfortune, and who made no Doubt of the dismal Situation of my Mind, had tore himself from the Arms of a beloved Spouse to find me out, and to give me all the Comfort in his Power. His assiduous Endeavours and wise Remonstrances have partly produced the Effect which he promised to himself, in calling back my Reason, and hindering me from making any Attempts upon my Life.

BUT not being able to calm my Grief, I resolved to come and find you, in order to make a Trial if the Pleasure which I always enjoyed in your Conversation, would not in some measure sooth my Pains; and while *Dantin* is gone to rejoin his Spouse, and thereafter to bring her to this Country, I took the Road to the Place of your Retreat. Judge, Madam, of my Surprize and Joy upon seeing in her whom you call *Calista*, and whose Merit you so much extol, that same *Silvia* whom I adore, and whose Death was infallibly going to cause mine. I must confess I was not Master of my first Transport; Respect, Prudence, Decorum, all was forgot to give Way to the Pleasure which I felt.

I believed that she was known to you, and that you were ignorant of none of her Adventures, and that I might without dread give way to my joy in your Presence. But O Heavens! when my Love manifests itself with so much Ardour, I find nothing but Terror, Surprise, and Tears: My Presence is odious, and she has the Inhumanity to own that she could wish never to remember me more. Ah! *Silvia*, added I transported, that rigid Virtue which made you reject the Offer of my Hand and Faith, those noble Sentiments that forced you to surmount the mutual Sympathy which united our Hearts, were not then sincere, and were only the better to conceal from me your Contempt and Hatred.

*Silvia* who never ceased weeping during this Discourse without raising herself from the Countess's Knees, tho' several Times desired, perceiving that I remained silent, began to open her Mouth, and after ardently kissing the Countess's Hand; you see Madam said she, by what the Count has related that I did not expect him here, and that believing me dead he had no Hopes of finding me in this, or any other Place. I will not deny but that it was with an Intention to prevent his finding me out, that taking the Advantage of the Report of my Death I changed my Name, and if I had suspected that the virtuous Countess de *Mirelle* was his Mother in Law, I never should have had the Honour to be in her Company: But alas! the Motive is very different



different from that with which he accuses me.

LEAVE off your Reproaches both of you, interrupted the Countess, whom a secret Trouble agitated in an extraordinary Manner; I have a greater Interest than you imagine in what regards you, lay your Hearts open to me, conceal nothing, and inform me my dear *Calista* how you came by the Name of *Silvia*, which the Count just now gave you. At these Words obliging her to get up and sit down by her, she earnestly intreated that she would discover her true Birth, judging rightly by the Change of her Name, she had made a Mystery to her of every Thing that concerned her.

*Silvia* was so far from refusing her Request that she related in what Manner *Dallon* had brought her up, and how strictly *Ismena* and she were united by the Ties of Friendship, drawing a noble Picture of the Character and Virtue of that tender Friend, not forgetting the Fears the Merchant was under of the Matches offering rather to her than to his Daughter, and the Resolution into which this Apprehension had drawn him; and in fine, continued *Silvia*, the Count *de Saluce* having arrived at *Lyons*, and asked me in Marriage, believing I was his Niece, he had declared to him that I was not, and that he did not so much as know those to whom I owed my Birth. Tho' such a Declaration, ought to have extinguished the Count's  
Love,

140 *The* TRAVELS *of*

Love, the Generosity of his Soul augmented its Ardour ; and far from esteeming me less, he offered to repair my Misfortune by uniting our Fates.

I WILL own, Madam, that his Merit had already made a considerable Progress in my Heart, without his knowing it ; but this generous Behaviour completing his Victory, it was not in my Power wholly to conceal my Sentiments ; and I thought Gratitude not only obliged me to have such for him, but also excused the Weakness of a Discovery. However, notwithstanding all my Tenderness, and his pressing Sollicitations I refused the Honour which he intended me, from the sole Motive of his Glory, which I thought would be tainted by a Match so disproportionate.

I should not, perhaps, have hesitated, had my Parents, whatever they might be, been known to me, by representing to myself that I was not the first, who, from an obscure Birth, had been elevated to a brilliant Fortune ; but being intirely ignorant who I am, if I owe my Life to Criminals or to People of Honour, I thought myself obliged to avoid dragging into my Misfortunes a Man so worthy of a happier Fate ; and as *Dallon* had given me to understand that a Convent was my only Resource, and that I dreaded the Count's Violence, I kept this Resolution a Secret from him, and made him hope that Time would soften *Ismena's* Father. I did not

not imagine, indeed, that he would have hurried me so quickly away ; but the very next Morning he dragged me from *Ismena's* Arms, and conducted me to a Convent in the Neighbourhood of *St. Flour*, to which the Harshness of the Prioress and her abusive Language having given me a Disgust, I was under a great Uncertainty what to do, when the Fire gave me a favourable Opportunity of making my Escape from my Prison.

THE Flames, which in Reality had first broke out in my Cell, gave me an Opportunity of getting out before any body was awake. The Light of the Fire having made me find my Way to the Gardens, and all the Gates having been opened almost at the same instant, I joined the Crowd of those who were running out, gained the Fields, and at the Point of Day found myself in the Suburbs of *St. Flour*, where I perceived the Gates of the Hospital opening and one of the Sisters appearing ; I accosted her, and begged she would allow me to repose a few Hours in the House, to which she consented with so much Goodness, and used me with so much tender Care and Civility, that I freely discovered to her the deplorable Condition to which I was reduced : It is true I did not mention the Count *de Saluce*, believing that I ought intirely to forget him.

THIS excellent Sister moved with my Narration, determined immediately to place me about you, and never having named you but as the



the Countess *de Mirelle*, and finding no Conformity between you and him, of whom my Virtue made me dread the Presence, I gladly accepted the Proposal ; but the Shame of presenting to you a Wretched unknown, and the Desire of supporting the Report of my Death, that my Retreat might be the safer, made me resolve on changing my Name, and to give myself an Origin that might hinder you from being ashamed of your Goodness towards me.

You know the rest Madam, loaded with your Benefactions, attached to you by the most warm Affection, and the most perfect Acknowledgment, I flattered myself to pass the Remainder of my Days under your Wings ; but this Day, more to be pitied than ever, the Count *de Saluce* comes innocently to destroy all my Hopes ; and I see with the utmost Grief, that not being here more worthy of him than I was at *Lyons*, I shall be banished from your Sight, to avoid being exposed to his ; and that justly alarmed at an Amour so disproportionable, I am upon the Point of losing for ever your good Graces, and perhaps your Esteem.

THE fair and unfortunate *Silvia* could not pronounce these last Words but with Sobs that smothered her Voice at every instant. Madam *de Mirelle* was so moved herself, that for a considerable Time she could do nothing but lift up her Eyes to Heaven as if she was petitioning for some Favour.

IN fine, making an Attempt to stop her Tears she embraced *Calista* ; and pressing her Cheek to hers : My dear *Silvia*, said she, the Name which you bear is too precious to me to neglect informing myself of all the Circumstances that may accompany it. This *Dallon* who brought you up, did he receive nothing from the Stranger who committed you to her Care, that may help to make you known ? Ah ! *Silvia*, how happy should we both be if my Conjectures proved true.

AT this Discourse, *Silvia* remembering the Fragment of a Letter which she fastened to the Ribbon that was about her Neck, and of which she had made no Mention in her Narration from the Inutility, as she thought, of it, drew it hastily out of her Bosom, and with a trembling Hand presented it to the Countess, who greedily and under the greatest Concern unfolding it, had no sooner thrown her Eyes upon it, than stretching out her Arms to *Silvia* : Ah ! *Silvia*, ah ! my Daughter, cried she, have I then at length found you ? Good God ! interrupted I, as much surprized as frightened : What, Madam, is *Silvia* my Sister ? The Countess gave no Attention to this Exclamation : Nature too long constrained under the Form of Friendship and Compassion, broke out in so tender a Manner between the Mother and the Daughter, that they neither saw nor heard any thing.

BUT

BUT poor disconsolate I, having several Times repeated the same Thing, Madam de Mirelle, loath to leave me long under this Perplexity, left off for a Moment the Caresses with which she loaded *Silvia*; and stretching out her Hand to me: My dear Count, said she, chear up again, I am *Silvia's* Mother, but she is not your Father's Daughter. I plainly see that this Riddle astonishes you, and that knowing no other Husband of mine but the Count de Saluce, you cannot conceive, without suspecting my Honour, how I could have a Child of which he was not the Father: But in fine, it is now Time to unfold the Mystery, and since Heaven in restoring to me *Silvia* adds to my Happiness that of knowing your Love to her, and that she is worthy of you; I will make you both happy, by declaring a Secret which has been a terrible Drawback upon the Pleasures of my Life; but, added she, let us return to the Castle, 'tis there where we shall find the Proof of *Silvia's* Birth, and where you will more commodiously hear the Story that I am going to relate to you.

THOUGH extremely surprized at what I heard, yet I was so well pleased to know that this beautiful Maid was not my Sister, and that I might hope to be her Husband, that I would have willingly dispensed with the Countess's Relation, if it had interested none but myself; but the Satisfaction of two Persons



sons who were so dear to me being preferable to my own, I submitted to their Will.

*Silvia* durst scarce give Credit to what she heard, notwithstanding the Assurances that *Marianne de Mirelle* gave her of her Birth, and the Voice of Nature which spoke from the Bottom of their Hearts at first Sight. In fine, when we had entered the Castle, all three in a very different Situation of Mind from what we were under on our coming out; the Countess conducted us into her Closet, where taking out of a little Box a Paper such as that which *Silvia* had just given her: Here is, said she, what will terminate all our Doubts; but before I speak of this Paper I must inform you of the Events of my Life. Upon which, making us take our Places, she began in the following Manner, addressing herself to me.

IT is of so great Importance to you, said she, to know my Secret, that I would have long ere now declared it to you, had I not still entertained some faint Hopes of recovering *Silvia*. I am born, as you know, of noble Blood, but without Fortune. I lost my Father when but a Child, and remained under the Conduct of the Marchioness of *Durnant* my Mother, who was still young enough to think of a second Marriage; but the Love of Liberty surpassing the Motives of Interest that ought to have induced her even with Regard to me, since no Pretenders offered who were not willing to make a Settle-

ment in my Favour, she delayed so long marrying a second Time that, Age joining to Indigence, there was no more thinking of it; but when Youth had left her, when Diversions and Pleasures had taken Flight along with it, and when she saw Age to be provided, she repented her past Conduct.

As she had dissipated the little that my Father left, and that she had scarce wherewithall to educate me; she was forced to shut herself up with me, and to avoid Company as much as she had formerly sought it, not to have the Confusion of discovering her Misery. Nevertheless, I must do her the Justice due to her Care of my Education, in acknowledging that she even outdid her Power. She loved me passionately, and it was this Tenderness which she felt too late, that made her often regret the Advantages she had refused. I did all in my Power to make a suitable Return to her Goodness, and made it a Law to put in Practice the wise Instructions which she constantly gave me.

WE lived in a frugal plain Manner, receiving no Visits; and all our Domesticks consisting in two Women, of whom one still attended me, when I was obliged to go out, which never happened but when the Exercises of Piety and Devotion called me to Church.

BUT

BUT this obscure and retired Life could not hinder the young Count *de Mirelle* from seeing and loving me. Our Houses joined ; and whatever Precautions I took not to be taken Notice of, Chance contrived it so that he met me several Times going out or coming in. He was neither a Stranger to my Name nor my Quality ; but as we had no Correspondence, and that the Noise of our straitned Circumstances was but too much spread about, he did not know me particularly.

THE Care I took to conceal my Face with my Hood exciting his Curiosity, he formed a Resolution to follow me wherever I went, and to discover whether it was Modesty or Ugliness that made me so carefully conceal myself from every body ; but not shewing my Face more in the Churches than in the Streets, he resolved to speak to me, judging that good Manners would oblige me to answer him.

I had not observed his Motions, being wholly taken up with our Family Troubles ; and persuaded that none would make their Addresses to me in my melancholy Situation, I had no Thoughts of making Conquests ; though at that Time I might, without Vanity, have had some Pretensions to share with my Neighbours. I was therefore extremely surprized one Day as I was returning from divine Service, to find myself stopped by a young Man,

O 2

who,



who, taking me by the Hand, begged I would allow him to assist me in walking.

SHE who accompanied me knowing him to be the Count *de Mirelle*, told me directly with the Tone of a Governant, that I ought not to refuse the Honour which the Count did me ; thus authorized by this Woman, I made him a Courtesey, and accepted of his Civility, or if you please Gallantry. I am very unfortunate, said he, as we walked along, that being your Neighbour I am however so little known to you, that you must have another's Permission to trust me with conducting you.

I don't think, answered I, lifting up my Hood to look at him, that you ought to be offended at this Reserve in a Person of my Age, who cannot be too circumspect ; I confess that I know not to whom I am speaking, and that, without what this Woman has said, I should have been guilty of an Incivility. While I was speaking I observed that he examined me with great Attention, and changed Colour every other Moment. I did not feel myself less troubled than he. The Count *de Mirelle* had scarce reached his Twenty-fourth Year, all the Graces were reassembled in his Person, and without Flattery my dear *de Saluce*, you only excepted, I have not seen a Man who could be compared to him.

I know

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 149

I know not if Indigence and Want of the Necessaries of Life do not give Hearts a stronger Propensity to tender Sentiments than Riches and Opulence, from the Melancholy to which they are habituated, or if the Accomplishments both external and internal of the Count forced me to surrender ; but it is certain that I loved him from that Moment, and perceived with a secret Pleasure that I had made no less Impression upon him. We spoke on several Things as we went along, and each of us studying to show Wit in what we said, we arrived at our Houses charmed with one another.

I asked the Count to see my Mother, that she might thank him for his Civility, and sent her directly Word of this Visit, to which he consented without much Pressing. My Mother received him honourably as a Person whom she knew, and having asked by what Accident she had the Pleasure of seeing him, he confessed the Desire he had long entertained of being acquainted with us, and of the bold Step he had taken to accomplish it ; humbly begging that she would give him Liberty to pay us sometimes his Respects.

I have for several Years, answered she, withdrawn myself from all Company, and my House is shut against Persons of Rank and Distinction, my Situation not permitting me to receive them. If my Daughter joined a Fortune to her small Share of Charms, Solitude would not be her Fate ; but possessing

nothing except Virtue and Beauty, I am forced to conceal the one in order to preserve the other. A Cavalier of your Age and Merit would do Honour to her Charms, but it would be dangerous to her Reputation, if he had alone the Privilege of seeing her ; Don't therefore find it strange that I refuse an Advantage, which, in another Condition, I would purchase at any Rate.

I don't require that my Daughter should shun you, nor that you should avoid the Occasions of speaking to her, provided it be not too often. Persons of Quality cannot have too much Regard for one another ; I'm for a solid not savage Modesty ; but there are Situations in which People cannot be too cautious.

THE Count *de Mirelle* appeared to be very much concerned at this Refusal, and could not even smother his Sighs ; however his Answer was respectful, and without blaming her Rigidity, he made her understand that his Conduct should be such as to engage her to grant what he so ardently desired, and then retired that he might not be troublesome.

I could not, I own, see him go out without Concern, which he perceived, and, by his Looks, assured me that he felt no less. A gloomy Melancholy seized on my Heart when he was gone, and as I was ignorant of the Art of Diffimulation it soon appeared in my Countenance.

THE



THE Marchioness was too clear-sighted not to penetrate into the Cause, but, more artful than I, she seemed to take no Notice of it; she even passed the Remainder of the Day without speaking of the Count, whose Visit she looked upon as the Effect of Youth, and made no great Account of it; which augmented my Melancholy, imagining that her Refusal proceeded from a mean Opinion of him; but in the Evening, having called me into her Closet, and looking fixedly at me: *Elisabeth*, said she, what is your Opinion of the Count *de Mirelle*? Speak your Mind boldly, and depend upon my Friendship.

THESE Words accompanied with an Air to inspire me with Courage, calming at once the Trouble with which I was agitated, I confessed to her that this Gentleman pleased me very much. Do you believe, said she, that he has the same Sentiments for you? This Question made me blush, and casting down my Eyes: I know not as yet, Madam answered I, how to read into Hearts, I even have too much Difficulty to unravel what passes in my own, to judge easily of others.

I know it for you, my dear *Elisabeth*, replied she, but I shall not lose Time in Lessons which you're now in an Age to give yourself; I will only give you a Caution upon the Conduct which you are to hold, inform you of my Sentiments, and who the  
Count

Count *de Mirelle* is ; no less than the only Son of the richest Nobleman of the Province, and the worst Man upon Earth, covetous, cruel and revengeful ; but these Qualities would not be much to be dreaded, if he did not conceal them under the Appearance of Honour and Probity, which deceiving those whose Rank and Imployment make them his Superiors, have made them so much his Friends, that he has but to ask and receive any Favour at Court, which renders him an Enemy as dangerous as formidable.

His Son, on the contrary, is strictly virtuous, and is grieved at the Bottom of his Heart to have a Father of this Character ; but his Merit does not hinder his Dependance on him, and you may easily judge by the Picture that I have drawn of him, that he will never consent to his Son's marrying a Girl without Fortune ; however, as such Matches do not always offer, and that the young *Mirelle* has not long to wait till he is Master of his Estate, of which the Father cannot deprive him, it being substituted ; I am of Opinion that we ought to make much of him, if he really loves you as I am apt to believe he does, from the Report of your old Governant, who has observed that he follows you, and has been endeavouring to speak to you for more than a Month ; he will not fail to declare himself, and I shall then endeavour to take such just Measures that I shall have nothing to dread from his Father : It is for this Reason that I refused his Visits here, which

which would alarm the old Count, and oblige him to lay his Commands on the Son not to come near the House, the Consequence whereof would be the Miscarriage of my Projects ; whereas in not coming here, and only speaking with you by Chance, I shall feed the Son's Flame without giving the Father any Suspicion, and by this Means succeed to make him your Husband. The only Thing which I require of you is that you'll conceal nothing of the Conversations which you may have with him, and that you'll be directed by my Prudence.

I thanked the Marchioness for her Goodness, and begged she would believe that, notwithstanding the Inclination I had for the young *Mirelle*, I would still govern it by her will, to which I would intirely submit, and punctually follow her Orders. From that Day not one passed without my finding the Count in my way, and without his finding some Opportunity of speaking with me. He declared his Passion in the most respectful Terms, and conjured me not to oppose the Design he had formed of asking me from the Marchioness. She had too well informed me of the old Count's Character, and had drawn a Picture of it too hidious to have escaped my Memory. I answered the Son with as much Reserve as my Affection for him would permit, that his Addresses did me Honour, and that I should obey my Mother without repugnance, if they were agreeable to her ; but at the same Time told him that I apprehended



prehended less Obstacles from her, than from his Father, not imagining that the Count *de Mirelle* would approve of his Choice.

It is true, said he, that I have no great Hopes of my Father's Consent, and as our Sentiments are so very different in all Things, I don't flatter myself they will agree in this; but if you approve of my Flame, and that the *Marchioness* does not oppose it, I have sure Means of accomplishing what will make me happy, without paternal Authority. I reiterated my Consent, and we parted in the joyful Hopes that Heaven would favour our Desires. I gave my Mother an Account of this Conversation, she appeared to be pleased with my Exactness, and puzzled her Brain to find out in what Manner the young Count proposed to have no Occasion for his Father, in a Conjuncture where his Power was so necessary; she could by no Means unravel the Mystery, but did not remain long in the Dark. The same Afternoon of my Conversation with *Mirelle*, the Count *de Saluce* your Father came to our House, and asked a private Audience of her. This Visit surprised Madam *Durnant* the more that she knew him to be a near Relation of the old Count *de Mirelle* and his Heir, if his Son happened to die without Issue, and for that Reason it was his Interest to prevent as much as possible the young Gentleman's entring into the matrimonial State.

However

However as she knew him to be a Man of Honour, and of a quite different Character from his Kinsman, she received him with great Distinction. You know, my dear *de Saluce* continued she, that he was the most gallant well bred Gentleman alive, he told me a great many obliging Things upon the Necessity he was under of begging I would retire, while he was entertaining the Marchioness in private, protesting that to indemnify him for the Grief which this Moment's Absence would give him, it should be wholly employed in speaking to her about me.

THE open and frank Air with which he expressed himself, having made me easy, I answered him in the same Tone, and when I had said enough to prove that I was not altogether unworthy of his Attention, I left them alone, uneasy, I must confess, about the Subject of this Conversation. As Madam *de Durnant* recounted it to me Word for Word, and that the Count *de Saluce* repeated it to me several Times, I shall be under no Difficulty of relating it to you. I was no sooner gone out than the Count beginning to speak: I believe, Madam said he, that you are not ignorant of my Relation to the Count *de Mirelle*, but you are not perhaps informed of the extreme Affection I have for his Son: Young as he is, and notwithstanding the difference of his Age and mine, he is the dearest of my Friends, and I ask no other Favour of Heaven, than to see a Son, whom it has bestowed

bestowed on me and who is only four Years old, resemble him.

AFTER this Declaration, Madam, you will not think it strange that, laying aside my own Interest, I wish to see him tied with the Bonds of Matrimony, and that I ask you, for him, Miss *Durnant* in Marriage: he loves her, but with that Ardour which characterises the constant Lover, when Esteem is the Foundation of the Passion, and when he who feels it reasons judiciously upon the Consequences of his Choice, in which Case it is needless to oppose it; therefore as the only Obstacle that might be objected to the young *Mirelle*, could only be a Motive of Interest beneath a generous Mind, and as he will possess a Fortune sufficient for his Wife and him, I have not hesitated to commend him for the Pleasure which he finds in making your Daughters Fortune; but that you may have nothing to object, and as I am very much persuaded that we can not procure his Fathers Consent, I come to propose a private Marriage to you, tho regular and in good Form; my Notary, in whom I can confide, shall extend the Contract, my Brother and, I the only Heirs to the Count's Estate by Substitution shall sign it. Our Consent is preferable to his, since he could not oppose this Union but upon Account of the Estate which we are Masters to dispose of as we think proper. The Ceremony of the Marriage shall be performed in my Parish Church, where I shall serve my Friend as a Father and a Witness, and in  
this



this Manner we can manage Things secretly, 'till Age renders him his own Master, and avoid the Transports and Caprices of the old Count *de Mirelle*.

YOUR Father here left of speaking, and Madam *Durnant* not at all willing to lose a Match of this Importance, and seeing herself safe by the Consent of a whole Family capable to support her in Case of Need, gave her Consent, testifying a grateful Acknowledgment of his generous Procedure; and when they were agreed in every Respect, I was called in and informed of their Resolution.

THE Count *de Mirelle* had got too far into my Heart to oppose his Happiness in what made my own. It was therefore concluded that in the Night of the third Day from this, my Mother and I should set out for the Castle of *Saluce* without Retinue, and that the next Day the Count *de Mirelle* should tell his Father that your's had invited him to go and pass some Days with him, and that he should come there openly with your Uncle; that after the Marriage my Husband should never come to our House; that our Meetings should be at the Count *de Saluce's*, who alone should be admitted into our House to speak to me or to give me my Husband's Letters. All this was punctually executed and without the least Treachery. As our unhappy Situation made People take but very little Notice of our

Vol. I. P Actions,

Actions, it was easy to conceal our Absence, my Mother having ordered that it should be given out, whoever came to call for her, that she could not be seen, upon Account of my having taken the small Pox.

WE went to *Saluce* Castle where the Count received us as a loving Father: You was at that Time there about four Years old, and it was then the tender Friendship began, which I shall while I live have for you. You had lost your Mother about a Year before, so that the Count was intirely free at his own House. My dear *Mirelle* and the Marquis *Dantin* his Uncle did not fail to join us; and without enlarging my Narration by a needless Detail, I shall only simply tell you that our Marriage was celebrated as it had been projected, and that the Secret was so perfectly kept, that no Mortal but those who were Witnesses ever knew any thing of it. We passed three Weeks at *Saluce* with infinite Pleasure; your generous Father made me magnificent Presents, and gave me then visible Marks of that surprizing Probity which he professed, and of which I have so well felt the Effects.

My Husband and the Marquis *Durnant* made now and then Trips to *Riom* to prevent Suspicion, and we at length returned to it without any Accident. The Count *de Saluce* visited me regularly every Day, and as it was publicly known that the young *Mirelle* supped and lay at his House for the most Part since

since he was a Widower, he continued so to do that he might have an Opportunity of seeing me often without Fear. we had concerted Measures so well that every Night going to a Back-Door of your Father's House, of which I had the Key, I passed into an Apartment reserved for me without being seen by any Body where I slept with my Husband.

Six Months were scarce passed in this Manner when I perceived that I was with Child. This News charmed the Count *de Mirelle*, but alarmed my Mother upon Account of the Difficulty of concealing the Birth of this Child; however, the Time not being yet come, their Thoughts were only taken up about my Preservation. I went out so seldom that no Change was perceived about me.

In this Interval of Time the Marquis *Dantin* having lost his Wife, was obliged to go to *Paris*, where having died a few Days after his Arrival, the Count *de Saluce* was under a Necessity to go thither, in order to look after the Affairs of his Brother, for the Sake of the young Marquis *Dantin* his Nephew, a meer Child, whose Tutor he intended to be. I cannot express our Grief at his Departure, my Husband and I were inconsolable; and though he assured us that he would not be absent above a Month, certain misgiving Thoughts made us look upon it as an Age: I was the more afflicted as the Term of my Lying-in approached; and that



the War being declared, the Count *de Mirelle*, Colonel of a fine Regiment, was obliged to join it without Loss of Time. Nevertheless, there was a Necessity of yielding to our Fate.

THE Count *de Saluce* took his Leave, and begged of us to use much Precaution and Prudence in our Interviews till his Return ; but it seemed that *Paris* was fatal to the two Brothers, after three Weeks Residence in it, the Count fell dangerously ill. Judge of our Inquietude, that of my Mother upon my great Belly augmented ; and to complete my Misfortune, one Day as I was coming out of the Church, having no Body with me, a Crowd having hindered me to pass,, I found myself between two Coaches, one of which was the Count *de Mirelle's*, and he himself in it with his Son.

My Husband, terrified with the Danger that I was in, ordered the Coachman to stop, and by this Attention obliging the old Count to look at me, he asked his Son if he knew me ; he answered no, but that he thought the same Civility was to be used with Persons unknown as with Friends, adding, that he believed I was the Marchioness *de Durnant's* Daughter ; upon which the old Count opening himself the Coach Door, begged that I would come into it. My Husband got directly out, took me by the Hand, and squeezing it gently, made me comprehend that

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 161

that he inclined I should accept of his Father's Offer.

I used the usual Ceremonies upon this Occasion; but the old Count pressed me so much, that I placed myself at his Side, my Husband placed himself opposite to me, and we both of us acted our Parts so well that the old Man had no Suspicion of our being acquainted; but, running out in Encomiums upon my Beauty, and in Complaints that Madam *Durnant* reserved for herself alone such a valuable Treasure, he discovered a vast Desire of being better acquainted with her: As I only took what he said for meer Compliment, I answered him in the same Strain, and in such a Manner as to give him a favourable Opinion of my Wit.

He carried me home, alighted out of his Coach, gave me his Hand, telling his Son to go home without him, and that he would soon be with him, and with an Air of Liberty that surprized me, conducted me to my Mother's Apartment, complimented her on the Happiness of being Mother of so charming a Daughter, and begged that she would suffer him to share sometimes in her Happiness.

MADAM *de Durnant* was so astonished to see the old Count *de Mirelle* at her House, and to know that I had returned in his Coach, that she scarce durst speak. I observed her Perplexity and hastened to draw her out of it, by relating what had happened to me,

affecting to have but a very slender Knowledge of those who had done me this Civility.

THE Marchioness then conceived that the young Count had thought proper to lay Hold of this Opportunity of making me known to his Father ; and in this Thought gave him a most obliging Reception, thanked him for the Favour he had done me, and told him that notwithstanding the Resolution she had taken to see no body, his Visits would always be acceptable. The old Gentleman was charmed with this Permission, said a great many flattering Things to me, and went away fully resolved not to be a Stranger.

I was at a Loss to judge whether I had Reason to be pleased with this Adventure : I had perceived that the old Count looked at me with Eyes that expressed more than common Sentiments ; and the Manner in which he had ordered his Son to be gone had so shocked me, that I was very much alarmed.

I saw my Husband the same Night, who dissipated my Fears, by telling me that it was the greatest Happiness which could happen to us, that his Father found me agreeable, by which Means he was persuaded we would advance our Affairs : I did all I could to believe him, but a few Days after we had Reason to know that our Hopes were very ill founded.

THE



THE old Count did not let a single Day pass without coming to our House where he made very long Visits; and, as my Belly became so big that I could no longer appear with Decency, his Presence began to importune us terribly, and my Mother and I were plodding how to get rid of his frequent Visits, when he rendered us one from which springs the Source of my Misfortunes.

I come, said he upon entering to intreat, that you'll make but one House of yours and mine, by accepting of me as the Husband of this fair Lady your Daughter, whom I passionately love; I have imployed several Days in examining her; I have duly reflected upon this Alliance, and have found that I could not make a better Choice to pass agreeably the Rest of my Days. My Son has an Estate independent on me, so that I shall do him no Injury; and moreover, I am accountable to none but myself for my Conduct, and what I think proper to do. I can't allow myself to think, continued he, that you'll refuse such an Advantage: if my Age be an Obstacle to it, my Fortune destroys that Difficulty, and ought to determine you to accept of it.

THIS Proposal appeared so terrible to me that it made me turn pale as Death: Madam Durnant trembled in every Joint, but mustering up all her Courage to conceal her Trouble: None can be more sensible than I,

I, said she, of the Honour you do me, and it is with the greatest Grief that I am forced to refuse it ; my Daughter is promised, and I am speedily to set out for *Lyons*, where her intended Husband waits for her.

THIS Evasion came directly into her Thought as the most capable to put a Stop to the Count's Project ; but the old enraged Lover answered, that she might very well break her Word in favour of such a Man as himself, and asked the Name and Quality of the Person whom she preferred ; the Marchioness excused herself, by saying that she was tied up from making a Discovery till after the Celebration of the Marriage. The Count *de Mirelle* turned furious at this, and starting up with Transport, threatened her that he would find Means to break this Marriage, and to be revenged of an injurious Refusal.

MY Mother who wanted to bring him to Reason without provoking him, did all she could to soften him, by protesting that she never would have come under any Engagement, had she in the least imagined that he would have had any such Thoughts ; and to convince him that she would think herself happy to have him for her Son-in-law, she begged he would allow her some Days to think of some Method of disengaging herself. The Count answered that he would give her eight Days ; but if, after that, she did not consent to unite me to him, he would make her  
repent

repent in a terrible Manner, upon which he went out leaving us in a very strange Situation.

HE had no sooner left us than I gave a free Passage to Tears that were ready to stifle me. Madam *Durnant* was not much less affected than I, but more courageous, she directly came to a Resolution.

OUR Business is not to take up our Time with needless Regrets, said she, but to think of skreening ourselves from this Man's Violence, he is not of an Age that renders Love Proof against Absence. The Count *de Saluce* not being here, Flight is the only reasonable Thing we can determine upon. The Time of your Lying-in approaches, which must be concealed.

I have really Business at *Lyons*, which Want of Money always hindered me from ending, there we must go. Unknown in that Town you can be safely brought-to-bed, and without Apprehension of a Discovery; and as it is in your Husband's Way to join his Regiment, he may easily come and find you. We will change our Name, live unknown, write to the Count *de Saluce*, and wait for his Return to appear again at *Riom*, and conduct ourselves by his Advice.

I found this Expedient so judicious that I approved of it directly, and nothing troubled me but my Husband's Consent; but a Conference



ference which he had with his Father disposed him to every Thing we proposed ; we saw him that Night , and told him the Motive of the old Gentleman's Visits ; and he told us that he had come home with such visible Melancholy in his Looks, that with a View to dissipate it, and not knowing that he had but just left us, he had proposed to make us a Visit, begging that he would present him ; that upon this Proposal he had been transported against him in a surprising Manner, forbidding him absolutely to go near us ; adding, that I was to be his Wife, and that he would have Opportunities enough to render me his Respects as his Mother-in-law ; that these Words had confounded him, and that he had waited with the utmost Impatience for the Hour of our meeting, to know the Truth of what he had told him. Here is an Accident, continued he, which I never should have expected, I see all the Consequence of it, and I make no doubt but that, in this Occurrence, if the Count came to discover our Union, he would leave no Stone unturned to ruin you.

If the Count *de Saluce* were here I should be more easy, but his Absence forces me to consent to yours : My Father has allowed you eight Days to give your Answer ; leave this Place To-morrow, and give Orders that he may be refused Admittance during that Time, as if you were at home, but resolved to receive no Visits, and this with a Design to prevent his following you before you have reached

reached *Lyons*; I will take Care to provide every Thing necessary for your Journey, and join you before 'tis long.

THE poor Count *de Mirelle* was under such an Agitation that we could easily observe the Effort he made to conceal a Part of his Fears. We promised to execute whatever he desired: My Mother, who had accompanied me that Night to speak to him, was Witness to our Adieus: Alas! they were too moving not to be ominous of future Disasters. The Count gave my Mother an Order to take what Money she wanted from the Count *de Saluce's* Notary, and we parted with a terrible Load of Grief.

MADAM *Durnant* employed the next Day in preparing for our Journey, and in the Middle of the Night we went to the Coach that was to conduct us to *Lyons*. We found my Husband there in a poor Man's Habit, who under Pretence of getting Charity, rendered us all the Services which Women without Domestics might have Occasion for; and having seen us set out, he retired. We took fictitious Names, and remained masked during the whole Journey.

As nothing extraordinary happened on the Road I shall say but little about it, only that we arrived at *Lyons* without any bad Rencontre, and lodged at a Midwife's, judging that I should soon have Occasion for such, and that we would be safer there than any where else,

else, these Sort of People being accustomed to Secrecy upon such Adventures.

I wrote to my Husband directly where we lodged, and what new Names we had taken; and by his Answer we were informed of his Father's Rage, when, at the Expiration of the eight Days, he understood that we were no longer in *Auvergne*, and that no Body knew where we were gone; that he however suspected upon what my Mother had told him, but that he durst not undertake the Journey on the Uncertainty he was under; that as for himself he would set out the next Day after the Date of his Letter, and reckoned to be with us as soon as it, and he was as good as his Word, for he arrived a few Minutes after I received it, without Attendants or Equipage, having sent all to the Regiment that he might have no Spies upon his Actions. Our Joy at meeting was inexpressible, and mine was so excessive that it brought my Pains upon me.

THE Count could not think of leaving me a Moment, and it was in his and my Mother's Presence that I brought this *Silvia* to the World who is so dear to you, and whom I so tenderly love. My Husband ordered the Midwife to take the two first poor Persons she met with to stand God-father and God-mother, to have her baptized by the Name of *Silvia*, and as a Foundling whom she intended to take Care of: All this was performed; but three Days after this Ceremony,



as he was crossing the Square called *Belle-Cour* in the Evening, muffled up in his Cloak, he perceived his Father a few Paces distant from him which greatly alarmed him, and hastened him to our Lodgings : My dear *Elizabeth*, said he, the Count *de Mirelle* is in Town, it's impossible that he can discover you, but me he would, should I remain any longer ; so that I must be gone this very Night, however as you could not easily put my Daughter to Nurse and bring her up without risking a Discovery of our Secret, I will put her with a thousand Pistols into sure Hands, I don't remember the Person's Name to whom I design to address myself, but I know him tho' he does not me. I saw him just now going into a House, I will go and wait his coming out, follow him home, terminate my Affair with him, that Moment take Post, and the Minute I arrive at the Regiment I shall write you his Name, what he is, and where he lives ; and I here give you a Paper with which you can retire *Silvia*, in case some Accident should prolong my Absence.

I strenuously opposed this Design, not being able to part with my Daughter, and to trust her to a Stranger ; but the Count was positive, and perceiving that my greatest Uneasiness proceeded from his not knowing so much as the Name of the Person he was going to seek, he confessed at last that he knew it ; but fearing the Indiscretion of maternal

Love, he resolved to keep me in the Dark 'till the Count *de Saluce* returned, having absolutely resolved not to acknowledge *Silvia* for his Daughter 'till our Marriage could be declared. Madam *de Durnant*, who, notwithstanding her Courage, trembled for fear that this Child should discover the whole Intrigue, took Part with him, and forced me to yield.

THE Count then taking a Pen in his Hand wrote a Letter which he afterwards cut in two equal Parts, of which he kept one half, giving me the other, and having tenderly embraced me took my Daughter in his Arms and left me in a pitiful Condition by the sudden Departure of two Persons so dear to me. I was a considerable Time before I got the better of this Separation, which very much retarded my Recovery, during which Madam *de Durnant* only went out in the Night Time for Fear of meeting with the old Count *de Mirelle*; she even saw him several Times near to our Lodgings, but she took such Care to conceal herself that he could not possibly discover her.

IN a little Time I left my Bed, and was soon in a Condition to take the Road back to *Riom*, tho' very much alarmed at having no Letters from my Husband; we received however from the Count *de Saluce* wherein he wrote us that he was intirely recovered, and that he was going to set out Post for *Lyons*, in Order to free me from the Transports of my old Lover, which made us resolve to wait

wait his Arrival that we might have his Company to *Auvergne*.

I had informed him of all our Steps, and of my Uneasiness about my Husband: He likewise knew that my Father-in-law was at *Lyons*, and we could do no better, in our present perplexed Situation, than to follow his Advice; at Length he arrived and came streight to our House. I could not hinder myself from shedding Tears upon his first Appearance, he seemed to be under some deep Melancholy, I felt a sudden Damp upon my Spirits and asked him hastily if he had not heard from my Husband, and what was the Cause of the Melancholy which I observed in his Countenance; he answered, with a Composure which cheered me up a little, that my Husband had not wrote to him, but that he knew by others that he was in good Health; that he had found so much to do about his Regiment that he had no Time to think of any thing else; that as for himself, what I took for Melancholy was the Effects of his Indisposition and the Fatigue of his Journey.

I endeavoured to believe him, and changing Discourse my Mother and I informed him of the Particulars of what had happened to us, and of our Fears from the old Count *de Mirelle's* remaining so long at *Lyons*, not doubting but that it was upon our Accounts. There is nothing more certain, said he, but you ought not to be afraid of him since I am here.



too: I shall inform you to Morrow of what's to be done to prevent great Misfortunes; in the mean Time get your selves ready to leave this Place in three Days, the Intendant is my intimate Friend, he will lend me a Coach, and I am resolved not to leave you a Moment.

I am very sorry that your Husband did not tell you in whose Hands he put your Daughter, because I would have taken Charge of her myself, he will perhaps soon let us know, and we can always come and demand her. After which pretending some Business he left us, promising to return early next Day. *Madam de Durnant* remained for a Moment alone with him in a kind of Antichamber, and when she returned I observed her Eyes dim with Tears: My Trouble augmented, and I conjured her to tell me what passed; she wanted to persuade me that I was alarmed without Cause, but her Countenance belying her Words, I threw myself at her Feet, and pressed her in such a Manner that not being able to withstand my Sollicitations: Well, well, said she, your Husband is dangerously sick, and that is just what troubles the Count *de Saluce* and me, and what we did not care to tell you.

AH 'tis done, cried I, the Count is dead, and I am undone. The Marchioness made no Answer but with Tears, which confirming my Suspicions, plunged me into the  
most

most terrible Dispair ; my reason abandoned me, and I wanted to kill myself, I was deaf to every Thing, Duty, Respect, Religion, all were forgotten in this fatal Moment. I passed twenty four Hours in this Condition, Madam de Durnant, my Nurse, and our Landlady employing in vain all their Eloquence to calm me ; my Torment was too violent to be lasting, I sunk under it, the Fever seized me, and from the first Moment my Life was in Danger.

THE Count de Saluce finding me in too bad a Way to think of any Thing but my Conscience, brought a Man of Merit to take Care of it ; and having trusted to him, under a solemn Promise of Secrecy, every thing that regarded me, he begged he would use his best Endeavours to bring me again to the Use of Reason, which would facilitate the Cure of my Bodily Distemper.

In effect, this holy Man applied himself in so fervent a Manner, that he by Degrees rendered me more calm ; and shewing me by Motives of Religion how far my Grief offended him to whom we ought to sacrifice every Thing, he put me in a Condition of receiving the Assistance necessary to prevent my Death.

It is incredible what Care the Count de Saluce took of me when I was out of Danger, and when he was assured that I should only bestow Tears upon the Loss of my Husband,

band, he informed me that he died suddenly upon his Arrival at the Place where his Regiment lay ; that they had found several Letters of which a Packet had been made and transmitted to his Father ; that some of them were from me ; but as I had the Precaution of calling him Cousin, and of signing *Durant* without adding *Mirelle*, he found Means to appease the Fury into which the Correspondence that appeared by these Letters had put him, and that he would inform me of the Expedient he had made use of after our Return to *Riom*.

I was so indifferent about every thing, that I had no Curiosity upon this Article, and not believing that, after the Death of my Husband, I had any Thing to fear from his Father, since my Marriage was to be buried in eternal Silence, I answered Monsieur *de Saluce* that the Count *de Mirelle* was no longer formidable to me ; that even his Love did not alarm me ; and that by shunning his Presence he would forget me.

HE is more to be dreaded than you apprehend, answered he, Love with People of his Age, changes into implacable Hatred, when it is despised ; not being able to possess what they love, they endeavour to ruin and destroy the Object ; you have a Child, in whatever Place it may be we shall sooner or later find it out ; and it is for the Sake of this Fruit of your Love, that you must endeavour to  
secure



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 175

secure yourself from the Count's Resentment.

THE Remembrance of my Daughter revived all my Misfortunes, and the Hopes that the Count *de Saluce* gave me of seeing her again some Time or other, determined me to be wholly directed by him. We left *Lyons*, as he had concluded, in one of the Intendant's Coaches, and returned to *Riom*, where the Count your Father, for Reasons which he promised to communicate to us, insisted on our Lodging at his House. He had left at *Lyons* one of his *Valet de Chambre's*, in whom he confided, with the Half of the Letter which my Husband had given, to endeavour to find out those who had the other, and to take my Daughter out of their Hands. I had even long insisted not to leave *Lyons* till this Search was made; but he opposed this Delay, and forced me in a Manner to leave that Place, by assuring my Mother that we were not safe in it, so that I was obliged to comply.

DURING the first Days after our Arrival at his House I seldom saw him, he went out very early and returned very late, and appeared to be employed in Business that gave him no Rest. My Mother and I eat by ourselves in my Apartment; and no Mortal being admitted to visit us, by the Count's particular Orders, we passed whole Days *tete a tete*.

THE Marchioness was extremely melancholy and uneasy ; but as I thought I had no less Subject than she to be afflicted, I gave no great Attention to the Trouble with which she seemed to be agitated ; and believing that the Reflections I made myself on my present Situation were the Cause of it, I did not think it strange that she was affected by it. In Effect, I found myself Widow of a Man extremely rich without a Jointure, a Mother without daring to own it, and without Hopes of leaving the least Fortune to my Daughter, nor the Consolation of bearing her Father's Name, in case I should happen at any Time to find her.

THIS Situation, I own, appeared terrible, Honour, Glory, Interest, and Self-love, were so cruelly shocked that it was impossible for me to be easy ; and my Marriage appearing no longer to me but as an Engagement which wanted the necessary Formalities to render it good, I no longer looked upon myself but as the Object of an unlawful Amour, and as a Woman who could no longer appear in the World without Confusion. Such were my Thoughts, and which I believed to be my Mother's too, when after having been eight Days at the Count's House without once seeing him, he came into my Apartment.

THE Obligations we had to him rendering his Presence always agreeable : Is it possible, said I to him in a friendly Manner, that  
knowing

knowing yourself to be our only Consolation, you should so long deprive us of your Presence. We have every Moment since our being here received Proofs of your generous Attentions; but I own that their not being accompanied by your Presence diminishes much of their Value.

THIS obliging Reproach, Madam said he, flatters my Heart more than you imagine, and I can make no better Return than by giving you essential Proofs that the Time I have passed without seeing you has been wholly employed upon your Account. But before I tell you what I have done I must inform you what Steps the Count *de Mirelle* has taken, which can no longer be concealed from you.

MADAM *Durnant*, whom I informed of every Circumstance, on Condition that she should not let you know the least Tittle of it for fear of augmenting your Grief, knows with what Zeal I have endeavoured to extricate you out of the most cruel Labyrinth that can be imagined.

THE old Count *de Mirelle*, continued he, mad at your Flight, and the Contempt of his Love, followed you to *Lyons* with no other Design but to be revenged; and as your Mother had told him that you was to be married there, the first Days after his Arrival were employed in seeking you every where, in visiting the Churches where the Ceremony of  
your



your Marriage might have been performed, and going to all the Notaries where the Contract of Marriage might have been passed ; but discovering nothing, and finding even none who knew you, he had Recourse to the Intendant, representing Madam *Durnant* and you as very irregular Women, against whom he had just Cause of Complaint, and who for bad Actions, which he would prove in Time and Place convenient, had secretly made your Escape from *Riom* in *Auvergne* to come to *Lyons*, believing yourselves in Safety there, and demanded an Order to have you both taken up in case you could be found out.

THE Intendant, a Man wise and prudent, answered, that he could not come to such Extremities against Women who were not under his Jurisdiction, without an Order from Court ; that since he had Proofs of what he alledged, he might inform the Minister, and procure a *Lettre de Cachet*, which he would without Difficulty put in Execution.

THE Count very much dissatisfied with this Delay, but fertile in wicked Contrivances, and sure of his Credit at Court, wrote immediately to one of his Friends to solicit this Order upon Accusations needless to rehearse to you, and resolved not to leave *Lyons* till the Thing was executed, hoping still to find you out.

It

IT was much about this Time that you informed me of his Love, and of your Uneasiness at *Lyons*, which your Husband confirmed, pressing me to return, because he was obliged to join his Regiment. As I was much better, and had finished my Affairs, I took Post some Days after for *Auvergne*, in hopes to find *Mirelle*, but instead of that I found a Letter from a Friend belonging to the same Regiment informing me of his Death. You know too well my Tenderness for him, to doubt of my Affliction at this News, which indeed was excessive; but judging that I became more necessary than ever to you, and that the old Count not being at home had followed you, I got into my Post Chaise and took the Road to *Lyons* coming straight to your Lodgings, being willing to know if you was informed of your Misfortune; and perceiving that you was ignorant of it, I said nothing to you, but informed Madam de *Durnant*, begging she would be very circumspect in letting you know the dismal Story, and to assure you that I would never abandon you.

IN Reality your Situation appearing to me to be extremely cruel, and believing myself partly Cause by the Marriage in which I engaged you; I resolved to spare nothing to render you Mistress of the Fortune which you might have expected from your Husband, if your Marriage had been in due Form; but as it was impossible to bring about this by ordinary

nary Means, having a Son and Nephew who are to share in the Count's Succession, I be-  
thought me that the surest Way to succeed in  
my Design, and to save you from the Prose-  
cutions of your Father-in-law, was to make  
you pass for my Wife.

FULL of this Idea, which I only reckoned  
to put in Execution after your Return to this  
Place, and not to communicate it to you till  
the Violence of your Grief was something  
abated, I went to the Intendant's that he  
might not reproach me of having been in  
*Lyons* without seeing him. As our Friend-  
ship is almost dated from our Birth, and that  
in our Youth we went through all our Exer-  
cises together, our Interview was reciprocally  
agreeable and friendly : Having conducted  
me into his Closet, by what Adventure, my  
dear Count said he, are you here ? Is it the  
Count *de Mirelle's* Affair that brings you  
hither ? And is it to that *Madam de Durnant*,  
who gives him so much Trouble, that I owe  
the Pleasure of seeing you at *Lyons* ?

As I was as yet ignorant of the Count's  
Projects, I was extremely surprized at this  
Discourse, and asked him with a good Deal  
of Concern, if he knew *Madam de Dur-*  
*nant*, and what Affair it was he spoke  
of. How now, answered he, you are at  
*Lyons* and ignorant of your Kinsman's being  
here too. I know that he is here, an-  
swered I coldly, but I do not see how that  
can interest the Lady whom you mentioned,  
and



and you will render me a material Service to inform me.

I see very well, interrupted he, that I have said too much, but no Matter, you are too dear a Friend to conceal any Thing from you, particularly when you tell me you are concerned. After that recounting all that the Count *de Mirelle* had done against you and your Mother, not forgetting the *Lettre de Cachet* which he expected to have you arrested, he threw me into an Astonishment which I cannot express; but taking my Resolution directly: What you tell me, answered I, deserves that I should put this old Fool to Death with my own Hand. Madam *de Durnant* is a Woman of Quality, in Reality poor, but who has not the less brought up her Daughter virtuously, and I was so well convinced of her Virtue and Modesty that I have made her Countess *de Saluce*. What replied the Intendant, quite confounded, this young Lady the Object of *Mirelle's* Accusation is your Spouse? Yes, answered I without Hesitation, Reasons that you'll easily conceive forced me to conceal this Marriage; but Madam *de Saluce* having sent me Word that the Count *de Mirelle* was for forcing her to marry him, and that to be rid of him she was obliged to come and wait for me at *Lyons*, where I was to pass upon my leaving *Paris*, I took Post to come and join her, with an Intention to declare my Marriage, and by that Means bring the Count to Reason; after that, giving him a particular Account of his Visits and

Threats as you had informed me, and in short wholly displaying his Character, I put him in the greatest Fury against him for having attempted to impose upon him, so as to oblige him to expose Persons so respectable.

My dear Count, said he, be afraid of nothing, return to *Riom* with your Spouse, don't delay to render your Marriage publick, and I shall write to Court in such a Manner that the Count *de Mirelle* shall have no great Reason to be satisfied. I thanked him, and earnestly intreated that he would not let the *Lettre de Cachet* go out of his Hands, which he promised, and that it should be sent to me as soon as he had baffled the Count's Plots.

I agreed with him to leave a *Valet de Chambre* at *Lyons* to whom he might trust what he had to write or to send me, and having asked him the Use of a Travelling Coach, he readily granted my Request. This is, Madam, what obliged me to take you away so abruptly before you was perfectly recovered, and what made me bring you directly to my House, with a View to give more Authority to what I had advanced.

As you was not then in a Condition to support a Discovery of the innocent Stratagem I had made Use of to secure you in a Jointure, and to protect you from the Effects of the Count *de Mirelle's* hatred, I  
contented

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 183

contented myself with publishing every where this pretended Marriage: the Town of *Rions* is full of it, all my Friends and the whole Ladies wait with Impatience the Moment of paying you their Compliments. Your Enemy wearied with Waiting at *Lyons* for the Order which he expected from Court, is returned; and the first News he heard upon his Arrival was his Son's Death and my Marriage with you. Less sensible at the Loss of the young Count, than surprized at our being united, and the Packet of Letters which had been sent him, making him believe that he would be revenged on you, by proving your Commerce with his Son, he sent Yesterday to beg I would grant him a private Audience.

I went to his House, and the Moment he saw me: Can I give Credit, said he, to what is reported, 'tis said you have wedded Miss *Durnant*. Nothing is more certain, answered I coldly, 'tis but fifteen Days since I declared my Marriage, but the Ceremony was performed fifteen Months ago at my Seat of *Saluce*, and you now see that it was not in her Power to accept of your Offer: He blushed at these Words, and was almost ashamed to look at me: Why might she not have told me, replied he. I had forbid her, interrupted I, your Son alone was in the Secret and punctually kept it.

NEVERTHELESS, continued I, I am informed that there were Letters found about  
him



him from my Spouse, who having only signed the Name of *Durnant*, they had been sent to you, oblige me to return them, *Madam de Saluce* insists on having them, and I don't incline to let them remain in other Hands. I cannot represent the Count *de Mirelle's* Confusion in seeing by this all his Projects miscarried, he could scarce speak; but as he knows me, and that I am not a Man to be trifled with, he thought it was best to deliver them, telling me that you wrote too tenderly, and that he pitied me to have made such a Choice.

I am very well pleased with it, answered I, but whatever may be in it, I shall not make Use of *Lettres de Cachets* to be revenged; and retiring after these Words I left him loaded with Shame and mad with Spite. My *Valet de Chambre* arrived Yesterday from *Lions* with a Letter from the Intendant, which informs me that the Court incensed at the Count's Artifices had forbid the Execution of the Order against you, which he has sent me barred and tore. He writes me also, that *Mirelle* will be called upon to give an Account of his Conduct, and of the Motive of his Accusations. This Victory obtained by my Care and Application, continued the Count *de Saluce*, making me hope that you would not disapprove of the Cause, I resolved to inform you of it.

HOWEVER, Madam, don't believe that in making you pass for my Wife, I will force

force you to be so; I render myself Justice, and conceive easily that a Heart filled with the Remembrance of a most lovely Husband, can have at most but Sentiments of Esteem for a Man of my Age: Had I found other Means of securing you in a Settlement, I would have preferred them to that of obliging you to pass your Days with me.

A blind Passion did not suggest them to me; as perfect a Friend as you can be a faithful Spouse, I have too great a Respect for the Memory of your Husband to become his Rival even after Death; the Friendship I had for him and your unhappy Situation have inspired me with them, and your Tendernefs for him as well as what you owe to the Fruit of your Love, and the Care of your Reputation oblige you to take the Benefit of them; had I allowed you to keep the Name of *Durnant* you would have been constantly exposed to the Love or Hatred of your Enemy, and by letting him know that he is your Father-in-law, that Divine and Human Laws have consequently put an invincible Obstacle to his Wishes, he had a Right and would certainly have disannulled a Marriage contracted without his Consent, his Son not being in an Age to dispense with it; so that you must have been deprived of a Maintenance upon Account of your Marriage, and even I myself would be deprived of the Satisfaction of assisting you, as I could not lawfully favour a Stranger in Prejudice of my Son; but in marrying you, I can, with-

out doing him any Injury, make such a Settlement on you as will enable you to support your Rank after my Death, and to leave a moderate Fortune to your Daughter, if you should happen to find her out: During my Life I make your's easie, I remove your Uneasiness about your Mother's Fate, and I make her easy about your's: Motives so pressing ought to determine you to ratify the Report I have spread without the least Hesitation; and as my Son and Nephew, when at Age, would not be obliged to believe you upon your Word, that it is not sufficient that you and I verbally acknowledge our Marriage, and that there may be Authentic Proofs to prevent Disputes, I have caused draw up a Marriage Contract which I have signed, and which is going to be brought for your doing so too: After this we shall go to my Country Seat, where we will be married very privately, and I will take Care that the Time of the Contract, and the Celebration of the Marriage, shall be conform to what I have given out; but I solemnly protest that I will not take the Advantage of the Right which such Ties may give me to your Possession, and whatever Happiness I may imagine to myself in the Enjoyment of so lovely a Spouse, I renounce all pretensions to it; my Design being only to serve you as a Father in becoming your Husband, and to require nothing of you but the Sentiments of a Daughter for her Father, which I resolve to be by Adoption. It is difficult my dear Count, continued Madam



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 187

*de Mirelle*, to express the Concern I was under during the Discourse of your generous Father.

THE Dread of the Danger to which I had been exposed by my Father-in-law's Artifices, the Joy of having escaped, the Surprize of passing in the Opinion of the World for Countess *de Saluce*, the Manner in which the Count designed to make my Fortune, and the indispensable Necessity I was under to accept of the Proposal, raised such tumultuous Thoughts in my Mind, that I was a long Time before I could come to any settled Resolution.

In fine, perceiving that he waited for my Answer: I must be, said I, the most ungrateful Woman upon Earth not to be sensible of so many Benefits; and I own that it is with great Grief I find myself incapable of acknowledging them with all the Tenderness they deserve. No, simple Friendship, how great soever, does not reach to what they deserve, and it is, for my Misfortune, the only Recompence in my Power to make; your Age is no Obstacle to more tender and lively Sentiments: As that of my Husband was not the Motive of the Love with which he inspired me, and that it was alone owing to his excellent Qualities, those which you possess would produce the same Effect; were my Heart capable of loving any thing now, even Gratitude itself would contribute towards it; but I will not conceal from you that

that the Count *de Mirelle* is imprinted in it in a Manner never to be defaced ; I shall love him to the last Moment of my Life, I can love none else ; my Eyes shall be perpetual Fountains, he shall ever be present to my Thoughts, and I shall preserve an inviolable Fidelity to him.

I see but too plainly that it is for my Honour and Safety to accept of what you propose, and support what you have advanced, of which I know all the Consequences, and I am ready to do what you desire, but it is upon the Conditions that you have prescribed to yourself, that you will not endeavour to infringe them ; that you will not reproach me for my Indifference ; that you will be truly my Father ; and that satisfied with my Attachment to you as a Daughter, you will never deviate from the Innocence which Titles so pure and sacred require.

I have already promised it, Madam said he, and the Motive which engages me to it ought to make you easy. Madam *de Darnant* entered as he ended these Words ; she was informed of every Thing ; and the Apprehension she was under that I should oppose this Design was the Cause of her Melancholy and Agitation.

THE Count no sooner perceived her than he stepped to meet her with a Joy visible in his Looks and Actions : Come Madam, said he, come and share in my Happiness, and let

let Death alone now separate us. The Marchioness judging by this Discourse that I had given my Consent, came and embraced me with Tears in her Eyes, Floods run from mine ; and I dare assure you, that without the Desire of rendering her happy in her old Age, and to do for her what she had neglected to do for me ; I should have, perhaps, rejected an Advantage which was to be purchased by such a Deceit.

THE Count's Notary arrived and read the Contract in my Presence, the Proofs of his Generosity appeared so visibly in every Line, that I could not find Terms to express my Gratitude : I signed it, Madam *de Durnant* did the same ; and the next Day we set out for his Castle of *Saluce*, where the Count had told his Friends I was confined by an Indisposition.

As he had taken all his Precautions we were married next Night, which was for me the most terrible that I had as yet passed, by the Remembrance of my unfortunate Husband, upon seeing myself obliged to give my Hand to another in the same Chapel where I had for ever tied myself to him about fifteen Months before.

BUT in fine, I found my Consolation in the noble Procedure of the Count, who, faithful to his Word, had for me from that Day the Tendernefs of a Father, and the Attentions of a perfect Friend. We returned  
to



to *Riom* where I was visited by the whole Town. The Count was so generally esteemed; that there was no Person of any Note who did not think it their Duty to oblige me. I did my best to support, with a good Grace, the Title of his Spouse, and every body was deceived; the mutual Complaisance which we had for one another giving room to believe that there never was an Instance of stronger Love.

THE Count *de Miralle* was the only Person who was grieved at this Marriage; he had been obliged to go to Court to justify himself, and had Difficulty enough to get out of the Scrape; but the Count *de Saluce* unwilling to prosecute him, his Friends got Matters made easy with the Minister; so that he was quit for the Trouble and Expence of a Journey, and the Shame of being universally despised.

HE did all that was in his Power to cut off the Intail of his Estate, but he could not succeed; and fatigued with vain Endeavours to hurt us, he was forced to let us alone. When I saw all these Troubles at an End, I begged the Count to allow me to retire to *Saluce*. The Resolution he had taken never to constrain me made him consent.

I therefore left the Town of *Riom* with a Design to return no more to it, and for the future to employ myself only in Piety and Devotion, and in your Education, which  
your

your Father committed to my Care. I had the young *Dantin* brought there that he might be educated with you; and while I sent almost every Year to *Lyons* to discover if some one or other did not complain of having an unknown Girl upon their Hands, who was a Charge to them, all my Study was to render the Marquis and you worthy of the Blood from which you sprang. I succeeded much better in this Design than in that of finding *Silvia* of whom I could hear no News, but tho' the young *Dantin* possessed Admirable Qualities, tho' I loved him very much, and tho' he was as submissive to me as I could desire, yet you exceeded him so far in wit and Sentiments that you gained a superior Place in my Heart, perceiving that I had the Fondness of a Mother for you, I forgot nothing that might inspire you with the Sentiments of a Son for me; that when you had attained to the Age of Manhood, you might not be offended at what the Count your Father had done for me, well resolved to restore every Thing to you if my Daughter was not found.

You answered to my Endeavours according to my Wishes, and you began to make me forget my Losses, when Heaven thought fit to bring them back to my Memory by the only Ones that could then affect me. That of Madam *Durnant* was the first, she had accompanied me in my Retreat, and made it highly agreeable by her Complaisance and Piety.

SHE

SHE was seized with a violent Fever, and, notwithstanding my Care and the Count *de Saluce's* who was almost always with me, died after a three Weeks Distemper. My Grief was heavy, and the Count spared no Pains to comfort me, tho' he himself for some Months was oppressed with a Melancholy which nothing could dissipate. His Health was too precious to me not to have perceived it, and I had employed every Thing that I thought capable to divert him without succeeding but at certain Times: However he had such a Command of himself the first Days after my Mother's Death, to oblige me to get the better of mine, that I flattered myself his Change of Humour had no essential Cause: He even set out for *Riom*, where the Death of the old Count *de Mirelle* called him, apparently in such a Temper as to persuade me I had been deceived; but he had scarce terminated the Affair of this Succession, then he fell sick and so dangerously, that, despairing of Life, he dispatched a Messenger to entreat I would come and receive his last Sighs.

You may judge what a terrible Blow this News was to my Heart; Esteem, Gratitude and Friendship, had made too deep Impressions upon it to lose him with Tranquillity: I had found in him a Protector, a Benefactor, a Father, and a Friend, who had acquitted himself as such in so uncommon a Manner, that I did not imagine there could be any  
Happiness



Happiness for me in the World after his Death.

I went in all Haste to *Riom*, and my Presence seemed to procure him some Ease, he ordered his Servant to retire, and begged that I would approach his Bed-side, which I did drowned in Tears: Moderate your Grief Madam, said he, whatever Satisfaction I may feel in knowing that my Loss affects you, I would not have your Remembrance of me to disturb your Peace: It is now Time to finish my Career, and tho' the Load of Years were not to oppress me, I feel a Flame within me sufficient to abridge my Days; it would be shameful for a Man of my Age, and in another Condition than mine, to confess that Love has surprized him, and that Death is the Consequence of the Efforts he has made to conquer it; but I think such a Confession in this Moment is pardonable.

HEAVEN is my Witness that this Passion had at first no Hand in what I did for you, and that Compassion and the Remembrance of a Friend who was as dear to me as myself, were the only Motives; but, Madam, I had but a slender Knowledge of you then, I was a stranger to the Sweetness of your Temper, the Charms of your Wit, and the Solidity of your Virtue; the Experience I have made of them has proved fatal to me: Scarce did I know your Worth when my Liberty fell a Sacrifice to the most violent Passion which all my Reason could not conquer: Ah! how

could I, since you augmented it every Moment ; however, calling back my Reason, I concealed from you the Trouble of my Heart, I got the better of the Laws which might have authorised my Flame, to fulfil my Promises : A Husband without daring to be so, I forced my Love to Silence, that I might not offer to your Presence but a Father and a Friend, persuaded that under Names so respectable I should gain your Affection ; happy if I could have been satisfied with that which they require ; my Reason told me that it was sufficient for a Man of my Age, but Love demanded something more. I condemned it to Silence by way of Punishment, and it revenges itself on me by Death.

NEVERTHELESS I dare flatter myself that to acknowledge such a Sacrifice, not having been your Husband during my Life, you'll permit me to be it after Death, by leaving you Tutrix to my Son ; deign still to be as a Mother to him, let your Care, Advice, and Wisdom hinder him from perceiving the Loss of his Father ; and if in the Sequel he is worthy of your Confidence speak to him sometimes of a Man who dies your Slave.

My Astonishment and Grief at this Discourse may be better imagined than expressed ; seized with Admiration, penetrated with Gratitude, and touched with a real Tenderness, I could only answer the Count with Sighs

Sighs and Groans. I threw myself upon my Knees before his Bed, took his Hands and watered them with my Tears, but could not pronounce one single Word ; he appeared to be pleased with these trifling Caresses, and thanked me, saying he was sorry to have raised my Compassion to such a Height, and making a last Effort to embrace me, he expired in my Arms.

I gave a loud Shriek, upon which the People came running in, but found him dead, and me in a fainting Fit. It is needless to trouble you with the Effects which this Loss had upon me, and you may judge that Grief does not kill, since I am still alive.

I had the Funeral Honours paid to this great Man, with that Magnificence which I thought incumbent upon me ; the whole Town of *Riom* pitied my Despair ; as it was sincere, and every body knew in what a cordial Manner we had lived together, without being let into the Secret of our Conventions, they had no Difficulty to believe but that I was terribly afflicted at the Loss of so dear a Husband.

His Last Will did not bely the Sentiments which he had for me, every Thing in it was to my Advantage, and my whole Study was to render myself worthy of so many Favours in my Care of your Education. You were only eight Years old then, and the Marquis *Dantin* something more.



I remained at *Saluce* during your Childhood, where you had Masters agreeable to your Age. When you was in a Condition to perform your Exercises, I went with you myself to *Paris* with a Governor to each of you. I had the Satisfaction to see both of you succeed in what was taught you so as to be the Admiration of your Masters; and to experience that the Light of Reason which began to guide you diminished nothing of your Attachment to me.

HOWEVER, the Blood that ran in your Veins not permitting you to be an idle Spectator of the War in which we were then engaged, I obliged you to go to the Army, where I made it my Business that you should appear with Magnificence; and while you distinguished yourself by acquiring Glory in the Midst of Dangers, shut up in the Castle of *Saluce* I passed my Days in offering up fervent Prayers to Heaven for your Preservation, and that it would pour down upon you as many Favours as I had received from your generous Father.

EIGHT Years slipped away in this Manner; and convinced of your Prudence and Discretion, and that I might without Risk put you in Possession of your Estate, without waiting for the Time prescribed, I gave up my Tutorship.

FROM

FROM that Moment I had a strong Desire to trust you with the Secret of my Adventures, and to let you not only know what the Count your Father had done for me, but even to make Restitution ; but though I knew that you possessed as rare Qualities as his, and believed you to be as generous as he, yet the Remembrance of *Silvia* which never abandoned me, made me perceive so much Danger in discovering my Secret, that I resolved it should be buried till after my Death, making you my sole Legatee.

I wanted then to retire to a Convent ; but you opposed it strongly, and pressed me so earnestly to remain with you, that I was at last forced to yield ; which I did the more readily as I saw you averse to Marriage, and that I thought my Presence would be necessary to you while you remained a Batchelor.

My Example having given Emulation to the Marquis *Dantin's* Tutors, they gave in the Accounts of their Tutorship ; and in looking over the Family Papers, having found that the Count *de Saluce* and his Brother had placed a considerable Sum in a Merchant's Hands at *Clermont*, named *Dallon*, which they had not retired, and for which they had only simple Notes, I thought proper that with the Family Titles and *Dallon's* Notes you should go to *Lyons*, to find out his Heir. You ap-

proved of my Idea and set out with your Cousin.

As you was going to a Place where I still hoped to find my Daughter, I was tempted a-new to trust you with the Secret of her Birth; but the Dread of your informing *Dantin* retained me, and I only gave your *Valet de Chambre* Orders to inform himself if there was not at *Lyons* a Girl named *Silvia*, who might be about nineteen or twenty Years old.

A little after your Arrival, he sent me Word that there was none in the whole Town of that Name but the Merchant *Dalton's* Niece, who was Daughter to his late Brother dead at *Clermont*, and the greatest Fortune in that Place after his own Daughter, with whom she had been brought up.

THIS last Information having made me lose all Hopes, and two Months slipt away without any Appearance of your Return, though in your Letters you gave me Assurances; I judged that the Daughter or the Niece of the Merchant had loaded you with Chains, and that one or other would make you lose your Aversion to Matrimony.

In this Thought, not willing that my Presence should be a Constraint upon you, nor to fail in the Promise I had made you not to enter into a Convent, I chose this Place for my Retreat, being near enough to  
Riom,



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 199

*Riom*, to see you when you should incline it, and remote enough so as to be exempted from keeping too much Company, and under Pretence of desiring to leave the Name of Countess *de Saluce* to her whom you should make your Wife. I took that of *Mirelle* the Name of the Estate which your Father had assigned for my Jointure, making it a secret Scruple to to bear a Title which was not my Due, and to leave one of which the Possession was what I might lawfully claim ; but to give a Truce to the gloomy Thoughts that often came to disturb my Quiet in my Solitude, I intreated a Nun who attends the Hospital, and whom I love for her great Piety, to seek out for a proper Person to be my Companion.

HEAVEN sent her this pretended *Calista*, and by an Inspiration which I can only attribute to Providence, she brought her directly to me. Alas ! continued the Countess, I ought to have known her the very first Moment for my Daughter, by the Impulses of natural Affection, with which I felt myself seized at first Sight of her.

My Heart was under a strange Agitation ; and charmed with her Beauty, Modesty, and tender Caresses, with which she answered mine, I placed my whole Happiness in having her with me, but the greatest of my Life lay still in the dark ; your Return was necessary, my dear Count, to bring it to Light, and to give the finishing Stroke to my Felicity,

200      *The* TRAVELS of

city, since without the Transport of your Love I should still be ignorant that *Calista* is *Silvia*; and that *Silvia*, pretended Niece to *Dallon*, is my Daughter.

It being my Fate to owe all the good Things I ever enjoyed in Life to your Family, I still preserved with great Care the Paper which my Husband left me, though without Hopes of its being useful to me. However, it must now be a Voucher for every thing that I have told you; after which, joining the two Parts of this Writing, she gave it to me, and in it I read what follows.



LETTER.

**T**HE melancholy Necessity under which I am to conceal my Marriage, obliges me to do the same with regard to her who is the lawful Fruit of it; and as I am ignorant as yet into what Hands I am going to trust her, and that my Design is not to reveal so soon the Secret of her Birth, to prevent the Misfortunes that may happen, this Letter shall serve to make her known in Time and Place, since in it I do declare that *Silvia*, baptized as a Foundling, without Father or Mother, is my Daughter; and that she who gave her Birth is my lawful Spouse, named  
Elisabeth

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 201

Elisabeth de Durnant Countess of Mirelle, who is in Possession of the Half of this Writing; she alone can unravel the Mystery of it, in case my Absence or my Death should prevent my going myself to retire my Daughter.

The Count DE MIRELLE.

I had scarce ended reading, when I threw myself at the Countess's Feet, and by my reiterated Transports made her too sensible of my Joy, and the Admiration which her Virtue gave me, to doubt of my Love to *Silvia*, and of my Esteem for her.

WE all three tasted Pleasures then not easily to be described: The fair *Calista* divided between Nature and Love, gave loose Reins to the former, in her tender Embraces to the Countess, while the other sparkled in the Looks which she directed to me. Madam de Mirelle who resolved that her Pleasure should have no Mixture of bitter in it, commanded her to look upon me as a Man who was soon to be her Husband, and gave her Permission to show, without Constraint, how agreeable these Orders were to her; this alone, my dear *Silvia* said she, can be a Sort of Return to what I owe to his illustrious Father; and since he is willing to receive you as the Price, you cannot be too eager to acquit me.

IN



IN fine, when we had given sufficient Time to the different Motions which this happy Event had excited, we consulted in what Manner we were to behave with the Marquis *Dantin*, of whose Marriage with *Ismena* I had informed them, as of the Difficulties which that tender Friend had made to be happy without *Silvia*, which gave great Hopes to Madam *de Mirelle*, that she would prevail with her Husband to consent that this Affair should be terminated to the Satisfaction of all Parties, she was of Opinion to keep *Silvia*'s Birth a Secret, and to give her another Origin, to prevent the Noise of Things so surprizing; but I opposed it, and answering for the Marquis *Dantin*, as *Silvia* did for her dear *Ismena*, I told her that my Intention was to have her Marriage with the Count *de Mirelle* authentically acknowledged; and that, without discovering the Mystery of my Father's, she should truly appear Dowager of *Mirelle* and *de Saluce*, that she might possess the Rights of both without any Difficulty, since on the Side of the Count *de Mirelle* there was no such Thing as disputing her Marriage, she ought to make no Difficulty of declaring *Silvia* her Heiress; and to facilitate this Matter, I would yield to the Marquis *Dantin* the Part of the Succession which would have belonged to him had the young Count *de Mirelle* died without Issue.

MADAM

MADAM *de Mirelle* left me Master, to manage this grand Affair as I thought proper, and committed to my Prudence the Care of her own and her Daughter's Reputation ; but we had no Difficulty in the Execution of our Project.

THE Marquis *Dantin* was arrived at *Riom* with his Spouse, and being informed that the Countess and I were at the Castle of *Mirelle* he took the Road to it three Days after *Silvia's* Birth was acknowledged, with a Design to present the new Marchioness to her.

As I was taking a Turn in the Avenue I was the first who received them, and the Meeting was joyful on both Sides ; though *Ismena* and the Marquis were in deep Mourning for the Death of *Dallon*, upon which I made them Compliments of Condolence, but with an Air of Coldness which persuaded them I had not as yet forgot their Treatment to *Silvia*, which obliged them to pass slightly over it, not to renew my Grief.

I told them nothing of what had happened, that I might have the Pleasure of surprising them ; and sending privately Notice to Madam *de Mirelle* of my Intention, she waited for them in her Apartment with *Silvia*, whom they had dressed out with  
all

all the Ornaments that could add to her Beauty.

I conducted *Ismena*, now Marchioness *Dantin*, who advancing to salute the Countess, no sooner threw her Eyes on *Silvia*, than forgetting every thing: My dear *Silvia*, cried she, is it really true that you are still among the Living; and then no longer Mistress of herself she flew from the Countess into the Arms of that dear Friend, who received her with equal Raptures.

THE Astonishment of the Marquis *Dantin* was unconceivable, not because he saw *Silvia* alive but to see her so magnificently dressed out, and with Madam *de Mirelle*. However, expressing as great Satisfaction in all his Actions as his Spouse, I thought I could not without giving him just Cause of Offence keep the Mystery any longer secret. Therefore, when the Exclamations, Tears, and Caresses were ceased, and that Madam *de Mirelle* had testified the Esteem she had conceived for the Marchioness from what *Silvia* had said of her lovely Character; and that this Lady augmented it by the delicate Wit which she displayed in her Answers, I began to speak, addressing myself to the Marquis: My dear *Dantin*, said I, having sufficiently, I think, proved my Friendship in my Approbation of your Love to the virtuous *Ismena*, you will not, I hope, refuse me yours in favour of *Silvia*, and that you'll see her Countess of *Saluce* with as much Satisfaction

as



as I had to see Miss *Dallon* Marchioness of *Dantin*.

It would be sinning against the Ties that bind me to you, answered he, to make the least Doubt of it, *Ismena* and I never desired any Thing more ardently: The Misfortune and pretended Death of *Silvia* were the only Things that disturbed our Happiness, we would have even purchased, with a Part of our Fortune, the Pleasure we now enjoy, and to convince you that it is so, we only come to acquaint you that *Dallon* declared, when he was dying, that she was a Woman of Quality; that the young Man who committed her to his Care was her Father, and that notwithstanding his Disguise, and the Mystery he had made of his Name, his noble Air and a thousand Pistols, which he had given with the Child, were Proofs that he was rich and a Man of Quality. Had *Silvia* actually perished, we should not have ventured to declare what I have now told you, lest by so doing we should have renewed your Despair; but since Heaven has restored her to us, and that by this News we only augment your Happiness, *Ismena* and I conjure you to render it perfect by a speedy Marriage, and to make some Reparation for the Injuries Mr. *Dallon* did the one and other. *Ismena* and I bestow, by Way of Portion, on the beautiful *Silvia* the Fortune to which she might have pretended as Daughter to his Brother, only begging by Way of Recompence that you will inform us by what hap-

py Chance she escaped the Fire, and how she happens to be here. The Sincerity that appeared in what the Marquis had said confirming me in my Design, I recounted to them Madam *de Mirelle's* Story, and informed them of the Birth and of all that happened to her charming Daughter; and my Narration threw them into an Astonishment which could not be compared but to the Excess of Joy which they felt at an Event so extraordinary: They embraced *Silvia* a thousand Times, and swore an inviolable Attachment to Madam *de Mirelle*.

*Silvia* and the Marchioness renewed the Assurances of their tender Friendship, admiring the Effects of Providence which having made them be brought up together as Relations, seemed to have decreed that, in the Sequel, they should really be so by Marriage. We all returned to *Riom* where Matters being adjusted to the Satisfaction of every one concerned, my Marriage with Miss *Mirelle* was celebrated, and she authentically acknowledged as sole Heiress to her Father, the Marquis *Dantin* having absolutely refused any Share in it.

My dear Chevalier, said the Count, when I delivered him back his Manuscript, has this long Story of my Spouse and my Amours given you any Satisfaction? I'm afraid, continued he, without giving me Time to answer, that the extraordinary Incidents will scarce gain Credit with you; but tho' they do indeed

deed seem a little odd, yet I can assure you that every Syllable is fact ; and I do insist that you'll give your Opinion frankly and sincerely upon the whole Story. My dear Count, answered I, since you lay your Commands upon me to speak my real Sentiments, I must obey you.

IN the first Place, to make my Remarks in the Order that the Story is related, I think the Merchant *Dallon* did not at all answer to the Character that the World had of him, for his concealing the Money which was given him with *Silvia* by her Father, and representing her to be a poor Child whom he had taken of out Pity, was base and villainous ; his Daughter *Ismena* had Sentiments far different from his, and I cannot too much commend her noble and generous Character. What a glorious Example is laid down to the whole Sex in the noble and steady Friendship of the two Ladies ; one the Master piece of Nature, without the least Tincture of Vanity, and preferring the real and permanent Beauties of the Mind to all the fading Charms that attract the Eye, such were the Sentiments of the charming *Silvia*, and the lovely *Ismena* contending with her Friend, that where the Sentiments were in every respect equal, Beauty had a just Claim to the Preference, displays a Character so amiable and engaging that I am not surprized your Cousin's Esteem was soon converted into a real Passion.



THE Countess *de Saluce's* Charms are such that 'tis scarce possible to withstand their first Attack; and if we join to this lovely Form her generous and delicate Sentiments, no Mortal can justly blame the Violence of your Passion, notwithstanding the Uncertainty of her Birth and Want of Fortune.

SOME will, perhaps, think that she ought not to have rejected your Offers of Marriage, since the Knowledge of her Story made no Alteration in your Affection or Intentions, and will conclude that she was too scrupulous upon that Point; but for my own Part, I admire the Delicacy of her Sentiments in voluntarily sacrificing her own Happiness, rather than run the Risk of giving you, some Time or other, the Displeasure of being married to a Woman who perhaps was the Fruit of a criminal Commerce: This Part of her Story drew Tears from my Eyes, but very different from those that flowed from the Joy which the happy Discovery of her Birth gave me.

I don't think there can be an Instance brought of more noble and generous Sentiments than what your Father shewed with Respect to his Nephew's Widow; his Affection, 'tis true, for that unfortunate Gentleman might engage him to protect her against the Persecutions of a provoked and cruel Father-in-law; but to die under the racking Tortures of a violent Passion rather than not keep

keep up to his Promise, and not even to declare it, till he was upon the very Brink of Death, is a Greatness of Soul that few Men are capable of, and must render his Memory dear to all Men of Virtue who happen to read his Story.

I here concluded my short Remarks; and the Count told me, smiling, that since he found I had so favourable an Opinion of *Ismena's* Merit, he hoped I would think it worth my While to pay that Lady a Visit in *Auvergne*, which was little or nothing out of my Way to *Italy*; adding, that the Country itself, so very different from all the other Provinces of *France*, both as to Situation and what it produced, deserved the Curiosity of a Traveller; and to engage me the more effectually, he proposed that his Lady and himself would make the Tour of *Languedoc* and *Provence* with me, and be my Guides through the Mountains of *Auvergne*, the Land of Milk and Honey. I shall, continued he, in eight or ten Days finish my Affairs here, and we will then set out upon our Travels.

If he had proposed six Months Stay in *Paris* I should have agreed to it, for I really could not think of parting with this lovely Couple, particularly since reading the History of their Amours; so that I readily agreed to the Proposal, and thought myself extremely happy in having the Pleasure of

their Company much longer than I expected.

As no Place in the World is so remarkable for odd Love Adventures, and indeed Scandal, as *Paris*, a Gentleman came to visit the Count when we were settling our Rout to *Languedoc*; he was one of those idle Sort of Folks who make it the Business of their Life to pry into all the little Tittle-tattle and Scandal of the Town, and then run about to tell it to whoever will hear them. Without any Preamble or Formality he up and told us as the News of the Day the following Adventure.

A rich Mercer in *St. Dennis-street* has a Daughter, who, though sprung from a Race of *Roturiers* \*, despised every thing that was not noble; and the very Thoughts of a *Courtaud de Boutique*, i. e. a Shopkeeper, becoming her Husband, threw her noble Ladyship very often into Fits; nothing but a fine Gentleman with a Sword, a laced Coat, and a white Feather in his Hat, would go down with our *Belle*.

THE *Chevalier de Menille*, a Knight more famous for his Exploits in the Field of *Venus* than of *Mars*, or, to speak in plain Language, a Rake who makes it the whole Business of his Life to debauch heedless unthink-

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\* Plebeians.



ing Girls, having by Accident seen *Eliza*, (the Name of the Merchant's Daughter) in a Church, ordered one of his *Mercurys*, of whom he had always two or three about his Person, to follow her home, and to bring him next Morning a distinct Account of her Name, Birth and Character, &c. which the *Aid de Camp* easily accomplished, by the powerful Influence of Half a Crown to the Merchant's Maid ; and made a faithful Report to our Colonel (for you must know that he is second Colonel to the Regiment of *Perigord* ) who soon formed his Plan.

As he had a pretty large Estate, and expended the greatest Part of his Yearly Income upon Projects of this Nature, he rightly judged that the laying out to the Value of a Hundred Pistols with the Mercer, would procure him free Access to his House as often as he pleased ; and as he is a Man extremely active and cannot bear Slowness in the Career of Gallantry, he flew to the Merchant's Shop, where ask and have was the Word.

THE Mercer concluded that his good Angel had sent him such a noble Customer, and thought he could do no less than invite him to Dinner ; but our Colonel happening to be engaged that Day begged to be excused, and added that he would with Pleasure come and take Share of a Family Supper : So said, so done ; the Mercer sent for the famous *Fracin* the Cook, and ordered him  
to

to get what was delicate and nice ; and Miss *Eliza* took Care to employ the whole Afternoon to set off her natural Charms (which to speak the Truth are not at all contemptible) with all the Ornaments of Dress ; for she resolved positively to make the Colonel her Slave, and he positively to make her something worse.

WELL, they met, eat and drank heartily, stared one another out of Countenance, sighed every now and then, and made strong Love in dumb Shew. The Colonel, who was no Novice in the Trade, thought himself pretty sure of his Prize, and poor Miss made no Doubt of her Conquest.

THEY parted very good Friends, and in full Hopes ; but before the Colonel went out he begged Permission to visit now and then the lovely *Eliza*, and made such a fine Compliment upon her Wit and Beauty, that the Mercer, as well as his Daughter, thought he was fairly in for it ; and the old Fool fancied it would be a mighty fine Thing to have a Colonel for his Son-in-law, so recommended earnestly to his Daughter, who wanted no prompting, to be mighty complaisant.

THE Colonel returned next Day magnificently dressed, had a *tete a tete* with *Mademoiselle*, declared his Passion with all the Symptoms of a Man deeply smitten, fell on his Knees, crossed his Hands over his Breast, looked languishing and silly, and begged she  
would

would pity his poor distracted Heart. Miss blushed and held out for a While, but at last told him very sincerely, I do believe, that she wished all he said might be true. Here *Monsieur le Colonel* called all the Gods and Goddesses to witness the Sincerity of his Flame, and sealed his Protestations with glewed Lips to Miss's fair Hand, which she, poor Girl, had not Strength, nor I fancy Inclination, to retire: Thus they went on for several Days, during which the Colonel acted the perfect Lover, with so much Dexterity, that poor Miss was over Head and Ears in Love, and dreamed of nothing but a Priest and a Wedding Ring.

As nothing pleases a Woman's Vanity more than that her Conquests should make a Noise, *Eliza* resolved that her's should remain no longer a Secret, and therefore went to visit Miss *Teresa* a Neighbour and Friend, and told her all that had happened, begging she would come and see what a glorious Lover she had got; Miss *Teresa*, as she is, without dispute, one of the prettiest Girls in *Paris*, thought it an Affront to her Beauty that a fine Gentleman should fall in Love with any but herself, and therefore resolved to try the Power of her Charms upon our Colonel, who was so struck at her first Appearance, that, notwithstanding his natural Assurance which is what he excels in, he could get no farther than my God! what's this! however, that he might give no Umbrage to *Eliza*, he whispered in her Ear,  
how



how *mal à propos* this Girl comes to interrupt my Happiness.

HE then got his Tongue a little untied, and said all the fine Things that he had either read or could think of, and before he left the House got Permission to pay his Respects to *Teresa* at an Aunt's House with whom she lived, having neither Father nor Mother ; but to make a long Story short, for I fear you are already tired with my Colonel's Amours, I shall only tell you that poor *Eliza* was abandoned by this roving Warrior, I mean he loved her no longer though he continued his Visits, and protested as much as ever, but *Teresa* was the Idol of his Heart. He resolved to debauch her first, and with that View went two Days after he had seen her at *Eliza's* to her Aunt's House, and in a very solemn Manner asked the old Lady's Permission to make his Addresses to her Niece, with an Intention to marry her if he was so happy as to gain her Consent ; adding, that her Fortune was a Thing very indifferent to him since he had enough of his own to support them both.

THE old Woman mightily pleased with the Behaviour and Person of her Niece's Lover, told him that she was very sensible of the Honour he did them ; and that if her Niece would follow her Advice he would meet with no Obstacles to the Accomplishment of his Wishes ; upon which she rose from her Chair, and conducted him to *Teresa's*

*resa*'s Chamber, where she left him, under Pretence of some pressing Business.

MADAM, said he, when the Aunt was gone, I believe you are too clear-sighted not to have perceived the sudden Effects of your Charms when I had the Honour of seeing you at *Eliza*'s; I am now come to assure you that from that Moment I lost my Liberty, and greedily loaded myself with your Chains; hitherto I have rambled from Fair to Fair and had no matrimonial Designs; but you have at last fixed my roving Disposition, and if my Person and Fortune are not disagreeable to you, I offer you both, and shall reckon the Possession of the charming *Teresa* the only Blessing that can make me happy.

YOUR Declaration, Sir, answered she, would very much surprize me did I imagine it to be serious, but I know that it is the usual Practice of the Gentlemen of the Army to make Love to every Woman they meet with; they look upon this to be an indispensable Point of Gallantry, and we are, generally speaking, Fools enough to fancy that our Merit produces this Effect; but I must beg Leave to tell you, that I am far from imagining that every Man who sees me must give up his Liberty, and become my Slave; besides, Sir, how is this amorous Declaration of yours consistent with your Protestations to my Friend *Eliza*? If you are serious with me you betray her; and I have a better Opinion of your Sincerity than  
to

to think you capable of such a Treachery ; but supposing it otherwise, and that my Charms, as you call them, had brought about this miraculous Change, can you harbour such a mean Opinion of me as to imagine I would supplant my Friend, and rob her of what she has a better Right to than I can pretend.

I own, Madam, replied he, that I have said some tender soft Things to *Eliza*, but I believe she will not venture to say that I ever made Use of the Word Marriage; or made the least Insinuation that my Visits were upon that footing ; so that all she can lay to my Charge is some loose Declarations of Love which Custom authorizes.

VERY well, said she, I have a strong Inclination to believe you ; but before I go farther, Friendship obliges me to know *Eliza's* Sentiments, and if I find that she can survive your Loss, I don't know but I may capitulate upon fair and honourable Terms ; in the mean Time, I beg you'll retire and not come near this House for a Week, by that Time I shall be determined whether I will stand a Siege or hang out a Flag of Truce. I obey you, Madam, cried the Colonel in an amorous Transport, but remember that I am resolved to gain the Fort or die in the Attempt ; so made his Bow and walked off.

*Teresa*



*Teresa* had no Patience till she was with her Friend, and was in such a Hurry that she forgot her Fan and Gloves, and even the little killing Patch under the left Eye. She bounced in upon *Eliza*, whom she found, poor Girl, hammering out, with great Toil and Labour, something in the Verse Way upon her dear dear faithful Son of *Mars*.

PARDON, my Dear, said she, — but now I think on't — Dear Gentleman, pardon my spinning out this trifling Story to such an extravagant Length. I have been led, I don't know how, from one thing to another contrary to my Intention, and I am afraid very much contrary to your Satisfaction ; but I will hasten my Pace, and go through what remains with all possible Expedition. Well, I see by a Nod of Approbation that you give me Leave to go on ; but, by way of a second Digression, it will be proper to tell you, because you'll no doubt wonder how I came to know every Word of their Conversations, that I had the whole Story from *Teresa's* own Mouth, and that I have a wonderful good Memory. Now to my Story.

PARDON, my Dear, said she, my Intrusion at a Time when you are busy in writing --- what --- as I hope to live --- Verses ---- why then with your good Leave, Shepherdes, I must and will know the happy Swain. Ah ! *Teresa*, said the languishing *Eliza*, excuse my Weakness, you know the

Cause. Ay, I know the Cause; and the dear Cause was telling me just now that I must make Verses too. What do you mean you mad Creature, said mournful *Eliza*? Why, I mean to ask you a few Questions, to which I desire categorical Answers.

DID ever the Colonel tell you that he loved you? Yes. Did he ever say that he intended to marry you? No. What would you say if I named a Person to whom he has not only made strong Declarations of Love, but pressed her hard to go before a Priest? I should say that I am deceived and that he's a Traitor; but pray who is this happy Nymph? I am, Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient humble Servant, and the Goddess to whom your Colonel pays his Adorations.

ARE you in Jest or Earnest, *Teresa*? In Earnest, Child, in downright Earnest: I resolve to revenge his Treachery to you by the terrible Punishment of Matrimony with me; and don't you think I act the Part of a Friend? Why, Madam, said *Eliza*, if you are in Jest your Raillery is unseasonable, and if in Earnest, you might have spared yourself the Trouble of coming to insult me.

WELL observed, upon my Reputation; I greet you well, my dear *Eliza*; and if we never meet Maids blame your faithful Warrior; with that she made a very low Courtesy

tesy and walk'd with a regimental Pas towards the Door. Go base Woman, cried *Eliza* in a terrible Fury, and take this along with you, that I never desire to see your Face, Maid, Wife, or Widow.

WHEN the noble Colonel had regularly performed Quarantine he came to know his Fate, and as it often happens with Lovers who are deeply smitten, the poor Gentleman quite lost the Use of his Tongue, and could not for his Life get farther than Madam I come — I see so, Sir, said *Teresa* laughing, and I hope it is with a Design to draw me out of a terrible Scrape. You must know that *Eliza* is in great Rage against me, to whom she attributes your Infidelity, and she takes on so heavily that I am afraid the poor Creature will die, but I would not willingly be the Cause of her Death; so pull up your noble Courage, good Colonel, and return to your old Love. I can tell you for your Encouragement that she loves you passionately, and I but very moderately; that she's constant, kind and good-natured, and that I am fickle, peevish and extravagant; put her and her Qualities in one Scale, and me and mine in another, and wed me then if you dare.

'Tis a Soldier's Trade, Madam, to dare Dangers and despise them; if you are peevish I will be kind, if you are extravagant I will gently advise you: Come, my dear



*Teresa*, let us for once take a Leap in the dark, and tie ourselves for better and for worse. Fair enough I vow, cried she ; but what shall we do with poor *Eliza* ? I cannot must not break her Heart, — But after all, I think I must not break yours neither, nor die an old Maid.

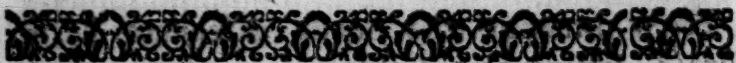
WELL --- no --- yes --- ay, ay, it must and it shall be so. — I will send her a Challenge to fight me with Sword and Pistol ; if she accepts, I certainly kill her, if she refuses, you certainly leave her ; for no Officer can rank with a Coward : How do you like my Scheme, Sir ? But indifferently, Madam ; for if you should fall ! Why true — I must have one Week more to think of that, so farewell dear Colonel till this Day Seven-night, when I shall expect to have the Pleasure of seeing you again ; and I hope then to give you ocular Demonstration that I can stand a Thrust, or a Brace of Bullets, without bodily Harm. But Madam ——— No Buts, Colonel, but march, for I command.

THE poor Slave went out muttering, what an imperious whimsical Devil have we got here ; but when all is said and done, I am so woefully in Love with this Mrs. Madcap, that I believe I shall be Fool enough to marry her if nothing else will do.

Now

Now imagine the Scene discovers Miss *Teresa*, sitting at a Table in a very pensive Posture, and speaking to herself; for the Women you know often do such Things: “ O Love, cried she, sighing! O Friendship, added she, weeping! ” But you’ll perhaps ask me, how do you know that she sighed and weeped; my Answer is ready, she told me so and I have Reason to believe it.

WELL, O Love! O Friendship! O Colonel! O *Eliza*! what terrible Havock do you make in my poor divided Heart! Shall I basely betray my Friend? No. Shall I break my own Heart? As little. What then? Let me see; the Man loves me and I love him, that’s true; *Eliza* loves the Colonel and he loves not her, that is as true; now by the Rule of Proportion, where the Odds is two to one the Game ought to be given up, that’s to say, it is as evident as Demonstration can make it, that Mrs. *Eliza*’s Pretensions to the Colonel are not equal to mine; and yet I cannot get it out of my Head but that I wrong her: Come, I must write her a Letter, her Answer will, perhaps, determine me one Way or other; if it is moving, I shall for ought I know desire the Colonel to move off, and if it is provoking I will marry him out of meer Spite; so to Work she went and wrote the following ludicrous Letter, of which she took a Copy; and here it is, writ with her own Hand: reads.



*To Mrs. ELIZA.*

**W**ERE I not one of the best natured Creatures alive, I should make your Ladyship heartily repent your late Behaviour; but I consider that, in your Case, it is not an easy Matter to keep one's Temper, and therefore I have so far got the better of my Resentment as to consult with you how I am to behave with your Colonel, who lays so close Siege to me, that I believe he will at last force me to surrender, unless you can fall upon some Stratagem to make him abandon the Attempt.

HE solemnly protests he never loved you, nor had the least Intention to marry you, and swears lustily that he must and will have me. The Man, I know, is a consummate Rake, but I am so good a Christian that I intend to make him my Husband, meerly for his Conversion. You know by your own Experience, dear Madam, that we all love to have Husbands. Here's a Man who loves me, and the Devil's in't if I don't cure him of his rambling.

Now, if out of Complaisance, or rather for the Sake of Interest, he should marry you, what will be the Consequence? Why truly, my Gentleman having no Goust for the  
Nuptial



Nuptial Bed, will continue his former Course of Life and doubly damn himself, so that by marrying me he goes to Heaven, and if he marries you he goes you know where.

PRITHEE consult thy Conscience, or rather thy Confessor, and ask whether it be lawful for a Woman to indulge sensual Appetites at the Expence of a Man's Soul; and if he gives it under his Hand that she may, take him with all my Heart; but if otherwise, let me save his Soul, and you will very much oblige

*Your most humble Servant,*

TERESA.



ELIZA's Answer.

I Have no Notion, Madam, that a Woman who betrays her Friend is capable of loving or being loved by a Husband. If the Colonel is so mad as to marry a Creature of your Character, when the Honey Month is over, he will, no doubt, think himself you know where; and I am apt to believe that he will give more than ever into all Manner of Debauchery.

I shall not give myself the Trouble to consult my Confessor upon the Matter; but if you will consult your own Conscience,  
it

224      *The* TRAVELS *of*

it will or ought to check you for your base  
and treacherous Behaviour to

*Your once sincere Friend,*

*ELIZA.*

WHEN *Teresa* got this Letter she tore it to Pieces, and vowed she'd have the Man, *coute qui coute, cost what it would*; and when he came to know what was to be his Fate, she told him that having maturely considered the Case she was resolved to make him her Lord and Master upon two Conditions: The first, that he would promise upon his Honour that he would be faithful to his Marriage Vows at least for one Year, and the next that he would visit *Eliza*, and declare that he never intended to marry her.

THE Colonel jumped for Joy, and would have promised to hang any body but himself to please her. He exactly performed what regarded *Eliza*, and that poor Lady had the Mortification to see herself abandoned by a Man whom she still loved; she behaved, however, while the Colonel was with her, as if she did not at all value the Loss of him; but this was all Grimace, for when he was gone she burst out in Tears, and for some Days wept herself almost blind.

In the mean Time the Colonel and Miss *Teresa* were advancing apace towards Matrimony,

mony, at least as she thought ; and one Morning, as she was taking more than usual Pains at her Toilet, with a Design, no doubt, to look charming when her Lover came, his Servant brought her the following Letter.



*To Miss TERESA.*

**T**HOU' I could risk my own Life and Fortune for the Possession of the lovely *Teresa*, and am certain that my future Happiness or Misery depends upon it ; yet I cannot think of doing a Thing which might prove of very bad Consequence to the dear Charmer of my Soul without first acquainting her.

Know then, my dear *Teresa*, that Passion having hitherto given me no Time to reflect, I have been hurried on without thinking of an essential Obstacle to my Happiness ; but now that nothing scarce remains but the Ceremony of the Church to unite us for ever ; I begin to think seriously of a married State, which naturally leads me to consider whether an Uncle, whose Heir I am, and on whom I intirely depend, will be satisfied with this Match. As he is the most avaricious Man alive, he will never give his Consent to my marrying a Woman without Fortune ; and if I should commit Matrimony without consulting



sulting him, he would certainly settle his Succession without consulting me. What to do in this intricate Case is the Question.

SHALL I make the charming *Teresa* miserable, which must be the Consequence, considering the Load of Debt that lies upon my Estate, more indeed than it is worth, though the World believes quite otherwise? No, that would be base and ungenerous. Shall I, on the other Hand, give up my Pretensions, and thereby render myself the most miserable of all Men? That Thought is killing and I cannot bear it. I see but one Way of reconciling Love and Interest, and that is private Marriage, which must be concealed like Murder, till it pleases God to call the old Gentleman to himself, who being now upwards of Fourscore, must by the Course of Nature soon decamp.

If you tell me that I must wait till his Death happens, I shall conclude that you neither love me, nor are persuaded of the Sincerity of my Passion, and how unhappy should I be in either of the Cases: For Heaven's Sake consult with your Aunt; if her Opinion is favourable, you will be sufficiently authorised to come into my Proposal; and if otherwise, I must sacrifice my own Happiness to the Regard which I have for the charming *Teresa*; but I would fain flatter myself that Ladies of your Aunt's and your good Sense will consider my unhappy Case, and that my Scheme is what is daily practised;

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 227

tised ; for which Reason the complying with it can bring no Reflection upon her or you. I shall wait with great Impatience, but not without Dread, the Return of the Bearer, which will probably determine the Fate of

*Your faithful Slave,*

The Chevalier DE MENILLE.



TERESA'S *Answer.*

**M**ATRIMONY under easy Circumstances is tolerable, but Love and Poverty seldom dwell together. While we are very fond of one another we may put up with a bad Dinner, but once the fiery Age is off farewell Love. I believe neither you nor I, good Sir, are so intoxicated with it as to jump headlong into the Gulf of Matrimony ; so that before the fatal Knot is tied, we will think a little Consideration is necessary ; for my Part, I am just now going to consult with my Aunt, who will tell you herself, if you call here this Afternoon, whether she thinks you and I can live upon Love.

ADIEU.

THE

THE Colonel did not well know what to make of this Letter; but resolved, in all Events, to feel the Aunt's Pulse, whom he found more tractable than he imagined. In short every thing was settled, and the two Lovers were to be married next Evening by a Priest of the Colonel's chusing, who to avoid Scruples which he might have met with from the regular Clergy, got the Affair done by one of his own Mermidons, who knew the Form; and by Virtue of that sacrilegious Benediction took Possession of the lovely *Teresa*, with whom he cohabited about eight Days, and then pretended an Obligation of going to his Uncle's Country Seat, about a Hundred Miles from *Paris*, where he would be obliged to remain a Fortnight or three Weeks. Eight Days Possession of one Woman was a new and a very insipid Thing to our Colonel.

*Teresa* had already lost all her Charms; *Eliza* not yet enjoyed was now the Darling of his Heart; and being fully resolved to wed her in the same Manner he had *Teresa*, he went to his own Lodgings and wrote her the following Letter.





To Mrs. ELIZA.

MADAM,

'TIS impossible to conceive how I have been bewitched with that coquettish Creature *Teresa*, whose irregular Conduct has at last opened my Eyes, shewing me at the same Time how much I have been deluded by that whimsical Gypsie, and with what monstrous Ingratitude I have treated the kind and generous *Eliza*; but could Bitterness and Anguish of Heart obtain Forgiveness, and restore me to the Favour which I have unworthily lost, no Punishment that you could inflict could equal the Torture I'm just now under.

It is indeed surprising with what Rapidity and Obstinacy I plunged into the Gulf, from whence without a happy Accident I could never have been delivered; but what will my Deliverance signify, if the fair *Eliza* has withdrawn that Affection which, before I was mad, she was pleased to bestow upon me, and which made me perfectly happy.

O *Teresa*! *Teresa*! to what a wretched Condition hast thou reduced me, and how shall I struggle against the Storm that now rages in my throbbing Breast! If my dear injured *Eliza* can but pardon, all will be

well yet ; but if otherwise, I am lost, for ever lost.

To-morrow I shall be close by you at the Church of the *Cordeliers* ; and when you are putting up fervent Prayers to Heaven for the Pardon of your Offences, my languishing Eyes shall put you in mind that to be forgiven you must forgive ; and I hope Religion will supply the Want of Love to which I have no more any just Claim. Alas ! just Claim ! Can he who has so basely broke through all the Rules of Honour and Gratitude pretend to any such Thing ? No, my dear *Eliza*, I have wantonly forfeited your Esteem ; and if ever I am restored to Favour, Compassion alone must plead the Cause of the unfortunate.

Chevalier DE MENILLE.



To the Chevalier DE MENILLE.

THERE are few Women who would not, in my Case, be glad of so favourable an Opportunity of revenging Injuries ; but I have a different Way of thinking, and if your future Behaviour answers  
swers

swers to your present Proteſtations, you may ſtill have Pretenſions to the Favour of

*ELIZA.*

*P. S.* I ſhall examine your Looks To-morrow, and ſhall be glad to read your Converſion in them.

*VICTORIA*, cried the Warrior, upon Receipt of this Billet; ſhe jumps at the Bait; and I will jump at ſomething elſe before I'm many Days older.

THEY met next Day in the Church, where, after a little tender Chat, another Rendezvous at the Convent of the *Gray-Friars* was appointed, and here the Colonel finiſhed the Work of his Reconciliation; but told her, that it would not be proper he ſhould appear at her Father's Houſe, nor be ſeen with her for ſome Days, till he had got ſome Letters and Jewels out of *Tereſa's* Hands. In ſhort they met ſometimes at one Place and ſometimes at another, always with great Precautions for fear of Spies.

AT laſt, when he judged that Things were ripe for Execution, he told *Eliza* that he had a rich Uncle, who was to leave him his Eſtate, but was ſo infatuated with Chimeras of Nobility, that he would never conſent to his marrying a Merchant's Daughter; for which Reaſon, he propoſed their marry-



ing privately, and not to declare their Marriage till after his Uncle's Death, which probably would very soon happen, he being extremely old.

*Eliza* was a little startled at this Proposal, and told him that she could come to no Resolution in an Affair of this Consequence without her Father's Advice; but the Colonel answered hastily, that if she insisted on advising with her Father, the Project must miscarry for many Reasons too long to be repeated.

AT last, poor *Eliza's* Heart could stand out no longer against the pressing Sollicitations of this perfidious Man; she sighed, dropped a few Tears, and told him, she was ready to give him her Hand when ever he pleased. He expressed his Joy, no doubt, with all the Raptures of a happy Lover.

THE next Night they were married by the same Operator whom he had already employed and the Colonel was introduced privately for five or six Nights into *Eliza's* Apartment. But when she thought herself secure and happy in the Possession of a lovely Husband, behold an Order, I mean a pretended one, from Court appears, and hurries the disconsolate Colonel to *Alsace*, where the Regiment was then in Quarters.

You may judge of the terrible Condition of both the Ladies at their neither seeing nor  
hearing

hearing from their Husband for three Months, but this was nothing compared to their Consternation when at last, by some Accident or other, they discovered that they were both married and with Child to the same Man. I am told they both intend to prosecute him before the Parliament; and where this odd Affair will end Time only can discover.

HERE our News, or rather Scandal-monger, ended his Story, and both the Count and I were heartily glad of it, because neither of us were very fond of such Adventures; for my own Part I scarce had Patience to hear it out, and have so mean an Opinion of the *Dramatis Personæ* that I don't think them worthy of my Remarks, and leave my Readers to judge of them as they think proper.

THE Arrival of a Gentleman who had come to *Paris*, in the Retinue of the *Portuguese* Ambassador, and with whom the Count was acquainted, made our Historian decamp, which gave me great Pleasure; for I hate all those Creatures who make it their constant Trade to dive into the Secrets of Families with a Design to expose their Failings.

THIS *Portuguese* Gentleman told us, that the Water-works of *Versailles*, *Marli*, and *Trianon*, were to play next Day for the Ambassador. As I had never seen these glorious Monuments of our Sovereign's Vanity displaying their aqueous Wonders, I expressed

234      *The* TRAVELS *of*

some Curiosity to see them ; and the Count, tho' he had already seen them playing, was so complaisant as to say, that his Lady and he would accompany me ; and he invited the *Portuguese* Gentleman to make a Fourth in his Coach, which he accepted.

THOUGH I have once and again told my Readers that they must not expect Descriptions from me ; yet, lest they should suspect my Capacity, I will lead them through the Gardens in Triumph. But I think it would be preposterous to bring them there without telling them something of the Palace, which in *Lewis* the Thirteenth's Time was but an indifferent Building, being then only a Rendezvous for Hunting Matches ; for there was but a single Building, with a Front, two Wings with four Pavilions at the End of them, and this with a Park and *Menagerie* belonging to it. But *Lewis XIV.* intending to keep his Residence with a great Court here, began in 1661 to environ the old Castle with one far more magnificent, and built *Hotels* or Palaces for Persons of Quality, at some Distance from it ; and upon the *Avenue of Paris* is built a very regular Borough, both for the Plan and uniform Disposition of Houses.

THOUGH the old Castle had its Paintings, and was enriched with other Embellishments, yet the King not judging it proportionable to the Magnificence of the new, pulled down the back Part in 1678, which has much  
graced



## Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 235

graced the new, there being now a fair Sight of the Beauty of its Apartments, adorned with the finest Paintings and Sculpture of the ablest Masters of our Age.

THE finest Front, as I have already said, is next the Gardens, on which Side there is a magnificent Portico, supported by Marble Pillars, and floored with Marble an hundred Yards in length; and the Gardens themselves are not to be paralleled; all the beautiful Models that *Italy* or the World affords were considered, in order to render them the most perfect of any thing of that kind; the Water-works especially are inimitable.

THE Fountain of the Pyramid, the Cascade of the Water-alley, the Triumphal Arch, the Dragon Fountain, the Pavilion Fountain, the Water-bower, the Fens, Theatre, Basen of *Ceres*, the Water-mountain, the Basen of *Flora*, the Banqueting Hall, *Apollo's* Basen near the Grand Canal, the Island of Love, the Basen of *Saturn*, the Basen of *Bacchus*, the Basen of *Latona*, the Labyrinth and the Water *Parterre*, require a more artful Hand to describe them, and perhaps nothing but an actual View can furnish us with an adequate Idea of their various Beauties. The Groves, Grottos, Labyrinths and Orangeries also are exquisitely contrived.

THE

THE great Canal is Sixteen hundred Yards long and Sixty-four broad, on which there are several Yachts and Galleys, in which the Court sometimes divert themselves.

TOWARDS the Middle of the Grand Canal is another which crosses it, at one End whereof is the Menagery well stocked with all Manner of wild Beasts ; and at the other End is the beautiful little Palace of *Trianon*.

THE Water which supplies these Gardens is brought from the *Seine*, a League and a Half distant from *Versailles*, being carried to an Aqueduct of Thirty-six Arches, standing on the Top of a Hill, by a prodigious Machine, which costs about Twenty-five thousand Pounds *per Annum* to keep in Repair : From the Reservoir the Water is conveyed by large Iron Pipes to the Fountains and Canals in the Gardens of *Versailles* and *Marli*.

IT is a common Observation, that if the King had chosen a proper Situation where there was Plenty of Water, these Works would not have cost a tenth Part of the Money they did ; but it was to shew his Grandeur, or rather his Vanity, that he made Choice of a Place which had no Water near it, to erect the finest Water-works in the World, and which nothing but a boundless Treasure could have

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 237

have effected ; but our good Monarch by most extravagant Expences at home, and unnecessary War abroad, proposed to eternize his Memory, and acquire a Reputation equal to any of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*.

WHEN we had taken a cursory View of all the surprising Objects, that from Step to Step presented themselves in this Paradise, we at last reached *Tranon*, which may be called a Summer-house to the Gardens of *Versailles*, when you are in this enchanted Place you would be apt to think you were transported to *China* ; for here you see Rooms lined with Porcelain or China, instead of Wainscot, and Floors laid with it.

I could not enter the Cabinet of Mirrors, nor throw my Eyes on the Coach where Miss *Scarron* made an Attempt, or rather seemed to make an Attempt, upon the good Jesuit's Virtue ( for the Reader may remember that all the Advances she made were concerted with Madam *Maintenon* ) without laughing, which the Countess *de Saluce* observing, asked the Reason, and I promised to inform her when we were by ourselves.

THE *Portuguese* Embassador, and all his Company, took Coach at *Tranon*, and went to *Marli*, which is another Palace built by *Lewis XIV.* between *Versailles* and *St. Germain*, containing one large Pavilion and twelve little ones, six on each Side. The  
Situation



238 *The* TRAVELS of

Situation is lofty and extremely pleasant, but the Buildings are not comparable to *Triannon*. The Water-works are very beautiful, being supplied from the same Reservoir that furnishes *Versailles*; and the grand Cascade resembles a River tumbling from a Precipice; the Basons below it are adorned with Groups of Figures, and the Gardens afford such a Variety of pleasing Objects that the late King and Madam *Maintenon* chose to spend a great Part of their Leisure Hours here.

WE took *Meudon* and *St. Cloud* in our Way back to *Paris*, the former the Residence of the late Dauphin, and the latter the Seat of the Duke of *Orleans*. Though both of them richly deserve particular Descriptions for their natural and artificial Beauties; yet as I am quite cloyed with the Wonders of this Day, and I believe my Readers quite tired with following me about, I will give them and myself too a little Respite.

As I am often liable to Fits of the Spleen, and at those Times profoundly dull, my Readers may guess that it is so with me just now when I have no better Entertainment to offer them than an old tedious Tale about *Paris*; but once more let me tell the young Folks, that my Writings are calculated for sedate old Age as well as frolicksome Youth, and that I would rather please one old Man of Sense than twenty young Fools, with whom nothing can go down but Romances, Novels, and Love Adventures; but if I  
entertain

entertain them now and then in the ludicrous merry Strain, I must not quite forget to please myself and others with something solid and useful, and for that Reason I must beg their Leave to put down the following Account of *Paris*, which I copied out of an old Book.

*Paris* upon the *Seine* in the Isle of *France* is one of the fairest and greatest Cities in the World. Authors cannot agree as to the original Name, or who was the Founder of it ; but if we will believe *Eusebius* it is older than *Rome*. *Julius Cæsar* speaks of *Paris* as well as *Julian* the Apostate, who staid in it a great while during his Residence in *Gaul*. The *Latin* and *Greek* Names of it are various, as *Lutetia*, *Leucetia*, *Leucotetia*, *Parisi* and *Lutetia Parisiorum*.

*Paris*, was formerly divided into three Parts, the City, Town, and University. The City is very ancient, built in an Isle formed by the River *Seine*, where yet may be seen the two old Gates, which are the Great and Little *Chatelet*, the Names of Prisons.

WHAT is most considerable in it are, the Metropolitan Church of *Notre-dame* or *Virgin Mary*, *La Sainte Chapelle* or *Holy Chapel*, with several other Churches, and the Palace where the Parliament and other Sovereign Courts hold their Sessions : This Palace was the ancient Residence of the Kings, and the Hall of *St. Louis* may yet

240      *The* TRAVELS *of*

yet be seen in the Conciergerie or Prison there.

THE Town that lies to the north Part is lower than the rest, and built last ; it has eight Gates, is crowded with Inhabitants, and contains a vast Number of Churches, Palaces, &c.

THE most famous Building in this Quarter is the *Louvre*, the King's ordinary Residence since *Lewis XII.* *Philip the August* began this sumptuous Edifice in 1214, to lay up his Treasure and Records therein, and to imprison Persons of Quality. *Charles V.* repaired and enlarged it ; and afterwards there were Additions made to it by *Francis I.* *Henry II.* *Charles IX.* *Henry IV.* *Lewis XIII.* and *Lewis XIV.*

NOT far from the *Louvre* is the *Cardinal's Palace*, called now the *Palace Royal*, which was built by the Cardinal and Duke of *Richelieu*.

I shall not trouble the Reader with a Description of the Palaces of the Princes of the Blood, and many others belonging to the Nobility, nor say any Thing but barely to mention the *Arsenal*, *Bastile*, the *Great and Little Chatelet*, the University which *Monsieur de Balsac* called the *Latin Country*, and others the *City of Learning*, nor about the other Colleges built by regular and secular Persons,



## Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 241

Persons, reckoned in all to be above Sixty, with about 8000 Scholars.

THE Parliament of *Paris* is the first in the Kingdom. *Philip the Fair* fixed it, and established the Chamber of *Inquests*, which *Charles VIII.* divided into two, and appointed the *Tournelle* \*.

THE Chamber of *Inquests* was afterwards divided into five ; *Francis I.* created that of the *Demefnes* ; and *Henry III.* added that of the *Requests* of the *Palace*. The *Court des Comptes*, or a Sort of Exchequer, where the *Finances* and *Demefnes* of the King are registered and taken Care of, was erected at *Paris* at the same Time as the Parliament was.

*Charles VI.* established the *Court of Aids* in 1355 ; *Henry II.* added a *Chamber* thereto, and *Lewis XIII.* afterwards added a third.

THE *Treasury Chamber* is the Jurisdiction of the *Treasurers General* of *France* ; and the *Constable*, *Marshals* of *France*, the *Admiral*, the *Great Masters Inquisitors*, and *Reformers* of the *Waters* and *Forrests* have their Jurisdictions at the *Marble Table*.

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\* The Criminal Court.

THE Bailly of the Palace hath his Chamber or Court in the Grand Hall.

IN the Cloister of *St. Germain de Lauxerrois* without the Palace Walls sits the Great Provost of the Household ; and in the grand *Chatelet* is held the Court for administering Justice, and managing the Affairs of this great City ; where also the *Provost* of the Merchants and *Echevins*, or Mayor and Sheriffs meet for the Dispatch of Business under their Direction.

THERE'S another Court of Justice superior to all these mentioned above, which is the King's Council, and is divided into the Council of State, Exchequer, and *Le Conseil des parties*, or a Sort of Court of Chancery which receives Appeals in several Cases.

THE Council of State is composed of Persons whom the King is pleased to call to it, and are called Ministers of State.

THE Council of the Finances consists of a Super-intendant or Comptroller-general, Intendants, Comptrollers, Registers, and other Officers.

*Le Conseil des Parties* is composed of the Chancellor, Counsellors of State, and Masters of Requests.

WERE

WERE I to give a Description of its Churches, Convents, Hospitals, Colleges, Squares, Bridges, Gates and Suburbs, it would take up a whole Volume; but the *Palace des Victoires* deserves, not only for Grandeur of the Square itself, but also for a Monument of human Vanity erected in it, to be particularly taken Notice of.

THIS Square is called *Place des Victoires*, because of a curious Statue there of *Lewis XIV.* crown'd by a *Victory*, with a great many Bas-Reliefs, representing the most remarkable Victories of this Prince. This Statue was erected by the Duke *De la Feuillade*, Marshal of *France*, &c. in the Year 1686; 'tis Brass gilt, standing upon a Pedestal of white Marble streaked, Twenty-two Foot high, supported by four Slaves, and ornamented by Trophies and Bas-Reliefs of Brass, representing the most remarkable Passages and Actions of his Majesty's Reign.

THE Groupe of this Statue consists of three Figures, the King in his royal Robes being the principal; the next a *Victory*, who, standing behind him, puts a Crown upon his Head; and the third a three-headed *Cerberus* lying at his Feet.

THE King's Statue is thirteen Foot high, and *Cerberus* at his Feet represents the *Triple League* over which that Monarch is supposed to triumph: The *Victory* has one Foot upon



244 *The TRAVELS of*

a Globe, in a rising Posture, and another in the Air ; she spreads her Wings for a Flight and crowns the King as she *sweeps* along.

THIS Groupe altogether, with the Globe, *Hercules's* Club, the Lion's Skin and Helmet, weighs about Thirty thousand Weight, and yet was cast at one single *running*, which makes it one of the most curious Pieces of the Kind that the World can produce. But the Allies once threatened hard to come and demolish it, and had not a seasonable Peace stopt their Journey, I believe they would have been as good as their Word.

THE *University* which gives Name to that Part of the City which is situated on the South-side the River *Seine*, the *Parisiens* pretend is one of the most ancient in *Europe*, and that it formerly consisted of an hundred Colleges, though there are but Fifty-four Houses at present that bear that Name, and of these not more than ten where Exercises are performed, viz. 1. *Navarre*. 2. *Du Plessis*, which prepares the Students for the *Sorbonne*. 3. The College of *Harcourt*. 4. The College of *Beauvois*. 5. The College of the Cardinal *Moine*. 6. The College *de la Marche*. 7. The College *de Lisieux*. 8. The College *de Mantague*. 9. The College *de Grassins*. And 10. The College of the four Nations or *Mazarin's* College.

IN

IN this *University* are professed Divinity, Law, Physic, and the Liberal Arts, comprehending Humanity, Languages, and Philosophy. The *Sorbonne*, and the College of *Navarre*, are appropriated chiefly to Divinity.

THE Schools for Law are in the College of *Cambray*; and the Physicians have a noble Anatomical Theatre in the Street de *Boutherie*, and a Hall where they read Lectures.

THE *Sorbonne*, esteemed one of the finest Colleges in *Europe*, not only on Account of its Buildings, but the learned Doctors who inhabit it, received its Name from *Robert de Sorbonne* its Founder, and made but a very mean Appearance till Cardinal *Richelieu* rebuilt and beautified it. The Church is a very elegant Structure, and has this Inscription over the Portal, viz.

DEO OPT. MAX. ARMANDUS  
CARDINALIS DE RICHELIEU.

It has a Dome and four Towers; and on the Side of the Court next the House is a handsome Portico, ascended by sixteen Steps, where we read another Inscription, viz.

*Armandus Joannis Card. Dux de Richelieu,  
Sorbonæ Provisor, ædificavit Domum,  
et exaltavit Templum Sanctum  
Domino 1642.*

THE Inside of the Church is adorned with Pilasters of the *Corinthian* Order, between which are Niches filled with Statues of Angels and Apostles ; the Dome is finely painted, and the high Altar adorned with six Marble Pillars of the *Corinthian* Order, their Bases and Chapiters Brass gilt ; and on it is placed a fine Crucifix of white Marble, esteemed an admirable Piece of Workmanship.

THE Tomb of the Cardinal is in the Middle of the Choir, on which he is represented in an almost cumbent Posture, supported by Religion and the afflicted Sciences weeping at his Feet.

THE Library is a handsome Fabric, extremely well furnished with Manuscripts as well as printed Books, having the Cardinal's Picture at one End of the Room, and his Bust in Brass at the other. The Fathers and School Divines are regularly placed one after another, with their respective Annotators under them.

THE College contains Apartments for Thirty-six Doctors ; those who are admitted amongst them before they have obtained  
their



*Mademoiselle de Richelieu.* 247

their Doctor's Degree, are only said to be of the Hospitality of *Sorbonne* and not of the Society.

AFTER the Students have attended public Lectures three Years, they are qualified for the Degree of Batchelors, and wear Lamb-skins and Tippetts two Years ; afterwards they are advanced to the Degree of Licentiates, when they are generally made Opponents to those who come for their Doctor's Degree : Transubstantiation, the Trinity, and Incarnation, are frequently the Topics on which they dispute ; and in these Debates it is observed, that they take almost as much Liberty as they would in Protestant Countries.

THE *University of Paris*, according to their own Writers, was founded about the latter End of the Eleventh Century. Their first Statutes were instituted *Anno* 1215 by *Robert Corceon* Legate of the Holy See, in which Time there is no Mention made of any other Faculties, but Arts, Philosophy and Divinity.

*Innocent III.* introduced the Canon Law about the Year 1236 ; and it appears by a Bull of Pope *Gregory's* *Anno* 1231, that there were Physicians then Members of this University ; Canon Law was only read in the University till the last Century, when Lectures were instituted for the Civil Law, and the common Law of the Nation, their  
Schools

Schools being first founded for the Liberal Arts only.

THE Head of the University, who is called Rector, is always elected from that Body, and never of the other Faculties. He has the Precedence in the University of all Persons who are not Princes of the Blood; his Habit of Ceremony is a Violet coloured Gown with a Mantle of Ermins; he is elected every three Months.

THE Faculty of Arts is distributed among the four Nations. 1. The Nation of *France*. 2. The Nation of *Picardy*. 3. The Nation of *Normandy*. 4. The *German* Nation, which comprehends all foreign Nations, as *German*, *English*, *Irish*, *Italian*, and every one of them have pompous *Latin* Titles.

THIS University had formerly civil Jurisdiction; and if any one of its Members had committed a Crime, he was not answerable for it in other Courts, but the Case is otherwise now, they have lost most of their Privileges; and other Colleges, Academies, and Societies for improving Arts and Sciences, have been erected of late Years by the Royal Licence and Encouragement, in Opposition as it were to the University, which made vain Attempts to prevent it.

THE Revenues of the University which arose from a Grant of the Letter-Office were resumed

resumed by the Government, and only a Pension of Forty thousand Livres allowed to the ten Colleges, where Exercises were held till the Year 1719, when the Duke of *Orleans* by Letters Patent raised it to One hundred and twenty thousand Livres; but as they are endowed with no Land Estate, they lie wholly at the Mercy of the Government, and whenever the Court has extraordinary Occasion for Money, probably the University will have their Pension reduced. What contributes most to make Arts flourish in this University at present, is that Emulation which is between them and the other Colleges and Accademies, and an Apprehension that they may be one Day judged useles by the State, if they do not exert their Talents.

THE Colleges which have no Dependance on the University are, 1. The College Royal, founded by *Francis I.* about the Year 1531, for Philosophy, Eloquence, Mathematics, Physic, the Eastern Languages, &c. situate near the College of *Cambray*. 2. The Jesuits College, on the Front of which is written in Capitals.

#### COLLEGIUM LUDOVICI MAGNI:

Besides which the Jesuits have two other Colleges wherein they observe their own Discipline; but the Students cannot take their Degrees, unless admitted of some College in the University.

THEIR



THEIR Accademies are, 1. the *French* Accademy, which was at first only a Society of ingenious Men who met once a Week at their respective Lodgings for Conversation, who being encouraged by Cardinal *Richelieu*, attempted the improving and polishing the *French* Language; and 1635 the Accademy was established by a Royal Edict; *Lewis* XIV. appointed them an Apartment in the *Louvre* for holding their Assemblies.

THE Royal Accademy of Sciences was established by Mr. *Colbert* about the Year 1666, and is composed of the most celebrated Philosophers, Mathematicians, &c. for whose Use the King built the Royal Observatory in *St. James's* Suburb, their Institution being much of the same Kind as that of the Royal Society in *London*.

THERE was also a Royal Accademy established for Painting and Sculpture by *Lewis* XIII. and another for Architecture by *Lewis* XIV. and the *Gobelins* was erected by Royal Authority, wherein all mechanic Arts are exercised and improved, as the Manufacture of Tapestry, Mosaic Work, wrought Plate, Hard-ware, or Works of Iron, Steel, Copper or Brass, Embroidery, &c.

THE principal Libraries in *Paris* are, 1. The Royal Library, containing, as some say, about Twenty thousand Volumes of valuable Manuscripts in the Oriental *Greek*,  
Latin,

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 251

*Latin, French*, and other living and dead Languages, and about One hundred and thirty five thousand printed Volumes after it received the Addition of the Books in the King's Cabinet at *Versailles* : the same Arret of the Council of State in 1720, which ordered these Books, with the Medals and Rarities, to be transported to his Majesty's Royal Library in *Paris* expressly enjoined, that no Book or Medal should be lent out on any Pretence, but by the King's express Order ; but that all Persons, as well Foreigners as others, should be admitted to peruse the Books, &c. and accommodated with Conveniencies for their Studies.

THE Library of *St. Victor*, famous for its Manuscripts, and a great Number of excellent Books, is open to the Public three Days in a Week.

THE Library of Cardinal *Mazarin* also has been public ever since the Year 1680.

THE Library of M. *Riponfond*, Advocate of the Parliament of *Paris* was left to the Faculty of Advocates, on Condition it should be publick.

THE Library of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine has been made publick since the Year 1718.

THERE are several other excellent Libraries, which are only open to the respective Societies

252      *The* TRAVELS of

Societies to which they belong, as the Library of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, the Library of *St. Genevieve*, that of *Sorbon*, the *Jesuits*, &c.

THOUGH I am persuaded that many Persons, into whose Hands my Travels may fall, have no Occasion for such Descriptions, which they have no doubt seen more ample and exact in other Books, yet as some of my Readers may not have had Occasion to read any thing of this Kind, I shall add a few about the Hospitals, Squares, and Bridges of *Paris*.

THE Hospitals of *Paris*, which are about Thirty in Number, some founded for poor old infirm Persons, some for Foundlings, or Children whose unhappy Parents know not how to provide for them, whether legitimate or not ; others for Orphans, mad People, blind, Vagrants and Incurables ; of which the four chief are those called *Hospital-General*, the *Hotel Dieu*, the *Hospital of Charity*, and the *Hotel-Royal des Invalides*.

THE *Hospital General* is a vast Pile of Building, containing six distinct Houses ; one whereof is for poor old Women and Girls : Another for poor Families and Foundling Children, the others for poor Women sent here to lie in, Beggars, Vagrants, &c. In all the six 'tis said, there are frequently Ten thousand People, who  
are



Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 253

are employed in Work when they are well, and taken Care of when they are sick; it was finished by Cardinal *Mazarin* in 1657.

THE *Hotel Dieu* is the most ancient Hospital in *Paris*, and entertains all People who are brought thither, whether Natives or Foreigners, which occasions it very often to be too much crowded. The Sick here are attended by the Nuns of *St. Austin's* with great Care and Tenderneſs; and the Danger and Trouble of this Office making it eſteemed meritorious, the Ladies of the firſt Quality have ſometimes undertaken it, among whom was the Dutcheſs of *Nemours*, who took the Small Pox and died in it.

IN the Hospital of *Charity*, the Friars of *St. John's* perform the ſame Office as the Nuns do in the former.

THE *Hotel Royal des Invalides*, or the Royal Hospital for wounded and infirm Soldiers, is by far the moſt magnificent; it is composed of five handsome Quadrangles built of hewn Stone, of which the largeſt ſtands in the Middle of the reſt, the Squares being ſurrounded with Piazzas and Galleries above them make a very ſplendid Appearance. In the Reſectories or Halls where the Soldiers eat, are all the famous Battles and Sieges painted which were fought during the late Reign. The Chapel is magnificent, particularly the Cupola, which is adorned with admirable Paintings.

THE Officers, of whom there are usually between Four and Five hundred, lie two and two in a Chamber, each having a Bed to himself ; and the private Men, Six or Seven thousand in Number, but not all in the House at a Time, lie six or seven in a Room, but every one has a Bed to himself ; the Apothecary's Shop is extremely well contrived, and well furnished with Drugs, and the Sick are attended by the Sisters of *St. Lazarus*.

THE Officers are six in a Mace, and the common Soldiers have every Man his Portion served up to him in the common Halls ; and they are permitted to go out and negotiate their Affairs two Days in a Week.

I was by this Time quite sick with the noisome Smells of Hospitals, and therefore hastened to the *Place de Lewis le Grand* to breath a little fresh Air ; and since I am now there, Civility obliges me to tell my Readers that this Square is a large Octogon, open towards the Street of *St. Honoré*, capable of containing Ten thousand Men, and surrounded with glorious Buildings ; but the greatest Ornament is the fine Equestrian Statue of the late King *Lewis XIV.* in the Middle of it, twenty Foot in Height, and made of Brass, said to be run at one Cast ; it stands on a Marble Pedestal filled with Inscriptions, containing the great Actions of this Prince's Reign.

*A propos*, so little qualified am I to give Descriptions, that when I was giving some Account of the *Place des Victoires*, I forgot the most essential Thing which is the grand Inscription in *Latin*, and I believe my Female Readers would have forgiven me had I altogether forgot it ; but on the other hand, I consider that I have to do likewise with curious Virtuofos, who cannot pardon such an Omision ; and therefore, to keep in good Terms with them, I shall take the Trouble to put it down here though not in a very proper Place.

As I have already said, this proud Monument was erected by the Duke *De la Feuillade* to his Master's Glory in the Year 1686. The Tenor of the grand Inscription is as follows.

LUDOVICO magno, Patri exercituum & Ductori, semper felici, Domitis hostibus, protectis Sociis, adjectis Imperio fortissimis Populis, extructis ad Tutelam finium, firmissimis Arcibus. Oceano & Mediterraneo inter se junctis prædari Vetitis toto Mari Piratis : Emendatis Legibus. Deleta Calviniana Impietate ; compulsis ad Reverentiam Nominis Gentibus remotissimis, cunctisque summa Providentia, & Virtute domi forisque compositis. Franciscus Vicecomes Daubusson, Dux De la Feuillade, ex Franciæ paribus, & Tribunis Equitum unus in Alobrogibus Pro-

Z 2

rex



256      *The* TRAVELS of

*rex & Prætorianorum peditum præfectus ad  
Memoriam posteritatis sempiternum, P.D.C.*

ENGLISHED thus :

“ To *Lewis* the Great, the Father, and  
“ always successful Leader of his Armies,  
“ having subdued his Enemies, protected  
“ his Allies, added mighty People to his  
“ Empire ; builded impregnable Citadels to  
“ defend his Frontiers, joined the *Ocean*  
“ and the *Mediterranean* ; cleared the Sea  
“ of Pyrates, reformed the Laws, eradicated  
“ *Calvinistical* Impiety, compelled the  
“ remotest Nations to revere his Name, and  
“ settled all Things at home and abroad by  
“ his great Prudence and Valour : *Francis*  
“ Viscount *Aubusson*, Duke *De la Fuillade*,  
“ Peer of *France*, Colonel of Horse, Vice-  
“ roy of *Savoy*, and Captain of the Royal  
“ Guards, to perpetuate his Memory to  
“ Posterity, has erected, dedicated, and  
“ consecrated this Statue.”

Now my Hand's in, I must still beg a little Indulgence to some more dull Descriptions, for which my Readers ought rather to pity than to find Fault with me, since I can assure them with the greatest Veracity that I am heartily tired with them. But, say they, if this be the Case, why do you plague us and yourself too with such dry insipid Stuff ? Why truly, to be very ingenuous,

genuous, the Reason is plainly this : I know by myself how fond a Woman is of an entertaining Book, and that she would much rather lose her Rest than not to know the Result of a pretty Story, so that if I were not now and then a little dull, and by that Means give a little Respite, it might happen with every young Girl, into whose Hands my Travels happen to fall, as it did with a young Lady of my Acquaintance, who spoiled a pretty Pair of Eyes with poring Night and Day upon *Cassandra*, I should be very sorry any such Mischief should happen upon what drops from my Pen, and therefore Ladies divert yourselves the best Way you can, till I take a View of some Squares, Gates, and Bridges.

THE *Place Royal* is perfectly square, and one of the largest in *Paris*, about the same Dimensions as *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* in *London* ; it has a Piazza on every Side, and the Buildings are magnificent and uniform ; in the Middle of it is an Equestrian Statue of *Lewis XIII.* erected by Cardinal *Richelieu*, with several Inscriptions, expressing the most remarkable Events of his Reign.

THE Place called the *Greve* lies by the River Side ; it is here the People assemble on rejoicing Days, and likewise the Place where Offenders are executed for capital Crimes.

THE *Place Maubert* serves for holding one of the greatest Markets in *Paris*, on Wednesdays and Fridays Weekly, and lies near the *Keys de Tournelle* and *St. Bernard*.

THE principal Gates are those of *St. Denis*, *St. Martin's*, *St. Anthony's* and *St. Bernard*, which are not unlike that of *Temple-Bar* in *London*.

THAT of *St. Denis* is Seventy-two Foot broad, and of the same Height, being built after the Model of an ancient Triumphal Arch; there are two little Portails on the Sides of the great one; the largest is Twenty-four Foot in Height, and on it several *Basso Relievos* representing the *French Armies* passing the *Rhine*, *Waal*, &c. with a vain Latin Inscription.

THE Gate of *St. Martin* was built in the Year 1674, after the same Model as that of *St. Denis*, representing a Triumphal Arch with three Overtures, the largest fifty Foot in Height, and as many in Breadth, with a little Portail on each Side, with two Inscriptions, not less vain than that of *St. Denis*.

THE Gates of *St. Anthony* and *St. Bernard* are also both of them built after the Model of a Triumphal Arch; the latter is adorned



Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 259

adorned with *Basso Relievos* on one Side, representing the King distributing the Wealth brought into this City by Navigation. On the other Side, we see a God steering a Ship under full Sail.

As *Paris* is divided by the River *Seine* into three Parts, there are not less than ten or twelve Bridges over the several Branches of it, of which the three principal are the *Pont Royal*, the *Pont Notre-dame*, and the *Pont Neuf*.

THE *Pont Royal* is a plain Stone Bridge of five Arches, built cross the united Stream of the *Seine*, over-against the *Thuilleries* about the Year 1685, in the room of a Wooden Bridge which was broken by the Floods. *Lewis XIV.* to perpetuate his Name, lodged in the Stone-work of this Bridge several Cedar-boxes, adorned with the Arms of *France*, in which he enclosed twelve Copper Medals, twelve of Gold, and twelve of Silver, with several Mottos relating to his Conquests; this Bridge is Seventy-two Fathoms long, and eight Fathoms four Feet broad.

THE *Pont Notre-dame*, or our Lady's Bridge, so called from its lying over that Part of the *Seine* which runs between the Island of *Notre-dame* and the South Part of the Town, is also built of Stone, and hath Houses on each Side as *London Bridge*, but is much shorter; it was built by *Lewis XII.*  
about

about the Year 1507, in the room of a Wooden Bridge which was carried away by the Stream.

THE *Pont Neuf*, or *New Bridge*, is a handsome Piece of Architecture, and lies over both Branches of the *Seine* and the west End of the Island called the *Palais*; it is One hundred and seventy Fathoms long and twelve broad, raised on each Side for Foot People to walk on, in which respect it is more commodious than *London Bridge*, but is not near so large nor so substantial, nor indeed is there any Occasion that it should, the Water not running with that Force it does at *London*, and there being no Manner of Tide here.

THIS Bridge was begun by *Henry III.* in the Year 1578, and finished by *Henry IV.* in the Year 1604. On it is an Equestrian Statue of this Prince much larger than the Life, set upon a Pedestal, with four Slaves at the four Corners, and the Inscriptions and *Basso Relievs* shew the most memorable Transactions of his Reign.

I thank my Stars I am now got out of the Labyrinth of Descriptions, and find myself as it were relieved of a heavy Load which has so fatigued me, and I dare say my Readers too, that I shall endeavour to indemnify them, and myself likewise, by something more diverting.

ONE Evening as I was in quest of the Count and Countess *de Saluce*, with whom I had appointed to meet in the Gardens of the *Thuilleries*, not finding them in the great Walk I went to the Alley called the Lover's Walk, or the Alley of Sighs; and having seated myself on a Bench, a handsom genteel young Man came and sat down by me. We remained some Time silent, but being resolved to have a little Conversation I first broke the Ice.

It is a little surprizing, Sir, said I, that People of your Age and mine should come and seek Solitude in this retired Alley, unless it be to sigh for some cruel Fair; for my Part I never was maltreated by Love, and nothing of that Kind brings me here, and I should be glad to think the Case were so with you too; but a certain Melancholy which I observe in your Looks, and some Sighs which you endeavour to smother, make me conclude that your Mind is not easy; and tho' I am an intire Stranger to you, and consequently ought not to imagine that you will trust me with any Secret, yet I find, from I know not what Reason, that it would give me great Pleasure to do you Service.

I thank you, Sir, said he, and whether what you say be sincere or only Compliment, I shall frankly tell you that I am very much mistaken if you are not a Person whose Friendship is valuable, and that it gives me  
great



great Pleasure that your Thoughts and mine correspond in wishing for a nearer Acquaintance, which I shall be very ready to cultivate; and therefore shall presume to ask your Name and where you lodge, that I may have the Honour of paying you a Visit; both which I directly told him, and intreated he would do me the Favour to come and dine with me next Day, to which he agreed; and perceiving an elderly Man coming towards us he rose from his Seat, and told me that having some Business with that old Gentleman, he must deprive himself of the Pleasure of my Company till next Day, so made me a Bow and walked off.

AFTER he was gone I began to consider what made me so fond of this young Man at first Sight, and was under some Apprehensions of that Weakness which the World calls Love; but upon a more strict Examination of my Heart, I found no other Desires in it but such as I felt for the Count *de Saluce* and his Lady, which could amount to no more than Friendship, and this Discovery gave me a great Deal of Pleasure.

I rambled up and down the Garden for some Time in quest of the Count and his Lady, whom I at last discovered on the Terras facing the River; and upon my coming up to them, they told me that I had lost the Pleasure of being present at a very odd Scene between two Ladies, who after some hard Words had at last come to Blows; and

and notwithstanding all that a Gentleman, who was with them, and whom they both loved, could say or do, had tore and scratched one another's Faces to the Effusion of Blood.

THE Prince *de Conti* happening to come to the Field of Battle when the two *Amazones* were in hot Engagement, insisted on knowing the Quarrel, with an Intention, as he pretended, to make up the Breach, but in Reality to divert himself; and having made a Ring about the two Combatants and their Lover, he very courteously offered his Mediation.

PRINCE, said one of the Ladies, named Mademoiselle *de Clofier* a Counsellor's Daughter, and who had been the Aggressor, I look upon your Highness's Presence here at this Time as a very lucky Accident, and I shall with great Pleasure submit the Difference between that Woman and me to the Determination of a Prince who is as famous for his Equity as his Capacity.

YOUR Highness must know, continued she, that this base Woman, pointing to her Antagonist, has used a thousand hellish Stratagems to make a Breach betwixt this Gentleman and me, with whom I have kept Company for above a Year, upon the Prospect of Marriage, which we had mutually promised, and the Celebration of it only

only delayed till the Arrival of his Uncle, on whom he has a Dependance.

SHE carried on her damnable Scheme so artfully, without appearing in any Part of it herself, that instead of suspecting her, I consulted with her upon every thing that happened, and would not for the World have acted otherwise than she advised ; so that without appearing to oppose my Inclination for this Gentleman, or our intended Union, she found Means to have me represented to him, and him to me, in such black Colours by several of her Friends that we had a terrible Quarrel, and could scarce bear the Sight of one another ; and had we not, by a very unexpected Accident, discovered the whole Plot, she would have succeeded to her Wish ; but what is more surprizing to me than all the Villainy of her horrid Scheme is, the Impudence of the Creature to come boldly up to this Gentleman and me, as we were walking together, though she knew very well that we were fully informed of every Step she had taken : I confess that I was so provoked at this insufferable Piece of Impudence, that I could not hinder myself from saying some harsh Things to her, which she answered in Terms not less offensive ; so that after a short scolding Bout we came to Blows, and I believe we should scarce have given over the Combat till we had pulled out one another's Eyes, had not the Presence and the Respect due to a Prince



Prince of the Blood procured a Cessation of Arms.

THE other Lady did not at all deny but that she had used all possible Means to create Jealousies between her Rival and the Gentleman ; but hoped his Royal Highness would consider that, as Self-love is, and indeed ought to be, the Motive of almost all our Actions, it was her Business to disappoint a Rival who proposed to make a Property of a Man whom she loved, and to whose Heart she had an equal Claim in the Way of personal Merit, and if the Advantage of a superior Fortune ought to determine his Choice, she might have expected the Preference ; but not to trouble your Highness, added she, with a long Enumeration of our mutual Claims, I shall put the whole Issue upon this simple Question, which I humbly submit it to your Highness's Consideration, whether a Man who has any Pretensions to Sense and Reason would not prefer a Hundred thousand Livres to Twenty thousand, when the Odds of Beauty bears no Proportion to the Money.

THE Case is delicate, said the Prince, and I cannot take upon me to decide in it ; and then addressing himself to the Gentleman, Sir, said he, some Men would have a Vanity in making a Conquest of two such pretty Ladies, but as the doing Justice to one must be attended with Cruelty to the other, a Man of Gallantry must be puzzled

Vol. I.                      A a                      how

how to determine himself; however, as the Ladies have come to such Extremities already, and that greater Mischief may probably happen, I think it is incumbent upon you to prevent more Blood shed, by declaring yourself now in favour of one of the two.

I wish the Ladies, answered the Gentleman, had chosen a less publick Place to decide their Quarrel, though I am perswaded they could no where meet with a more competent Judge than your Highness; but since what's done cannot be undone, and that our Affairs cannot be made more publick than they now are by this unlucky Accident, I humbly entreat your Highness would be pleased to pronounce which of the Ladies I am to marry, and I will punctually obey your Commands; upon which, the Prince turning to the Ladies, asked if they would agree to his Decision, and they both answered yes.

WELL, well, cried he, my Opinion is that Chance shall decide the Matter; we will write down the Ladies Names upon two Bits of Paper, put them into a Hat, and get this little Miss, pointing to a Child, to draw out one of the Names who shall be the happy Woman.

THE Prince got a Pencil, and having wrote the Names put them into his own Hat, which he took Care to shake that the Ladies might have fair Play; and the little  
Girl

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 267

Girl being called, pulled out the Paper, on which was *Mademoiselle de Clofier's* Name, at which poor *Mademoiselle Biron*, the other Lady, was like to faint ; but the Prince flew to her Assistance, and told her that he would provide her a Husband that should be nothing inferior to the one she had lost, and to convince her that he was in good Earnest, he took a Gentleman by the Hand who made one in the Ring, and presenting him to the Lady, told her, that he hoped she would allow his Friend to conduct her home, which, added he smiling, will give you both an Opportunity of knowing one another's Merit, and inspiring you with such Sentiments as I could wish you both to have.

THE Gentleman, whose Name is the Chevalier *D'Orville*, after returning Thanks to the Prince, made a handsome Compliment to the Lady, who presented him her Hand ; and after telling the Prince that she thought it her Duty to obey his Orders, she directed her Steps towards the Garden Door, led by her new Gallant, and *Mademoiselle de Clofier* with her's, after a fine Compliment to his Highness as the Author of their Happiness (which by the Bye was the meer Effect of Chance) walked towards the opposite Door of the Garden, and the Prince with his Court continued their Walk, laughing heartily at this Adventure, which with what had happened to me in the Lover's Alley, afforded ample Matter for us to discourse upon after we were returned to our Lodgings.



THE next Day about Ten o' Clock a Footman brought me the following Letter.



*To the Chevalier DE RADPONT, at  
the Hotel de Luines.*

SIR,

WERE I to consult only my Inclination, I should, no doubt, perform my Promise to you last Night in the Alley of Sighs, but as I have changed my Breeches into Petticoats, or rather as I am not a Man, but a Girl, who, to avoid being forced by severe Parents to marry an old disagreeable Miser, has made an Elopement, dressed as you saw me ; Decency and Modesty, which I hope you think the best Ornaments of my Sex, will not permit my visiting a Gentleman who is no Relation ; but since I must deny myself the Pleasure of seeing you at your own Lodgings, my Aunt, at whose House I now am, authorises me to tell you, that the *Chevalier de Radpont* shall be welcome to her House, if his Curiosity prompts him to come and see whether Petticoats or Breeches best becomes his *Humble Servant*,

*Felicité de Courbon.*

P. S. My Aunt's Name is *Madam de Perrin*, and her House in *St. Dennis Street*.

*My*



*My Answer to the above.*

MADAM,

**Y**OUR Metamorphosis neither surprizes nor afflicts me ; for to speak the Truth, I thought there was something too delicate in your Shape, Complexion, and Features for a Man : Though the Sight of you in Peticots may be dangerous, and the Loss of my Liberty may perhaps be the Consequence of it, yet I must satisfy my Curiosity, and assure the lovely Miss *Courbon* in Person that none is more her most obedient Servant than the

Chevalier DE RADPONT.

I dined, according to Custom, with the Count and his Lady, to whom I shewed Miss *Courbon's* Letter, and told them that I resolved to make her a Visit after Dinner. Why not, said the Count, but take Care that this pretty Miss does not put a Stop to our travelling Project. No, no, cried I, though I have all the Regard for her Charms that they deserve, yet I dare say they will not have the Power to retain me at *Paris*.

My dear Chevalier, said he, don't let us trust too much, nor be over confident of our own Strength ? you, perhaps, may just now

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think

think as you speak, but Women are bewitching Creatures, and will steal into our Hearts in Spite of all our Reason and Philosophy: Before I saw this fair Lady, continued he, throwing an amorous Glance at the Countess, I had such an Indifference, or rather an Aversion to Matrimony, that I thought it was not in the Power of the whole Sex to make me think otherwise, but I soon found my Mistake, and in a Quarter of an Hour's Time became quite another Creature, and would have sacrificed not only Liberty but the whole World for the Possession of what I now enjoy, and in which I place the whole Happiness of my Life; so that my dear Friend, added he, what was my Case may be yours, and I must own that this Visit alarms me, from a Notion that it may perhaps alter your Scheme, and deprive me of the Pleasure which I proposed to myself in your Company to the South of *France*.

My dear Count, answered I, nothing can be more obliging than the Fears you are pleased to express of my becoming Miss *Courbon's* Conquest; but tho' I do Justice to her Merit, I can very well distinguish between the irresistible Charms of the Countess *de Saluce* and Beauties of an inferior Class; I should be as much surpris'd to think that you had preserved your Liberty after seeing her, as of my losing my own upon a second Interview with Miss *Courbon*, and I must add that my Inclination or rather Passion for travelling is such, that were your  
Prophecy



Prophecy to prove true, and that her Charms should make an Impression upon my Heart, even that should not hinder me from pursuing my Scheme, nor from waiting on the Count and Countess *de Saluce*, whenever, or wherever they shall order me to attend them.

BUT, said the Countess smiling, and addressing herself to the Count, if my Conjectures be not wrong, this young Lady entertains as favourable an Opinion of the Chevalier as he does of her ; and in this Case, would it not be somewhat cruel in us to drag a Man from *Paris*, whose Absence will perhaps make her miserable. I know by Experience what we Women suffer in such Cases, and I would not for any Consideration contribute to break a poor Lady's Heart; so my Dear, added she, taking the Count by the Hand, is there no Way to bring her and me together ? Though in most Things our Penetration is far inferior to that of Men, yet we have the little Art of finding out one another's Sentiments better than the Men, particularly in Matters that regard the Heart.

I can with the Chevalier's Permission, answered the Count, very easily bring that about ; for the Lady with whom Miss *Courbon* lodges is Widow to a Man who was an Advocate in the Parliament, employed by my Father several Times, and whom I have seen in *Auvergne*. The Regard our Family had  
for

for the Husband will authorise a Visit to the Widow ; and if ~~our~~ dear Friend here would not look upon us as Spies to observe his and the young Lady's Behaviour, I would propose our accompanying him in this Visit.

WITH all my Heart, cried I, laughing within myself at their Fears of my being caught, I shall be heartily glad of your Company, that you may tell me whether I am in Love with Miss *Courbon*, and your Lady whether I meet with any Return.

MATTERS being thus settled, the Coach was ordered to be ready at Three o' Clock, and away we drove to Madam *Perrin's*, to whom Word was sent up that the Count and Countess *de Saluce* were come to pay her a Visit, and we were immediately introduced into a low Parlour, where the Widow and Miss *Courbon* were to receive us.

THE Count made Madam *Perrin* a Compliment of Condolence upon the Death of her Husband ; and after presenting his Lady to her, took me by the Hand, and said, Madam, give me Leave to present the dearest of my Friends to you in the Person of the *Chevalier de Radpont* ; and then turning to Miss *Courbon*, Mademoiselle, added he, as I have presented this Gentleman to your Aunt, I hope he will do me the same Favour with regard to you, since I understand that you are already acquainted.

THE

THE slender Acquaintance, answered I, that I have with this Lady does in no Manner intitle me to ask her a Favour ; however in the present Case, as she will, I dare say, look upon my introducing a Gentleman of the Count *de Saluce*'s Merit to her rather as an Obligation than any thing else, I shall freely take upon me to tell her, that I know none more worthy of her Acquaintance and Friendship.

Miss *Courbon* made the Count a very graceful Curtesy ; and addressing herself to me : Sir, said she, you judge very right that I am indebted to you for this Favour, and I thank you for it ; but suppose the Case were really otherwise, I could not without Ingratitude but be glad of any Opportunity to oblige a Man who so frankly offered me his Service Yesterday ; but I don't know, continued she blushing, whether I ought to put you in mind of a Passage that shews your Generosity, and perhaps a Levity in me, inconsistent with the strict Rules of Modesty.

As this Reflection could not but affect me, who had no such Motive for my Disguise as Miss *Courbon*, I made Haste to answer, that as she had done me the Honour to give me a Hint in general Terms of what had induced her to dress in Men's Cloaths, she could not imagine that I could be so void of Sense as to have the least Suspicion of her Virtue upon that



that Account ; on the contrary, I admired her Courage and Resolution, and wished that all Parents who had so little Regard to the Happiness of their Children as to force them to marry against their Inclination, might be disappointed in their sordid mercenary Views ; for, added I, in a Sort of enthusiastic Rapture, though I am not for young People's hurrying into Matrimony without any Thought how they are to support themselves and a Family in that State, yet as it is impossible with all the Advantages of Fortune to make Marriage happy where the Persons united are not tied by the Chains of Love, I am still more against the common Maxims of Parents in the Establishment of Children, according to their mercenary Views, than I am against two young Creatures who follow the Dictates of their Hearts without considering the Consequences. The former are wretched amidst their Wealth, and if the latter are not oppressed with downright Poverty, their Love to one another will make them support the Cares of Life with a surprising Constancy and Resolution : The faithful Husband will put himself into a hundred Shapes to get Bread for his dear Mate, and the loving Spouse will put up with a sober Meal, since she knows that her Husband would give her better could he afford it.

I think it scarce can be disputed but that the Generality of Mankind are dissatisfied with their Situation in Life, meerly because  
they

they see others about them moving in a higher Sphere of Pleasure ; such Persons may indeed think themselves unhappy ; but I really think they deserve to be so, and cannot pity them.

FOR my Part, said Miss *Courbon*, I think such Sentiments very fine in Theory but to put them in Practice at your Age and mine is not quite so easy. A Coach and Six in my Opinion is a very pretty Vehicle ; to be the most richly dressed at an Assembly, a Play, or a Ball, and to dazzle the Eyes of the Spectators with Knots of Brilliants, is to me a delicious Thing. But, say you, since you place Happiness in outward Pomp and Shew, why did you not accept of the Husband whom your Parents designed for you ? For this very good Reason, that he could neither afford me the one nor the other, and was old into the Bargain. I confess, continued she, that where Love and Interest go hand in hand, Matrimony must be a very happy State, but I look upon the latter to be a necessary Ingredient to give a Relish to the former ; for should it happen, a Thing not at all impossible, that a married Couple took a Disgust from a thorough Knowledge of one another's real or imagined Imperfections, what a dismal Case must theirs be with the Addition of straitned Circumstances ; the very Thoughts make me tremble, and methinks I see the surly Husband curling his Stars for having been such a Fool, and the Wife tearing her  
Hair

Hair for having married a Beggar. Very few People are ignorant of the melancholy Story of Monsieur *de Lunelle*, and I think it may be brought as an Instance, which but too evidently proves my Assertion.

I am one of those, said the Countess *de Saluce*, who are ignorant of that Story, and were it not giving you too much Trouble I should be very well pleased to hear it.

NOTHING can be troublesome to me, Madam, that can oblige you replied Miss *Courbon*; and if none of the Gentlemen will undertake to satisfy your Curiosity, which they could do to more Advantage than I can pretend to, I will at least relate the principal Facts, and if I am flat in the Repetition I hope my Readiness in obeying your Commands will plead my Excuse.

*The*





*The Amours of Monsieur DE LUNELLE, Captain in the Queen's Regiment of Horse, and Mademoiselle DE HOUTOLLE, afterwards a Nun at Toulouze.*

MADAM, said Miss *Courbon*, addressing herself to the Countess, the Story I am going to relate, will shew how far the Passion of Love, particularly when it meets with what may be justly called cruel Opposition, is capable of transporting young People, and how little Stress ought to be laid on the Duration of our Attachments when they are not founded upon the Basis of Reason ; but at the same Time I am to draw a dismal Picture of Tyrannical Parents, who chuse rather to sacrifice a lovely Daughter, than to give her a Husband whom she loved, and in every Respect a suitable Match ; but being of a genteel generous Disposition, his Mistress's Parents, who were covetous to the last Degree, could not bear the Thoughts of making him their Son-in-law.

*Monsieur de Lunelle* was a Gentleman's only Son, who lived a few Miles from *Toulouse* in *Languedoc*, and enjoyed an Estate of about Four hundred a Year. His Son, a genteel sprightly Boy, was about the Age of Twelve when *Monsieur de Houtolle*, first Cousin to his Father, and who had a small Estate in the Neighbourhood, being obliged to go to *Paris* upon a Law Suit of Consequence, begged the Favour of the old *de Lunelle* his Cousin, to allow his Daughter to remain at his House, while her Mother and he were absent, to which *Lunelle* frankly consented, and assured him that he would with Pleasure take Charge of the little *Houtolle* as long as he thought proper to let her remain with him, so that her Father and Mother setting out a few Days after, Miss was brought to his House ; she was then about ten Years of Age and one of the prettiest Creatures that *France* could boast of.

It is very surprising that we should feel the Effects of Love before we have any Knowledge or Idea of the Thing, but many Instances may be given to prove that it is really so, and the Case of young *de Lunelle* and his Cousin, in particular, puts it out of all Doubt.

THE first Sight moved their little Hearts with such a sympathetic Power, that when the old Gentleman desired his Son to embrace his Cousin, they flew into one another's Arms,

Arms, and God knows how long they would have remained in that Posture had they not been told that they had given sufficient Marks of Friendship.

THE young Youth said, with some Resentment, that his Father was very hasty ; and the Girl told him that she loved her Cousin very much. I believe it, my Dear, said the old Gentleman to her, but little Girls must not appear to be too fond of Boys tho' their Relations.

WHY so, cried the Son, I am sure I have seen you and her Mother often clasped in one another's Arms, and I think I ought to follow your Example ; besides, dear Papa, I think my Cousin has such a pretty Mouth that I could kiss it a Hundred and a hundred Times with more Pleasure than any of the Count *de Lur's* Daughters that come here ; and I, cried Miss *Houtolle* in a Hurry, would rather give my Cousin ten Kisses than allow any of the Marquis *de Miramelle's* Sons to approach my Cheek, and I will plainly tell them so the first Time that they offer to kiss me.

THE old Gentleman could not help smiling at this Dialogue, and began from that Moment to discover that these two Childrens Hearts felt the same Sentiments, and that they were embarked in a Passion which would increase as they advanced in Years ; but he resolved to let it take its Course, hoping that his Son, when he was received in



the Corps of the *Musqueteers*, and residing at *Paris*, would think no more of his Cousin.

NEVER Passion made a stronger or a quicker Progress than it did in the Hearts of these two Children. If the Boy was but a Moment longer about his Exercises than usual, he always found poor Miss all bathed in Tears; and if she happened to be out of the Way when he came to her Chamber, he ran hither and thither as if he had lost his Senses. In short, they were deeply in Love, and could relish no Diversions except they shared in them.

THEY went on in this Manner for six or eight Months, when Miss *Houtolle's* Father and Mother arrived from *Paris*, and resolved to take their Daughter from their Friend's House; the Separation of the two young Creatures was, as I have been told, extremely moving.

THE Boy first used many Arguments with his Mistress's Father to let her stay, but when that would not do he attacked him in another Shape: Sir, said he, my Father has kept your Daughter so many Months, and therefore it is but just you entertain his Son as long, since I am very sure he will take nothing for her Board; she and I have contracted such a Friendship that we would not willingly part so soon, I believe if you will be so good as to ask her she will confirm what  
I

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 281

I say ; however, if Timidity and Respect should tie up her Tongue, and supposing farther that it is a Matter of Indifference to her whether she goes or stays here, I hope you'll intercede with my Father to let me pass some Months at your House in Company with your two Sons, where I can make the same Application to my Book as I do here.

*Monsieur de Houtolle* laughed heartily at this Harangue, and told the Orator, that since he put him in mind to discharge an Obligation which he should not perhaps have otherwise thought of he would propose the Affair to his Father, and that it should not be his Fault if he did not succeed.

HE was indeed as good as his Word, but *Lunelle* could not be prevailed with to grant his Request, alledging that it would divert his Son from his Studies, when he found himself no longer under his Inspection. Were I to recount all that the young Spark said when he understood that his Father would not consent to his going with his Cousin, I should swell my Story to a Length that would make it tiresome.

HE flew to her Chamber, and taking his Mistress in his Arms : My dear *Emilia*, said he in a very melancholy Tone, (this was her Christian Name) our Parents have the Barbarity to separate us ; but if your Heart

feels what mine does, it should not be in their Power to hinder us from employing the whole Moments of our Life in thinking of one another ; but perhaps your Heart is not moved at this Separation as I find mine is, and that you can part with me as easily as you can with any other Person in this House.

How unkind is such a Thought, answered she with Tears in her Eyes, did I not already tell your Father that I would rather give you ten Kisses than *Miramelle's* Sons one, though they make very much of me every Time they see me ; nay, the eldest told me the last Time he came here, that he envied your Happiness in being always in my Company, and seemed to be very sorry when I told him that if I had my Choice I would never part with you ; and if this be the Case, how can you imagine that it will give me no Trouble to return to my Father's House.

ALAS! answered he sighing, how agreeable is this Declaration, and how cruel is it to part Persons who have so strong Desires to be constantly together ; my Father thinks that if he allowed me to go and stay some Time at your House I should perhaps neglect my Book ; little does he know that the Pleasure of passing my Hours of Recreation with you would make me get my Task much sooner than otherwise ; but he will see when you are gone that I can neither read nor  
write,



Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 283

write, and that, instead of making a farther Progress, I shall forget all that I have already learned; and my Mother, cried she sighing, will soon perceive that I spoil my Work with my Tears.

THIS Dialogue continued for a whole Hour, and many kind tender Things were said, all the Dictates of Nature, without the least Art, which made this Scene of Love more beautiful than all the studied Expressions of Lovers more advanced in Years.

WHEN the fatal Moment of parting came the young *Lunelle* fainted away, and poor little Miss burst out in Tears, and would have sunk down with her Lover, had not her Mother caught her in her Arms, and clapt a little Bottle with the Spirits of Harts-horn to her Nose.

*Lunelle* remained some Time motionless, and his Father was terribly frightened; but at last by throwing Water on his Face and other Means he came to his Senses, and no sooner opened his Eyes than he looked round for his Mistress, who happened to be close by him; he took her by the Hand and told her with a faint Voice, I am glad I see you once more before my Death; and she, poor Creature, would have fain said something but heavy Sighs and Sobs would not allow her to pronounce one Word.

THE

THE old *Lunelle*, who was passionately fond of his Son, now saw plainly how the Case stood with him, and was resolved to treat him gently, hoping that this Childish Passion would, as I have already said, be cured by Absence ; and therefore he exhorted him not to afflict himself at the Departure of his Cousin, promising that he should have his Permission to go and see her every Week, till he sent him to *Paris*. These Words produced a very good Effect, and they parted with melancholy Looks indeed, but no more fainting Fits.

THE young *Lunelle* was allowed to visit her every Week for a whole Year ; and as their Understanding was by this Time very much ripened, and their personal Merit very much increased, particularly that of Miss *Houtolle*, who became daily more charming, they began to think of a Happiness they wanted, and which till now they had not thought of, all their Wishes having been confined to the Pleasure of seeing and speaking with one another ; but *Lunelle* particularly began to have Notions of possessing the Object of his Wishes, and Fears of not attaining to that Happiness, so that every Time he saw his Mistress, his Heart longed after he knew not what, he felt strange Emotions in his Blood ; and if he held his Mistress's Hand he would every now and then give it a gentle Squeeze, and then greedily clap it to his Lips, which were long

long glewed to it, and all the Time he seemed to be under a Sort of convulsive Fits.

THE first Time he happened to be in this rapturous Condition, Miss *Houtolle* was very much alarmed, and asked him hastily if he was well? Indeed my dearest Cousin, answered he sighing, I know not how to describe my Case to you, for I both feel Pleasure and Pain, the Joy of clasping you in my Arms is unexpressible; but when I consider that To-morrow I must leave you, and which is still worse that I must be altogether deprived before it is long of the Happiness I now enjoy, the shocking Thought throws a terrible Damp upon my Spirits, and chills all the Blood in my Veins; but this is not all, nay indeed but trifling compared to the Terror which the Fears of your being made a Nun, or married to another Man, give me; and unless my dearest Cousin will swear to me that she will neither do the one nor the other, I will never look upon a Book again, nor be a Musqueteer, let my Father do or say what he will.

I would willingly swear any Thing, said little tender Miss, to oblige you, were it in my Power to keep my Oath; but as Duty obliges me to obey the Will of my Parents, and that a severe Look from my Father or Mother makes me tremble from Head to Foot, I shall never have the Courage to disobey their Orders, so that to promise otherwise



286      *The* TRAVELS of

otherwise would be only deceiving you, and my Heart will not allow me to do that ; but this I can positively promise, that I will resist as far as possibly I can, and break my Heart when I can do no more.

O! my charming *Emilia*, cried the transported little Lover, the more agreeable this Declaration is, the more terrible will Absence be to me, and should I lose you——— No, it cannot, must not be, for I should certainly run mad. What signifies the whole World to me without my dear *Emilia*, I would live on Bread and Water with her rather than be King of *France* without her.

WHAT you say, my dear Cousin, is perfectly agreeable to what I think, and were I Mistress of a Kingdom it should all be yours ; but who can assure me, continued she sighing, that the fine Ladies in *Paris* will not make you forget the poor *Emilia*, who perhaps pleases you better just now than any that you have as yet seen, but my dear Cousin you will see Beauties in *Paris* that far exceed any Thing in this Part of the Country, but I am sure none that will love you better than I do ; and if this should happen, I hope you will be so kind as to let me know that I may propose the Convent ; for, though I don't find myself much disposed for a religious Life, yet I would much rather chuse to be a Nun than to be married to any other than yourself ; and I, cried he, do  
solemnly

solemnly protest and swear, that I will rather suffer Death than consent to be married to any other but my dear *Emilia*, to whom I here plight my Faith, praying Heaven may make me the Object of its Indignation if I do not exactly fulfil my Engagement; and I, said *Emilia*, do renew what I have already promised, and hope that I shall be able to perform it.

THEY continued to see each other weekly for more than a Year and a Half, their Passion increasing daily, and at last it arose to such a Height that *Lunelle's* Father was forced to send his Son sooner to *Paris* than he intended; and you may easily guess what a dismal Piece of News it was to the young Lover, when his Father told him that he designed to set out with him in eight Days, and desired he would go and take Leave of *Monsieur de Houtolle* and his Family.

HE obeyed without saying one Word, and went along the Road like a Malefactor going to the Place of Execution. The Moment he got an Opportunity of speaking with his Mistress in private: My dear *Emilia*, said he with a faint and broken Voice, my Father has at last pronounced my Sentence of Death, and in eight Days hence it is to be executed, unless you will condescend to preserve my Life. In short, continued he, I am now come here to bid you Adieu, very probably for ever, since I am very certain my Death must be the Consequence of a Separation

tion from what makes the Happiness of my Life. Be assured, my dearest *Emilia*, that I cannot support this fatal Blow, and if you have any Regard for my Life you will agree to what I am now going to propose to you : The World abounds with Instances of Lovers who to avoid the Persecution and Tyranny of Parents have taken their Flight under Cupid's auspicious Conduct.

WE will steer our Course to *Marseilles* and take Shipping there for *Italy* where we will be married, and when our Parents find that the Thing is without Remedy, they will call us home and be reconciled to us. I can fall upon a Way to get as much Money as will bear the Expence of travelling, and support us some Time at *Genoa*, where we will take up our Residence. Tell me, my dear *Emilia*, how you like this Project?

MY dear Cousin, answered she sighing, and with Tears in her Eyes, the first Part of your Story greatly alarms my Heart, and the latter Part my Virtue ; and the Question is, whether I shall or ought to yield to the Impulses of the one or the other ? If I lose you I am unhappy that's most certain, but then I neither disobey my Parents, nor expose my Reputation ; and rather than do either the one or the other I would chuse to break my Heart ; and add mine too, cried he interrupting her. You don't love me, I see it plainly, continued he bursting into  
Tears,



Tears, you ratify my Father's Sentence, and 'tis in vain for me to oppose my unhappy Fate.

UPON which he started from his Chair, and with Death painted on his Countenance exclaimed in a most lamentable Manner: O Heavens! what have I done to be thus cruelly treated! and then addressing himself to his Mistress, Farewel lovely but too cruel *Emilia*, since you look upon Marriage without the Consent of Parents to be a more terrible Thing than your own and my Death; I must not press it farther, but after I am dead and gone remember that your Delicacy cut my Thread of Life.

ALAS! my dear Cousin, said she, almost half dead, how cruel and unjust are you to accuse me in this Manner; is a Woman who deviates in the least from the strict Obedience which she owes to those who gave her Birth capable of being obedient to a Husband? We are both too young to think of entering into a State that requires a good Stock of Understanding and Discretion to carry us through the Rubs of Life.

My Mother often tells me that the Duties of a Wife are severe and painful, by being constantly obliged to subject her Will to that of her Husband, who while he is passionate'y fond of her, finds nothing wrong that she does; but, says she, Enjoyment by Degrees lessens Ardour in the Male Sex, and has the

contrary Effect in Women; and as this is generally the Case, a Woman has Indifference and Coldness in a Husband to struggle with, and perhaps her very Endeavours to please may be often disagreeable to him: This Picture of Matrimony, I own, frightens me; however I have such an Affection for you, my dear Cousin, that with the Approbation of my Parents, without which I should think myself guilty of a Crime, I should risk all the Changes and Chances that may happen in the married State; and I should still have, in the worst of Events, the Satisfaction to think that my Unhappiness was not intirely the Work of my own doing.

A little Absence, though it were not necessary for your Education, will put your Heart and mine to Proofs which they really ought to go through, before we unite them for ever by a Sacramental Tie; if yours can withstand the Temptations of *Paris*, and remain constant where there is so many fine Women and such Variety of Pleasures, I shall in that Case be less apprehensive of its changing; but that Trial is necessary for us both, and therefore, my dear Cousin, I would beg of you to comply with your Father's Will, without shewing the least Reluctance.

As for me, when I assure you of the Constancy of my Inclination, there's no great Merit in it, because I shall have no Opportunity

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 291

tunity of changing my Sentiments, and I again reiterate my Promise, and make this Addition to it, that if 'tis left to my Choice, I will prefer a Convent to any other Man but yourself, which is all that you can or ought to require of a Girl who would take Care of her Reputation, and conduct herself by the Rules of Modesty and Virtue, without which I think she cannot preserve the Esteem even of a Lover.

WELL, well, my dear *Emilia* said the afflicted Youth, I find it is in vain to combat your Notions of Honour and Virtue; and I own that though they oppose what would have made me happy, the Motives on which they are founded satisfy my Reason, at the same Time that they pinch my Heart; and as my Happiness could not be perfect without fancying at least that yours were so too, I will obey my Father's or rather your Commands; but remember, my dearest *Emilia*, that if my Heart remains constant to you, amidst all the Dangers and Temptations, with which you tell me it will be surrounded at *Paris*, you are under an Engagement not to bestow yours on any other; for I confess it would not give me so much Pain to see you a Nun as the Wife of another Man; and if your Friendship for me can but inspire you with so much Resolution as to prefer a Convent to any Match that may offer, I hope our Parents will be forced to consent to our Union, rather than allow you to be a Nun and me to be a Friar; for I swear by all

C c 2                      that



that is sacred, that when you take the Veil I will take the Frock.

YOUR Father indeed will get rid of a Daughter at an easier Rate by your being shut up in a Cloister, than if you were to be married, and therefore will not give himself perhaps much Trouble about it; but as mine has mighty Schemes of pushing me in the Army and making a Man of Consequence of me, as he often says, he will never consent to my being a Monk, and I am very fully resolved to be nothing else without *Emilia*.

WHEN they had thus settled Matters they parted with Concern indeed, but not with such Floods of Tears as Lovers usually shed upon such Occasions. Miss *Emilia* was discreet and modest, which prevented her from saying what her Heart felt at this Separation, and *Lunelle* thought his Project was infallible, but he was sadly deceived; for both their Fathers being equally averse to this Match from different Motives, resolved to prevent all farther Correspondence between their Children; for which Reason Care was taken to intercept all the Letters that *Lunelle* wrote to his Mistress from *Paris*, and some of her's to him complaining of his Silence, and of her prophetic Fears proving but too true.

*Lunelle* thought his Mistress had abandoned him, and she had the same Opinion of his Infidelity, which created a mutual Sort of Resent-

Resentment, but did not extinguish their Flame ; for nothing could make him forget his *Emilia*, and *Lunelle* was ever in her Thoughts, which their Parents easily perceived by the Manner of their Writing, and concluded that an Attachment that was Proof against Absence, and a seeming Indifference on both Sides, at their Age, could not be effaced but by depriving them of all Hopes ; for which Reason *Monsieur de Houtolle* resolved to make his Daughter a Nun, and with that View carried her directly to a Convent in *Toulouse*, where he had a Sister who was a Nun, and having told her the whole Story of his Daughter's Amours with *Lunelle*, gave her strict Charge not to let her write to him at any Rate, which was exactly complied with, and poor Miss *Emilia* confined till she was of Age to begin her Year of Noviciat, and thereafter to pronounce the fatal Formula, and for ever renounce the World ; which she did with surprising Resolution, though her Heart was still engaged to her Cousin, and though she was very certain that she would be wretched and miserable while she lived, unless Providence assisted her in a miraculous Manner.

WHEN young *Lunelle* had passed not only his Studies at the College, and Exercises at the Accademy for Riding, but likewise had been three Years in the Corps of the Miqueeters, he wrote his Father very pressing Letters to allow him to come and see him,

but he still put him off by some Excuse or other till his Mistress was received a Nun; after which, instead of allowing his Son to come to the Country, he went himself to *Paris*, with a Design to purchase a Troop of Horse for him.

You may believe that his Cousin was among the first Persons he enquired for; but how great was his Consternation when he understood that she had taken on the Veil, he turned pale as Death, and on a sudden sunk down at his Father's Feet in a deep fainting Fit, in which he continued for above an Hour. The old Gentleman was so terribly frightened that he heartily repented what he had told him, and even of the Part he had acted to get his Mistress made a Nun.

THE young Gentleman however, at last, recovered, and told his Father very plainly, that he did not doubt but that his Cousin had been forced to be a Nun, and that her Father had been prompted to sacrifice her at his Desire, but added, that their Cruelty would not be confined wholly to her but must reach him too; for, continued he, I am under the most solemn Engagement, that if she's forced to take on the Habit, I will follow her Example, since I can propose no Happiness in the World after I have lost all Hopes of possessing her; and you had better lay yourself out to get another Wife, and other Sons to succeed you, since you must no longer think of me as a Man who is to perpetuate



petuate your Name ; I am fixed in my Resolution and no Power on Earth shall make me retract : What a barbarous Thing is it in Parents, cried he transported with Rage, rather to study their own ambitious Views than the Happiness or Satisfaction of their Children !

'Tis a grand Mistake to imagine that what they do proceeds from Tenderness ; if this were the Case would they make them miserable ? No, they only consult their own Caprice, and will not allow their Children to be happy, if what they propose clashes in the least with their Notions of Felicity ; or rather their whole Aim is to please themselves, without having any Regard to the Satisfaction of the Persons who are most immediately concerned, and all this forsooth because you are the Instruments of our Existence ; but with all due Deference to you, Sir, as my Father, the Satisfaction of Sensuality was the Motive of your begetting me, and consequently I am less obliged to you for contributing to bring me into Existence than for your Care of me since I have been in the World, but even that Obligation is cancelled by doing what must make me wretched during the Remainder of my Life ; for I have a mortal Aversion to a Cloister, and yet by my Oath, which no Authority upon Earth shall make me break, I am condemned to it ; so that *Monsieur de Houtolle* and you have wantonly sacrificed poor *Emilia*, and I hope you'll finish your Work by witnessing

witnessing my renouncing all Commerce with the World, my own Father not excepted ; but first of all I will go to that fatal Prison where her cruel Parents have enclosed her, that I may learn from her own Mouth whether her Sacrifice is voluntary or not.

I am very suspicious of hearing a very black and melancholy Story, but let it be what it will I am resolved to be at the Bottom of it, and if there has been Violence used, all *France* shall know it ; so that my Advice to you, Sir, upon the whole, is, to dispose of the Troop which you tell me you have purchased for me in the Queen's Regiment ; because, if *Emilia* is by her own Choice a Nun, I will leave *France*, and if she has been forced, I will not only let the King but the whole Kingdom know the Cruelty of her Parents, and demand Redress : With that he started up, made his Father a Bow ( who was so confounded that he could not pronounce a single Word ) walked out of the House where they were, and took Post that Moment for *Toulouse*, where his Presence, you may believe, strangely surprized Miss *Emilia* now Sister *Rose*.

THEIR first Discourse was much upon the Reserve and Cold, each of them attributing inconstancy to the other ; but at last they came to a full Explication, and to a full Knowledge of the Cruelty of their Parents

Parents, who had intercepted all their Letters, and forced *Emilia* to be a Nun: This threw *Lunelle* into a terrible Fit of Rage and Fury; he had no farther Regard for her Father nor his own, but openly called them Tygers and Monsters who did not deserve to breath in christian Air, and what augmented his Fury was the Beauty of his Mistress now a Woman formed, and so charming in the Nun's Habit that his Passion became a thousand times stronger than ever it had been.

THE disconsolate Nun wept much but said little, tho' her Lover could easily perceive, by that little, that she was far from being content with her Condition, and that she still loved him; which made him ask her hastily if she would not willingly be relieved from her Vows, she answered, Sighing, that it was needless to explain herself upon that Head, since she believed it was a Thing impossible.

No, no, my dear *Emilia*, cried he, I will go and throw myself at the Kings Feet, tell him all our Story and humbly supplicate the royal Authority against the barbarous cruelty of unnatural Parents; but if this should not succeed, will you not consent to my delivering you from this horrid Prison, and to our seeking a Sanctuary in some foreign Country? Alas! my dear Cousin, answered she, what do you mean by such a Proposal, supposing the Thing were practicable, which I can not conceive it to be? what  
Opinion



Opinion can the World have of a Woman who after she is a professed Nun makes an Elopement with a Man! you know, added she, the Rigour of the Laws in such Cases, and neither you nor I could ever think of returning to *France* after such a Step; 'tis better that one than both of us should be sacrificed: I have taken a View of my own unhappy Fate in all its blackest Colours, and tho' I can not as yet submit to it without Murmuring, yet I hope much from the Bounty of Heaven, and that I shall, by the Habit of a discontented Mind, be at last, if not altogether reconciled to the disagreeable State of Life to which I am reduced, at least enabled to support it with Patience; and this I think is preferable to a Project which must unavoidably ruin you as well as me.

How easie is it to reason in this cool Manner, cried he in a Melancholy Tone, when your Heart feels not the Power of Love as mine does, but, my dearest *Emilia*, had I no other Obstacles to combat but what offer on the Side of your Reputation, I think they might be easily answered. The World, unjust as it is, would be far from condemning a Woman for escaping from a Prison into which her Parents had inhumanely thrown her against her Will, and forced her to commit a Sacrilege, by declaring in the Presence of God and those who were Witnesses that her Vows were voluntary, when at the same Time she was conscious to herself

self that her Heart gave the Lie to her Tongue, and by protesting that her inclination and nothing else was what induced her to embrace the religious Life, tho she was sensible that she had no Vocation to it, and would be miserable in a Profession to which her Mind was quite averse. The Thoughts of your Situation, added he, make me tremble, and sure your Conscience must tell you every Time you approach the Altar, that Heaven rejects the Prayers of a Person who has in the Face of the Sun called upon it to witness an Untruth.

O *Emilia* ! think of the Danger that surrounds you, and do not let a mistaken Notion of your Duty to an Earthly Parent come in Competition with what you owe to your Heavenly Father ; or, rather, make an Attonement for the Crime that you have been guilty of, by speedily abandoning this Place, and a Profession to which you have no Call, and in which without a Miracle you must be wretched while you live, and — I dare not say the rest.

*Emilia* listened to him with great Attention, and when she found that he had ended his Sermon, I will readily agree with you, said she, that I have been guilty of Dissimulation which is a heinous Crime ; but is not Heaven merciful, and are we not assured that when the worst of Sinners repent they will find Favour ?

Favour? May not I therefore, without Presumption, hope, that by strictly observing the Rules of my Order, and leading a Life pure and innocent, Providence, after a sufficient Trial of my Patience and Perseverance, in imploring Night and Day the Divine Assistance, will at last be propitious? but you my dear Cousin who act the Part already of Director, since you have no Vocation to the Monastick State, can you with Safety follow my Example, and would it not be a lesser Crime to break your Oath of being a Monk, which was rash and inconsiderate, than deliberately to engage yourself in Vows which are directly contrary to your Intention, and which no body forces you to come under, as in my Case? You'll, no doubt say that we are to disobey the whole World rather than to offend God; but I thought my Conscience discharged, when I told my Father and Mother that I had no Inclination to be a Nun; and I cannot but think that a great Part of the Crime lies at their Door, which I pray Heaven may forgive them.

YOUR Reasons triumph *Emilia*, but my Passion still subsists; and notwithstanding your Arguments, which are, I acknowledge, not easily to be answered, I will either turn Monk, or abandon for ever my native Country, unless you give me Leave to use all my Endeavours to get you relieved of your Vows, from the Motive of their being  
invo-



involuntary, to which after long and strong Intreaties she consented.

*Lunelle* set out next Day, and I shall leave him riding Post to *Paris*, with a Lover's Haft, and tell you how Matters went with *Emilia*, who had no sooner lost Sight of her Lover, whose Presence, notwithstanding her Veil and Vows, had raised terrible Commotions in her poor distracted Heart, than she repeated her Prayers ; but *Lunelle* was always in her Mind, and the more she endeavoured to divert her Thoughts from him, the less she succeeded ; she invoked all the Saints, but in vain ; *Lunelle* was always upmost, and she could think of nothing else.

SOMETIMES she would burst forth into Tears, complain of the Cruelty of her Parents, and lament her unhappy Fate, then chide herself for entertaining such Thoughts, which could, indeed, make her Condition more wretched, but give her no Relief ; I am here for Life, would she sometimes say, I have solemnly sworn to have no Communication with the World or Men, what Folly, what Madness possesses thee poor silly unthinking *Emilia* ; or, rather, what guilty Thoughts take up thy Mind, O ! wicked Sister *Rose* ? As the former I find I must love him, and as the latter I ought to forget him ; how shall I reconcile my double self ? Shall I leave the Convent and marry *Lunelle*, is that right ? I fear not. Shall I

Vol. I. D d continue

continue in it and still love him? Worse and worse. What then? Die a Martyr to the Cruelty of Parents and Tyranny of Love, and trust to the Mercy of God, who knows the Frailties of human Nature, and will, I hope, accept of my hearty and sincere Wishes, to arrive at a higher Pitch of Virtue than what the unhappy Situation of my Mind permits me to reach.

As she was thus wrapt up in a deep Contemplation, I mean as she was talking to herself (to which the genteel Term would have been Soliloquy, but I did not think of it in Time) her Aunt, who you may remember I told you was a Nun in the same Convent, came into her Cell, and was surprized to find her drowned in Tears, imagining from her resolute Behaviour, at her Reception, that she had got the better of her Childish Inclination; but recollecting that *Lunelle* had lately paid her a Visit, she became very suspicious, and resolved to penetrate into her Secret, not so much out of Curiosity as with a Design to serve her; for you must know that this Lady had been made a Nun too very much against her Will, and was very much against her Brother's sacrificing his Daughter as his Father had done her, though she appeared to *Emilia* to be as keen for it as her Father, so that they mutually endeavoured to conceal their real Sentiments from one another; but the Aunt was now resolved to take off the Mask, and to appear to her Niece  
what

what she really was, in hopes of an equivalent Confidence in the young Nun.

I am surprized, and very much concerned, my dear Niece, said she a little after she came in, to see you under so deep a Melancholy, which is but too visible in your Eyes and Countenance not to alarm me ; as we are by ourselves, continued she, I shall not Sister you, according to the usual Practice in this Community ; and I am resolved, at present, not only to lay aside that Formality, but to open my Heart to you, in hopes that you will place an equal Confidence in me, upon this Assurance, that if it is not in my Power to serve you, your Secret shall be enclosed in my Breast ; and though we, perhaps, may be equally incapable to assist one another, and that our Misfortunes are not to be remedied, yet there is a certain Consolation in having a Friend, to whom we can communicate our most secret Thoughts : To shew you that I am sincere, and to lead you the Way, know, my dear Niece, that I am far from being what I appear, and that I have an insuperable Aversion to the Life we lead here.

I was educated in this Convent ; and my Father, who designed me from my Birth to the religious State, recommended to the Priorefs and Nuns, to try all their Art to hook me into their Number ; and as they careffed and flattered me without Measure, according to their laudable Custom when



they find it will be their Interest, I greedily swallowed the Bait, believing, as they told me, that the Moment I pronounced the fatal Vow, I would find my Mind exalted to a State of Happiness, little inferior to that of Angels ; but I soon found it debased lower than can be expressed, by severe Usage and slavish Drudgeries, in serving the very Nuns who had before cajolled me as if I had been a Princess ; and who now for the turning of a Straw treat me with such Contempt and Rigour, that I have not passed one Day these twelve Years without twelve Times wishing for Death, as the only Thing that can terminate my Misery.

I saw, with great Grief, that your Father, upon bringing you here, intended to sacrifice you to Family Considerations as mine had done me ; nay, he even told me so, but I durst not for my Life dissuade you from taking the Road that led me to my Ruin ; on the contrary, the Prioress told me with her usual Severity, that she expected I would use all my Interest with you as a Relation, adding, that if you shewed the least Reluctance, she would attribute it to me, and punish me in a Manner that would make me repent my Folly as long as I lived ; and as I had already more than once felt the Effects of her Rage, Fear made me utter with my Lips what my Heart disclaimed.

IN

IN short, my dear Niece, you know what fine Things I told you about the Advantages of being a Nun, it was all Deceit, all Forgery, as you will soon find by a fatal Experience, and you must prepare yourself for Hardships and Miseries, from which you have been hitherto exempted. Alas ! poor Child, continued she sighing and shedding Tears, how will that delicate Body of thine go through the slavish Drudgeries that are preparing for it ! and how it grieves my Heart to think that I cannot serve thee otherwise than by pitying thy unhappy Fate ! This you may think is anticipating your Misfortunes and punishing you before the Time, but I have my Reasons, and will explain them, if I find that you lay your Heart open to me as I have done mine to you.

POOR Sister *Rose* was so terrified with this dismal Picture of Futurity, that she trembled from Head to Foot, and related the whole Passages of her Life as if she had been upon Oath before a Judge, not forgetting what had passed between *Lunelle* and her at their last Interview, and upon what Design he returned to *Paris*.

WHEN she had ended her Narration, my dear Niece, said the Aunt, embracing her, were I in your Case I should not hesitate one Moment upon what I was to do ; if your Lover can get you relieved of your Vows, a

Thing which I scarce believe practicable, I fancy you'll willingly accept of him for your Husband ; but suppose the Thing is refused, not so much upon your Account as upon other Considerations which regard many Families in *France* ; and on the other Hand, supposing that your Lover proposed to carry you off without Authority or Leave, would you consent to make an Elopement with him, and by that Means not only enjoy the Man you love, but likewise avoid the terrible Life that you must lead here ?

THIS Question terribly puzzled our young Nun, her Notions of Virtue were so strict that she could not think of running away with a Man without blushing, but on the other Hand she could not think of what her Aunt had told her without trembling ; in this Dilemma she knew not what to say, and all she could get out at last was: My dear Aunt, what would you do were you in my Case ? Why, make as little Difficulty, Child, to break Vows that I was forced to make, as I would to break an Oath which a Highway-man should force me to take with a Pistol at my Breast ; and why don't you then make your Escape from this Place, cried the Niece, since you think it no Crime, and since in any Situation of Life you could not be so unhappy as you are here ?

THE Case is very different betwixt you and me, said the Aunt. You are young,  
you



you love a Man who adores you, and is willing at all Events to marry you ; I'm old and neither have a Lover nor can expect a Husband, so that to fly into some Foreign Country where the Roman Catholick Religion is not established, without Money or Friends and without any Intention of changing my Religion which I could do upon no Consideration, what could I expect to be but what I am here, a menial Servant or rather a Slave ? And as I must be an absolute Stranger in any Place to which I fled for Sanctuary, People might reasonably imagine that I had left my Country for some bad Action, and would be afraid even to harbour me in their Houses, not believing a Word of my Story ; so that it would be Madness in me to leave even this unhappy Place, and Prudence in you which no Mortal who has the least Share of common Sense or Humanity can find Fault with ; and therefore my Advice to you is not to make yourself miserable while you live, by a chimerical Delicacy, if your Lover will take his Chance with you ; and—— but here they were interrupted by the Arrival of the Prioress who, with a stern Countenance, reprimanded both the Aunt and the Niece for spending their Time in idle Chit-Chat ; for you Sister *Dorothy*, said she, you know your Task ; and if it be not performed at a precise Minute, you and I shall talk ; and as for you Sister *Rose*, you have hitherto had too much idle Time upon your Hands, but I shall very soon contrive Business for you ; in the mean  
Time

Time go to the Oratory and remain there till farther Orders ; where I shall leave her for a While and follow *Lunelle* to *Paris*.

HE rode Night and Day, or rather flew on the Wings of Love, but needed not to have been in such Haste ; for tho he threw himself at the King's Feet, when he presented his Petition, and joined to his own Interest that of his Friends ; made his Court to Cardinals, Bishops, Jesuits, Monks, and Ladies, he might have as well pulled down the Moon with his Teeth as to have got what he wanted ; mad with this Disappointment and ashamed to stay at *Paris* after such a Rebuff, he retook the Road to *Toulouze*, fully resolved to carry off his Mistress if she would consent.

By the Time he returned, for you must know that he did not push so hard back as he had done in going to *Paris*, poor Sister *Rose* was entering upon the Accomplishment of her Aunt's Predictions, and was so terrified with the Prospect of worse still to come, that nothing was wanting but her Lovers Presence to determine her Resolution, and upon his Arrival he found her much more tractable than before ; she gave him an exact Account of what had passed between her Aunt and her, and did not conceal the Severities of the Prioress which she expected would encrease daily rather than diminish. Imagine, if you can, the Excess of *Lunelle's* Joy, for I can not find Terms proper to describe it. I wish, Sir, added she  
smiling,

smiling, and addressing herself to the Count *de Saluce*, you would help me out with this Part of my Story, for when I look at your Lady I can not but conclude that you are perfectly acquainted with what we call Transports of Joy in a Lover, and tho' we have many Instances of Female Hearts deeply smitten, and which of Course must be sensible of Joy on a happy Turn, yet the Author of Nature, as he has endowed us with an Innocence and Modesty superior, in my Opinion, to that of the Male Sex, we are not so apt to break out into the tumultuous and rapturous Transports of Grief or Joy as the Men, which may be owing to this too as well as Modesty, that generally speaking the Passions are not so strong in us as in the other Sex, otherwise when Love steals into our Hearts, neither our Virtue, Decorum, nor even our Pride could restrain the Violence of our Desires, and we should become a Purchase the less agreeable as it would be obtained without the least Pains or Trouble; and were this Failing joined to the other Imperfections, to which we are by Nature subjected, a Pismire, an Insect would be a happier Creature than a Woman.

MADAM, answered the Count smiling, you could not have addressed yourself to a Man whose Experience in Grief and Joy exceeds mine; but this Lady, pointing to his Spouse, is a better Judge than I, how far the Passions influence the Female Sex and I must submit my Judgment to her's in this Point; and I, said the Countess, must beg Leave to  
defer



defer giving mine till Mademoiselle has finished her Narration which I hope she will continue without farther Interruption.

Miss made an Obeisance and proceeded thus in her Story: *Lunelle* was in such Raptures that he could find no Words to express his Joy, but his Eyes spoke a Language very intelligible to his Mistress; and after they had for some Moments darted throw the Grate those Glances peculiar only to Lovers, and sealed their Agreement with mutual Protestations (for you must know that the Grate was so closely barred they could not join Hands) *Emilia*, for I think I must no more call her Sister *Rose*, begged of her Lover to retire to prevent Suspicion (for I believe you all know that Curiosity reigns no where more than in a Convent; and the Prioress of this had a very watchful Eye upon all her Nuns, particularly *Rose* and her Aunt) and to return three Days after at the same Hour to concert with her Aunt the proper Measures for her Deliverance.

You may believe he was very punctual and they had Abundance of Chat which I shall not repeat, only tell you, that for many weighty Reasons, the Principal whereof was Want of Money, the Execution of their Project was to be deferred for six Months, during which *Lunelle* was to scrape together all the Cash that he possibly could; and though six Months were six Centuries, according to his Calculation, and perhaps not much less in her way of counting; yet by the

the Aunt's Remonftrances, who was a Woman of Senfe, they yielded to Neceffity, and *Lunelle*, after a paffionate and tender Adieu, accompanied with all the Proteftations ufual on fuch Occafions, took Poft and galloped back to *Paris*, where he had left his Father, and whom he found under great Concern for his Abfence, and ready to return to his own Country.

AFTER fome Excufes for leaving the Town without his Permission: Sir, faid he, I hope my Transgreffion will obtain your Pardon, when I tell you that it has produced a very good Effect, no lefs than an intire Cure of the foolifh Paffion which I had for my Coufin, and that I am now ready to obey your Orders in every Refpect.

THE old Gentleman was fo overjoyed, that he embraced him with Tears in his Eyes, and told him, he heartily forgave what was paff, and in a few Days they parted the beft Friends in the World; old *Lunelle* taking the Road to *Languedoc*, and the young Gentleman to *Lifle* in *Flanders* to take Poffeffion of his Troop; where he remained three Months; and during that Time affected a bad State of Health fo artfully that he obtained Permission at Court, to difpofe of his Troop as he bought it, and to retire to his Father's Houfe, who, perfuaded as the reft of the World of the Truth of his Indifpofition, concurred in procuring his Difmiffion, and preffed him to return home as foon

as possible, which he did with the Money of his Commission in his Pocket, though he told his Father he was only to receive it from his Successor, Nephew to the Comptroller-general, in five or six Months; which the old Gentleman believed, and was very easy about the Money when he had his Son about him, and hoped that his native Air would recover him.

OUR Enamorato found Means to get a Billet conveyed to his Mistress, giving her Notice of his Arrival, and of every Step he had taken, but that Reasons, which she should know in due Time, obliged him to remain some Weeks at his Father's before he offered to pay her a Visit; in the mean Time he intreated, that her Aunt and she would examine the Garden Walls, and fix upon the most convenient Place for getting over by Means of a Ladder of Ropes which he would take Care to provide.

HE recovered surprisingly, which his Father attributed to the Benefit of his native Air; and as he never once mentioned his Cousin's Name for three Weeks after his Arrival, the old Gentleman concluded that he had quite forgot her, which gave him great Joy; and he was considering out of what Family in the Country he should get him a Wife, little thinking that his Son was to give him no Trouble that way, but such a Load of Grief that soon brought him to his Grave and himself into a State of Want and Misery,  
which



which was a terrible Draw-back, some Years after, upon the Happiness which he proposed to himself in the married State.

HE privately borrowed to the Tune of Ten thousand Livres from several of his Father's Friends and Relations, to make up, as he pretended, the Money of his Commission; a Part whereof he had lost at Play in *Paris*, and was unwilling to let his Father know of it.

HE then bought a Post Chaise at *Toulouse*, with a Couple of Horses, and took Bills of Exchange on *Lyons* and *Geneva*, except for what was necessary to bear his Expences to the last Place, where he designed to go, judging it safer there than in *Italy*, where the Power of the Pope might reach him, and perhaps undo all again.

WHEN every thing was ready for executing this unhappy Project, he told his Father that he would go and pass two or three Days with a young Counsellor of the Parliament of *Toulouse* who was his Friend, to which the old Gentleman readily consented, and ordered two of his Horses to be got ready, one for the Son, and another for the Servant who was to attend him and bring back the Horses, all which was accordingly done; and he sent Word to his Mistress, who had given him Notice before what Part of the Garden Wall was most proper to be stormed, to hold

Vol. I. E e herself

herself ready about Eleven o'Clock at Night, and that she should find him upon the Top of the Wall, at that Hour, ready to receive her.

I shall not trouble you with the Manner of his fixing the Ladder, and how he on his Side mounted the Wall, and she on her's, but only tell you that she got fairly off, and away they marched ; when they had got five or six Miles from the Convent to a Place where he could get Post Horses, he ordered two to be put to his Chaise, and one for his Servant to ride, and sold his own two Horses to the Post-master, at what he would give him for them, which to be sure was not near the Value.

THEY drove on with all Expedition Night and Day till they arrived at *Lyons*, where they were directly married ; and next Morning set out for *Geneva* about thirty Leagues distant, where they arrived without any bad Rencounter, and where I shall leave them in the full Fruition of what the Lovers call extatick Bliss, and while it lasts may be properly enough termed so.

But here's the Bane of human Life,

That what we wish for most

Is, by Fruition Maid or Wife,

No sooner got than lost,

Else

Else Marriage would a Heaven be,  
 where happy Days would flow;  
 But ah ! how seldom do we see,  
 A greater Curse below.

*Roussau*, cried the Count disdainfully, who is the Author of this little satyrical Stroke against Marriage, was a bitter Enemy to that State, and judged of every body by himself: I own, that where a Marriage has no other Foundation but the Gratification of the sensual Appetite, that may soon be cloyed; the same Object becomes too familiar, and ten to one breeds Disgust, which is the Preamble to Discord and all the Evils that attend Unions which are not founded upon Esteem as well as Love; he has laid down, however, too general a Maxim, and I think, besides myself, I could instance many Exceptions from the Rule; but Madam, added he, turning to Miss *Courbon*, I hope you'll pardon this Interruption, and do us the Favour to go on with your Story, of which, by some Insinuations that you dropt at the Beginning, I'm afraid the Sequel will support the Poet's Opinion.

By no Means, answered Miss, for tho' what remains opens a very different Scene from what is past, yet there appears no Change of Sentiments from Disgust, but an Alteration of Temper in the Husband from the terrible



316      *The* TRAVELS *of*

Apprehensions of being reduced to low Circumstances. Before I enter upon this Melancholy Part of my Story, which I have no Pleasure in repeating, I shall tell you what happened in *France* upon their Elopement.

THE Convent you may believe was soon in an Uproar, and a Messenger dispatched to Monsieur *de Houtolle's*, to acquaint him that his Daughter had made her Escape ; upon which he took Horse and went directly to Monsieur *de Lunelle's*, and understanding that his Son was at *Toulouse*, he became very suspicious that he had carried his Daughter off, but the Father could not believe it.

A Messenger was immediately dispatched to the Counsellor, at whose House he imagined his Son was, but he had neither seen him, nor heard of his being in Town, which threw the two Fathers into a terrible Consternation.

*Houtolle* returned home very much afflicted for the Disgrace, as he termed it, which his Daughter had brought upon the Family ; and the poor old *Lunelle* could neither eat nor sleep for the Loss of his Son.

SEVERAL Days past without any News ; but at last *Houtolle* received a Letter from his Daughter, dated from *Geneva*, of which the Person who told me the Story having a Copy, the Singularity of it made me think it worth transcribing ; and if you have any Curiosity  
to

to see how Sister *Rose* vindicates this *Faux-pas*, I will go up to my Chamber and bring it. By all Means, cried the Countess, I am mighty curious to see how she justifies her Conduct. Miss flew up Stairs, and was back in a Moment with a Paper in her Hand, in which she read the following Words.



*COPY of Madam de Lunelle's Letter to  
her Father from Geneva.*

SIR,

**W**HEN Children ~~are~~ really guilty of an Offence to their Parents, the Laws of God and Man oblige them to make a proper Atonement; you will, no doubt, think I am criminal in the highest Degree, and your Indignation will bear a due Proportion to the Opinion you have of my Conduct; but would you coolly consider the Case, you must of Necessity allow that, upon a fair Representation of it, you would be more liable to publick Censure than I. Far be it from me to set Limits or prescribe Rules to paternal Authority; but this far I may safely venture to say, that when from Views of preserving the whole of an Estate to the eldest Son, though very often a Rake and a Profligate, the other Sons and Daughters are condemned to the Monastick

State, without consulting their Inclination, nay, even though they declare their Aversion to it; Parents, in that Case, take a Power upon them which God and Nature never gave them, and the Children cannot be supposed to be under any Tie by Vows which they are forced to make, and which consequently they may and indeed ought to break as much as an Oath extorted by Violence, and threatened Death in case of a Refusal.

You are sensible, Sir, that the Convent was my Aversion, and that my Heart gave the Lie to my Tongue in pronouncing the fatal Formula; who then was guilty of the Sacrilege, for such sure it must be, and whose Conscience ought it to affect yours or mine?

I was dragged to the Altar, and offered up an involuntary Victim, which certainly made the Sacrifice abominable in the Sight of God; but the Crime lies at the Door of those who forced me to take on Vows which were as Daggers to my Heart when I pronounced them, not having the Vocation necessary for a Person who embraces a religious State: What I pronounced went no farther than my Lips, and when the Heart does not go along, what can it be called but juggling with Heaven; and how could I expect any Assistance from above, to carry me through the Hardships and Severities of a religious Life, to which I had an invincible Abhorrence at first,  
and



and found myself no better disposed during the whole Time! I was in the Convent? As this was the Case what could I propose to myself by remaining in it? Nothing, sure, but a wretched Life in this World, and terrible Apprehensions of a dreadful Futurity.

THESE were the Motives, Sir, that induced me to leave it in the Manner I have done; and whether they will be satisfactory to you I know not, but I am sure they are to my own Conscience, which I now find eased of a heavy Load; and perceive already that my Heart joins with my Tongue, in offering up my Prayers to Heaven, which to me is a convincing Argument that it approves of what I have done.

I am persuaded that the Public, and very probably you yourself too, will be apt to attribute my Flight to a quite different Cause than what I alledge; but give me Leave to assure you, that though I loved *Lunelle*, which I think I may now, as he is my Husband, confess without Breach of Modesty, I should certainly have sacrificed my Inclination to please you and a censorious World, had I found my Heart disposed to fulfil the Duties of my Order; but as it was quite cold, or rather averse to the religious Life, I look upon forced Devotion to be so far from being meritorious, that I dreaded an immediate Punishment from Heaven, even in the very Acts of Worship and Adoration, as they were

were not performed with Sincerity and Ardour, which I assure you was a stronger Motive for my leaving the Convent than the Sollicitations of a Man whom I own I loved.

I make no doubt but that my Husband and I have by this Step brought ourselves in Disgrace both with Church and State, the former will thunder out Excommunication, and the latter pronounce a Sentence of Death at least against him for carrying off a Nun; such a Sentence may be agreeable to human Laws, but not, I am sure, to divine in our Case; for I think nothing can be a more palpable Violation of them than to force me to take on Vows, to which I solemnly declared my Dissent, and therefore could not think myself bound to the Performance of them, nor guilty of any Crime in the Breach of such involuntary Engagements.

I think myself in Duty bound to give you this Account of my Sentiments and Situation; and though it will, very probably, rather augment than diminish your Resentment, for Reasons which cannot but be disagreeable to you to read or me to write, since it is but ripping up an old Sore, yet I could not be easy with myself till I did it, and not only now, but in all the Occurrences of my Life, shall always make it my Study to perform what I owe to him who gave me Being, whatever Returns I may meet with from his Indifference; and in this fixed Resolution  
give

Mademoiselle de *Richelieu*. 321

give me Leave to assure you of my Love and Respect, and that no Behaviour of yours, however rigorous and unkind, shall ever inspire me with other Sentiments than what are consistent with the Character which I assume of being while I live,

*Your most obedient and*

*affectionate Daughter,*

EMILIA DE LUNELLE.

As Family Considerations had induced *Houtalle* to make his Daughter a Nun, he considered that the Step she had now taken was a fair Pretence for his abandoning her as much as if she had been nothing to him, and he was therefore pretty easy upon the Matter, which was not the Case of poor old *Lunelle*, who was so thunderstruck with the News that he fell sick, and died in a Fortnight after, and his Estate, upon account of his Son's being declared Fugitive and hanged in Effigy, forfeited to the Crown.

This was, you may believe, dismal News to the young Gentleman and his Lady ; and as one Misfortune is generally the Preamble to another, Mr. *Desmarets* a Banker at *Geneva*, into whose Hands he had placed all his Stock of Money to a Trifle, failed for a very large Sum, and absconded till he had compounded with



with his Creditors at one Third of their Debts.

THIS Catastrophe was the more severe as it was intirely unexpected, and in Spite of all *Lunelle's* Endeavours to support it with a good Grace, the Impression it made on him appeared in his Behaviour and Looks ; he was often plunged into a Melancholy Thoughtfulness which his Wife observed, and tho' she dreaded as much the Consequences of this Disaster as her Husband, yet she endeavoured to conceal her own Fears and to dissipate his by her tender Caresses.

SOME Months after he received his Proportion from the Banker, and having been bred to no Business, he thought the best Way of laying out his little Fund, was to purchase a Commission with it in some foreign Service ; but two Reasons made him delay the Execution of his Design ; the first was his Lady's being big with Child, whom he could not expose to the Hardships of Travelling by Sea or Land in that Condition, and the next was to what Place of the World he should steer his Course ; for if he purchased a Commission in any Roman Catholick Country, he was apprehensive of bad Treatment if his Story happened to be discovered, and if he entered into the Service of a Protestant Prince, he must dissemble his being a Roman Catholick which neither his Conscience nor his Honour could bear the Thoughts of ; so that he was quite undetermined when his Lady brought

brought him a Son, and this dear Pledge of their Love augmented his Melancholy, from the perplexing Thoughts how he was to provide for his Wife and Child, and perhaps a more numerous Family in the Sequel; and tho' his Spouse was dearer to him than ever, he repented his not having waited till his Father's Death (after which he could have sold his Estate, and remitted the Money arising from it into some foreign Country) before he attempted to bring off his Mistress, by which Means they would have had a Competency to subsist with; this Reflection drew often heavy Sighs from his Breast, which he endeavoured, however, to smother but when he was by himself.

THE Effects of this Gentleman's Melancholy soon appeared in a visible Change of his Health, which rendered him unfit for Service of any Kind, and, in short, for I have, I dare say, encroached terribly upon your Patience, after a Wasting Sort of Illness for three or four Months, he was seized with a violent Fever, which carried him off in three or four Days, and left the Poor disconsolate *Emilia* in a Condition which I shall pass over in Silence, not being capable to paint it in proper Colours; and if she survived this terrible Loss it could only be attributed to her Tendernefs for a Son whom his Father had recommended to her Care when he was breathing out his Last. She had about ten Thousand Livers when her Husband died, which she lent to the City of *Geneva* at

5 *per Cent.* Interest, with which yearly Income joined to her own indefatigable Industry in Embroidery for Shop Keepers, she has given her Son the Education of a Gentleman, and is resolved, when he is of Age, to go into the Army to purchase a Commission for him in *France*, if it can be procured, or in *Savoy* failing that, and to support herself by her Needle, which I am told she can very well do. Here she concluded her Narration which drew Tears of Compassion from the Countess, and really would have likewise from me, had I not been obliged to keep up to my manly Character. We all, however, unanimously agreed that this poor Lady deserved a better Fate, and admired her Virtue and Resolution.

THE Countess, at the Desire of her Husband, returned the Thanks of the Company to Miss *Courbon* for her Complaisance, and after every one in particular had made her what Compliment they thought proper upon the agreeable Manner in which she had related this affecting Story, we took Leave of the Aunt and her, and returned to our Lodgings, where we passed the Remainder of the Evening in making our Remarks upon this Adventure.

As the Count had by this Time settled all his Affairs, he told me that he was now ready to leave *Paris* as soon as I thought proper; I told him that I had something to propose with Regard to our Travels, which I  
was



was, however, afraid to mention after what he had already granted. Speak freely, Sir, said he, and as I believe it is not in your Power to ask any Thing that may be unreasonable, or inconvenient to my Wife or me, I will venture, in her Name, as well as in my own, to tell you before-hand that your Request will be granted, if it is not that we will consent to your leaving us, that indeed would give me Concern, and I believe I should not very readily agree to it.

As what I am to propose, answered I, may prolong your Absence from *Auvergne* a Month or so more than by the Route that we had at first laid down, it may, perhaps, be inconvenient and unreasonable upon that Account ; however, if it should be so, I will drop my Proposal, and rather deprive myself of the Satisfaction of seeing some Part of *France*, which I cannot before I go to *Italy*, according to our first Plan, than of the Pleasure of your Company.

I would willingly take the grand Route to *Bordeaux*, from thence ascend the River *Garonne* to *Toulouse*, and from that to *Lyons*, taking *Toulon* and *Marseilles* in our Way, and from *Lyons* to proceed to *Auvergne*, but I am afraid such a long out about Way will frighten the Countess. No, no, cried she hastily, I am not at all frightned at the Thoughts of a long Journey, and if it is agreeable to the Count you have my Approbation.

As you are two to one, said he laughing, and as I would not willingly disoblige either of you, I shall with all my Heart consent to your Proposal, upon Condition that the Chevalier will remain at *Saluce* with us so much longer than he intended, as we shall be in performing this additional Part of our Travels, to which I very readily agreed, returning them a thousand Thanks for their Complaisance. It was upon this resolved that we should leave *Paris* in three Days. The Count ordered his Coachman and Postillion to return streight to *Auvergne* with his Coach and Horses, and bought a four Wheeled Post Chaise for himself and Lady, and I had already made Provision of an *Italian* Chaise for two Persons, my Maid *Lucy*, now my Valet de Chambre, not being used to Riding on Horse-back I was obliged to take her into the Chaise with me, on a Pretence of Indisposition when we left *Paris*.

THE next Day I went to my Aunt's Convent to bid her Adieu, and to receive her Commands. My dear Niece, said she, tho' I am not without Fears about your Project, yet I cannot condemn it, since, were I at Liberty, I should with Pleasure accompany you in the same Disguise, such a Passion have I to see and know the World; but since my Condition and Profession deny me a Satisfaction of this Kind, I hope you'll not refuse me that of corresponding with me from time to time, by way of a Journal of what you  
happen

happen to meet with that is remarkable in your Travels, addressing your Letters to our Friend *Pigeot*, who will take Care to deliver them punctually ; this will be an Advantage to yourself, as well as a Satisfaction to me ; and I expect that Proof of your Affection.

You may be assured, my dear Aunt replied I, of any thing in my Power to oblige you ; and if my trifling Remarks can afford you any Diversion, you may depend upon my Exactness in writing what I think will be agreeable to you ; and I hope, in Return, you'll remember me in your Prayers ; that my Duty obliges me to, answered she, without your making it your Request, and I have too great an Affection for you not to put up, every Day, my most ardent Prayers for your Preservation.

I shall not, my dear Niece, added she, represent that you are now going to launch out, as it were, into a boisterous Sea, where it requires great Skill and Art to steer a steady Course : You will be exposed to many Dangers in different Shapes, but I know your Virtue to be Proof against every thing that is vicious ; and that though Whim and Frolick may carry you to certain Lengths, yet you will never deviate from the Strictness of Modesty, the only valuable Ornament of our Sex ; but I shall not take up your Time and my own, in moralising to one who stands in no Need of my Advice how to regulate



her Conduct ; only beg that you'll let me know, from time to time, what happens to you in the Course of your Travels ; that you'll give me Descriptions of the Countries and Cities, and particularly *Rome*, that modern as well as ancient Glory of the World, not forgetting the Antiquities you shall meet with there as in other Places : I am sensible that I impose a laborious Task upon you, but I hope your Friendship for me will make you chearfully undertake it ; and now, my dearest Niece, as the Duties of my Profession require my Attendance elsewhere, I shall only wish you all Happiness, and that Heaven may protect you wherever you go : Upon which she retired, with Tears in her Eyes, left me weeping, and not able to pronounce one single Word, so much I was moved with this affecting Scene, and which had such an Impression on me, that the Moment I got to my Lodgings I shut myself up in my Chamber, where I made many serious Reflections upon the Part that I was going to act upon the Stage of Life ; sometimes condemning my Rashness, in exposing myself to a thousand Accidents which I had no Occasion to risk, nor any Motive for my so doing, but to satisfy an extravagant Curiosity, which I could not but condemn myself, and was for some Time at a Stand whether I should not drop my whimsical Project ; but I now experienced, in myself, what I have often condemned in other Women ; viz. that neither what our own Reason suggests, nor the Advice of Friends can prevail with us to  
relinquish

relinquish a Gratification which does not directly clash with Modesty.

WILL not, said I within myself, the Knowledge of the World contribute much to cure me of Prepossessions and Weaknesses incident to my Sex, not to speak of Ignorance, which, by the Manner of our Education, is a Misfortune that we cannot avoid ?

WILL not the Accomplishments and Virtues of some eminent Women, whom I may happen to meet with in the Course of my Travels excite me to Emulation ? and on the other Hand shall I not be disgusted with the unguarded Behaviour and Follies of others ? from both which I may draw Lessons extremely useful in the Conduct of Life.

BESIDES, can I not appear to be a Man without giving into the Extravagancies of your Rakes and Debauchees ? Thanks to my Sex I am in no Danger one Way ; and for any thing else, barring obscene Language, I can appear to be as extravagant as the best of them, that's to say, make Love to every Woman I meet with, appear as passionate as 'tis possible for a Man of Gallantry to be, and press hard for Favours which I cannot receive ; but if I should happen to meet with any complying Fair, I will always take Care to throw Obstacles in the Way to disappoint her Expectations, without bringing myself under any Suspicion ; thus I shall divert myself

with the Foibles of my Sex, and learn from them to guard against such Baits, if they should happen to be laid against me when I throw off my masculine Drefs.

AFTER many such Reflections, all tending to confirm me in my travelling Design, I at last concluded that it might be executed without any Danger to my Reputation, even after the Public came to be informed of it, and determined to bar the Door against all Doubts or Scruples which might offer in Opposition to it.

FIXED in this Resolution I went to the Count's Apartment, where I found a Jesuit, and a Gentleman whom I did not know, nor do I remember his Name ; but by a Conversation which he had with the Priest, I soon discovered that he was one of those Free-thinkers, with which *Paris*, and indeed all *France*, now abounds.

A little after I came in the Conversation turned upon Deism, and I believe it will be agreeable, at least to some of my Readers, to give them an Abstract of what was said upon this Subject; the Gentleman began in the following Manner.

‘ THE Supreme Being requires no other  
‘ Worship but the Love of his infinite Per-  
‘ fections, from whence flow all the Virtues  
‘ human and divine. All the Philosophers,  
‘ all



‘ all the Wise Men, all Nations have had  
‘ some Idea of this natural Religion; but  
‘ they have blended it with Tenets more or  
‘ less true, and have expressed it by a Wor-  
‘ ship more or less proper.

‘ All Sorts of Religions are agreeable to  
‘ the Sovereign Being, while Men make Use  
‘ of the Ceremonies, Opinions, and even of  
‘ the Errors of their Sect, to carry them to  
‘ the Adoration of the Deity. There must  
‘ indeed be an outward Worship; but the  
‘ different Forms of this Worship are like  
‘ the different Forms of Civil Government,  
‘ more or less good, according to the Use  
‘ that is made of them.

‘ I admire the Morality of the Gospel,  
‘ but all the speculative Opinions are Things  
‘ indifferent, of which the Sovereign Wis-  
‘ dom makes little Account.

To this the PRIEST answered.

‘ You cannot continue in your philoso-  
‘ phical Independence, without looking up-  
‘ on Christianity as an Imposture; for there  
‘ is no Medium betwixt Deism and Ca-  
‘ tholicity.

‘ THIS Notion appeared to the Gentle-  
‘ man to be a Paradox, and he begged him  
‘ to explain it, which he did in the following  
‘ Manner.

‘ WE

‘ WE must either confine ourselves to  
 ‘ natural Religion, founded upon the Idea  
 ‘ of God, and reject all supernatural and re-  
 ‘ vealed Laws ; or, if we admit a superna-  
 ‘ tural Revelation, we must acknowledge  
 ‘ some supreme Authority continually speak-  
 ‘ ing to interpret it.

‘ THE Christian Church, without such a  
 ‘ fixed and visible Authority, would be like  
 ‘ a Republic, to which wise Laws had been  
 ‘ given, but without Magistrates to put them  
 ‘ in Execution. What a Source of Confu-  
 ‘ sion. Each particular Man with the Book  
 ‘ of Laws in his Hand, would come to dis-  
 ‘ pute about their Meaning. This Book  
 ‘ would only serve to feed our vain Curio-  
 ‘ sity, to increase our Pride and Presump-  
 ‘ tion, and to make us more tenacious of  
 ‘ our own Opinions.

‘ THERE would indeed be but one Ori-  
 ‘ ginal Text, but as many different Man-  
 ‘ ners of explaining it as there were Men.  
 ‘ Divisions, and Sub-divisions would mul-  
 ‘ tiply without End, and without Remedy.  
 ‘ Can we imagine that our Sovereign Law-  
 ‘ giver has not provided better for the Peace  
 ‘ of his Republic, and for the Preservation  
 ‘ of his Law ?

‘ MOREOVER, if there be no infallible  
 ‘ Authority, which may say to us all, *This*  
 ‘ *is the true Meaning of the Holy Scrip-*  
 ‘ *ture :*

‘ *ture* : How can we expect that illiterate  
 ‘ Peasants, or simple Mechanics, should  
 ‘ engage in a Discussion, wherein the  
 ‘ Learned themselves cannot agree? God  
 ‘ would have been wanting to the Necessi-  
 ‘ ties of almost all Men, if, when he gave  
 ‘ them a written Law, he had not at the  
 ‘ same Time provided them a sure Interpre-  
 ‘ ter, to spare them an Inquiry, of which  
 ‘ they are incapable.

‘ EVERY simple and sincere Man of com-  
 ‘ mon Sense must perceive the Ridiculouf-  
 ‘ ness of Sects, who found their Separation  
 ‘ upon the Offer to make him Judge of such  
 ‘ Matters as are beyond the Reach of his  
 ‘ Capacity. Whether are we to believe the  
 ‘ new Reformers, who require that which  
 ‘ is impossible, or the ancient Church which  
 ‘ provides for the Weakness of Men?

‘ IN fine, we must either reject the Bible  
 ‘ as a Fiction, or submit to this Church.  
 ‘ Consult the sacred Writings. Examine  
 ‘ the Extent of the Promises made by Jesus  
 ‘ Christ to the Hierarchy, the Depositary  
 ‘ of his Law.

‘ HE says, that, *whatsoever it shall bind*  
 ‘ *on Earth, shall be bound in Heaven; that*  
 ‘ *he will be with it to the End of the World;*  
 ‘ *that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail*  
 ‘ *against it; that he who hears it, hears*  
 ‘ *him; that he who despises it, despises him;*  
 ‘ and



334 *The TRAVELS of*

‘ and in fine, that it is the *Basīs and Pillar*  
‘ *of Truth.*

‘ You cannot evade the Force of these  
‘ Expressions by any Commentary ; you  
‘ have no Remedy but by rejecting the  
‘ Authority both of the Law-giver and of  
‘ his Law.

‘ WHAT, said the Gentleman with some  
‘ Emotion, would you have me look upon  
‘ any Society on Earth as infallible ? I  
‘ have run through the most Part of the  
‘ different Sects ; allow me to tell you with  
‘ all due Respect, the Priests of all Reli-  
‘ gions are oftentimes more corrupt or more  
‘ ignorant than the rest of Men. I equally  
‘ suspect them all.

THE Priest answered with great Meek-  
ness and Moderation. ‘ If we do not  
‘ raise our Thoughts above what is human  
‘ in the most numerous Assemblies of the  
‘ Church, we shall find nothing but Matter  
‘ to shock and offend us ; and to increase  
‘ our Incredulity, we shall discover nothing  
‘ but Passions, Prejudices, human Weak-  
‘ nesses, politic Views, Factions and Cabals.  
‘ But we ought so much the more to admire  
‘ the Wisdom and Almighty Power of God,  
‘ in that he accomplishes his Designs by  
‘ such Means as seem naturally to tend to  
‘ their Destruction.

‘Tis

‘ ’Tis here that the Holy Spirit shews  
 ‘ himself Master of the Heart of Man. He  
 ‘ makes every Thing that seems defective  
 ‘ in the particular Pastors serve as a Means  
 ‘ to the Accomplishment of his Promises ;  
 ‘ and, by a Providence continually attentive,  
 ‘ watches the Moment of their Decision,  
 ‘ and renders it conformable to his Will.

‘ It is thus that God acts in all and by  
 ‘ all. Both the Civil and Ecclesiastical  
 ‘ Powers are held in a total Subjection to his  
 ‘ Laws. Every Thing accomplishes his De-  
 ‘ signs, either freely or by Necessity. It  
 ‘ is not the Holiness of our Superiors, nor  
 ‘ their personal Talents which make our  
 ‘ Obedience a divine Virtue, but the inward  
 ‘ Submission of the Mind to the Order of  
 ‘ God.

‘ I see plainly, said the Gentleman, that  
 ‘ there is no Medium between Deism and  
 ‘ Catholicity, but rather than believe all that  
 ‘ Catholicks commonly believe, I chuse to  
 ‘ throw myself into the other Extreme. I  
 ‘ intrench myself in that pure Deism which  
 ‘ is equally removed from an insipid Credu-  
 ‘ lity, and an extravagant Incredulity.

‘ My Faith disengaged from the Multi-  
 ‘ plicity of uncertain, subtile, and shocking  
 ‘ Opinions, confines itself to the Respect  
 ‘ which it pays to the Deity, and to the  
 ‘ immutable Ideas of pure Virtue, without  
 ‘ being

336      *The TRAVELS of*

‘ being anxious about Misteries, Priesthood,  
 ‘ or external Worship. To feel the Truth  
 ‘ of this Religion of Nature, a Man has  
 ‘ only to enter into his own Breast.’

‘ How few are there, replied the Priest,  
 ‘ who are capable of entering so into them-  
 ‘ selves, to consult the Dictates of pure  
 ‘ Reason? The refined Passions of the  
 ‘ Mind are no less blinding than those of a  
 ‘ grosser Nature. First Truths are some-  
 ‘ times over-looked by first-rate Genius’s.  
 ‘ There are no fixed Principles to be found  
 ‘ that can stop the Torrent of Uncertain-  
 ‘ ties which hurries them along.

‘ As in civil Societies, it was necessary  
 ‘ to put *Reason into Writing*, to reduce its  
 ‘ Precepts into a Body of Laws; to estab-  
 ‘ lish Magistrates for their Execution, be-  
 ‘ cause all Men are not in a Condition to  
 ‘ consult and follow of themselves the Law  
 ‘ of Nature: So likewise in Religion, Men  
 ‘ not being disposed to hear with Attention  
 ‘ the internal Voice of Sovereign Wisdom,  
 ‘ nothing was more worthy of God than to  
 ‘ speak himself to his Creature in a sensible  
 ‘ Manner, in order to convince the incredu-  
 ‘ lous, fix the Visionaries, instruct the ig-  
 ‘ norant, and re-unite all in the Belief  
 ‘ of the same Truths, the Practise of the  
 ‘ same Worship, and in a Submission to the  
 ‘ same Church.

‘ WHY



‘ WHY would you quarrel with a Help so necessary for human Weakness, and without which the most learned and polite Nations have fallen into the grossest Errors with regard to the Deity and the Duties of Morality.’

‘ THE Religion of Nature, said the Gentleman, interrupting him hastily, is common to all Minds, to all Nations, to all Religions. We even find the Traces of it in the Bosom of Paganism. Simple and artless Souls have perhaps better practised it than the Philosophers have talked of it.

‘ EVERY Sect has mixed with it some absurd Opinions. I find such in the Bible as well as elsewhere. But excuse me, Father, from talking upon this Head. I am afraid of dealing too freely with Things that I know not.’

THE Priest remained some Time silent, and then answered him in this Manner.

‘ HE who has not gone through all those Struggles which you feel in the Way to Truth, is unacquainted with its Value. Unbosom yourself to me, and be not afraid of shocking me. I see your Wound, it is deep, but not without Remedy, since you lay it open.’

UPON which the Gentleman proceeded thus :

‘ THE Lawgiver of the *Jews* appears to me to represent the Sovereign Being as a Tyrant, who makes all Mankind miserable, because the first Parents ate of a forbidden Fruit.

‘ IT was impossible that before their Existence they should have any Share in that trivial Fault, and yet God punishes them for it, not only by Bodily Sufferings and Death, but by giving them over to all their Passions, and in the End to eternal Punishments. According to the common Belief God forgets all other Nations of the Earth to mind only a stupid, rebellious, unjust and cruel People, whose Doctrines and Manners seem unworthy of the Deity.

‘ A second Lawgiver comes. His Morality is more sublime, and his Manners more pure. I do not pretend to say with certain bold Wits, that he was an Impostor. I believe him to have been an excellent Philosopher, who had no other View but to make Men good and happy, by teaching them the true Worship of the Supreme Being. But the pretended Depositories of this Law have drowned it in a Multitude of absurd Fables, obscure Doctrines, and frivolous Opinions that degrade the Divinity.’

THE

THE Priest heard him out to the End. with a wonderful Tranquility, and then said,

‘ GOD has so tempered the Light and the  
 ‘ Shade in his holy Oracles, that this Mix-  
 ‘ ture is a Source of Life to those who seek  
 ‘ the Truth in Order to love it; and an  
 ‘ Abyss of Darknes to those who will with-  
 ‘ stand it, that they may flatter their Passions.  
 ‘ The greatest Part of the Objections you  
 ‘ have been making, are false and malicious  
 ‘ Turns, which are given by incredulous Men  
 ‘ to Religion. Hear me, I beseech you with  
 ‘ Attention for one Instant, and I will give  
 ‘ you another Plan of the Bible.

‘ GOD will have all his Creatures to love  
 ‘ him as *He deserves*, before they be admit-  
 ‘ ted to see him as *He is*. The luminous  
 ‘ Vision of his Essence would invincibly de-  
 ‘ termine us to love him; but he seeks to be  
 ‘ loved with a free Love, a Love of bare  
 ‘ Choice. ’Tis for this Reason that all free  
 ‘ Beings pass through a State of Tryal be-  
 ‘ fore they arrive at the supreme Happiness  
 ‘ of their Nature, so that the Beginning of  
 ‘ their Existence is a Novice-ship, a Time  
 ‘ for the Probation of their Love.

THE Angels and our first Parents having  
 ‘ abused their Liberty in a Paradise of Im-  
 ‘ mortality and Pleasures, God changed our  
 ‘ State of Trial into a mortal State, wherein  
 ‘ good and Evil are mingled together; to the



‘ End that our Experience of the Vanity and  
 ‘ Nothingness of the Creatures might carry  
 ‘ us to aspire continually after a better Life.

‘ SINCE that Time we all come into the  
 ‘ World diseased, but the Remedy is ever at  
 ‘ Hand to cure us. The Light which en-  
 ‘ lightens every Man that comes into the  
 ‘ World is never wanting. That Sovereign  
 ‘ Wisdom has manifested itself differently  
 ‘ according to the different Times and Pla-  
 ‘ ces; to some by a supernatural Law, and  
 ‘ the Miracles of the Prophets; to others  
 ‘ by the Law of Nature, and the wonderful  
 ‘ Works of the Creation. Every Man shall  
 ‘ be judged by the Law which he has known,  
 ‘ and not by that which he has not known.  
 ‘ No one shall be condemned but for neglect-  
 ‘ ing to profit by what he knew, that he  
 ‘ might merit to know more. \*

‘ GOD came himself at last, cloathed in the  
 ‘ Likeness of our Flesh, to expiate Sin, and  
 ‘ to give us a Pattern of that Worship which  
 ‘ is due to him. He cannot Pardon the Cri-  
 ‘ minal without shewing his Detestation of  
 ‘ the Crime. This is what he owes to his  
 ‘ Justice, and this is what our Saviour alone  
 ‘ could do. He has shewn to Men, to An-  
 ‘ gels, and to all the Heavenly Spirits the  
 ‘ infinite Aversion of the Deity for the Vi-  
 ‘ olation of Order, since it cost such Pains

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\* St. Augustin.

‘ and

Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 341

‘ and Agonies to the Man God. ’Tis in  
‘ this Sense that the Saviour is our Sacrifice,  
‘ but he is our Model also.

‘ THIS Sacrifice of Jesus Christ, offered  
‘ up in Homage to the divine Sanctity, his  
‘ profound Annihilation before the Supreme  
‘ Being, and his infinite Love of Order shall  
‘ be the everlasting Pattern of the Love,  
‘ Adoration and Homage of all Intelligent  
‘ Natures. They shall thence learn what  
‘ is due to the Infinite Being, when they be-  
‘ hold the Worship he pays to himself by  
‘ his holy Humanity.

‘ THE Religion of this eternal High Priest  
‘ consists only in *Charity*. The *Sacraments*,  
‘ the *Ceremonies*; the *Priest-hood* are but  
‘ salutary Aids to succour our Weakness,  
‘ outward and sensible Signs to encrease in  
‘ our Selves and others the Knowledge and  
‘ Love of our common Father; or in fine,  
‘ necessary Means to keep us within the  
‘ Bounds of Order, Union, and Obedi-  
‘ ence.

‘ VERY soon these Means shall cease; the  
‘ Shadows shall disappear, the true Temple  
‘ shall be opened; our Bodies shall be rai-  
‘ sed again glorious, and God shall com-  
‘ municate eternally with his Creatures, not  
‘ only as a Being purely divine, but under  
‘ a human Form, that he may shew us at  
‘ once both the Mysteries of his Essence and  
‘ the Wonders of his Creation.

‘ You have here the general Plan of Providence. This is, so to speak, the Philosophy of the Bible. Can any Thing be more worthy of God or give greater Consolation to Man than these high and noble Ideas? ought we not to wish them true, tho’ we were not able to demonstrate the truth of them.

‘ But may we not suppose, said the Gentleman, that *Moses* and *Jesus Christ* have formed this fine System meerly as Philosophers, and without any divine Mission? may they not have feigned an Intercourse with the Deity, not to deceive Men, but to gain Credit to their Law, and to make us good and happy by instructing us in true Mortality?’

To this the Priest answered: ‘ *Moses* and *Jesus Christ* have proved their Mission by supernatural Works, which bear the Character of an infinite Wisdom and Power.

‘ I shall say nothing of the Miracles of *Moses*, nor of the uncorrupted Transmission to our Time of those Books which contain the History of them, neither shall I mention the Prophecies contained in them, nor speak of the *Jewish* People who still subsist, tho’ dispersed all over the Earth, after the total Destruction of all the ancient Nations formerly so valiant and powerful.

‘ You



Mademoiselle de Richelieu. 343

‘ You will see that Matter excellently well  
‘ treated in *Monsieur de Meaux’s* Discourse  
‘ upon Universal History. He has shewn  
‘ the continued Chain of Tradition from the  
‘ Beginning of the World, and has strengthened  
‘ it by Reflections, which equally discover  
‘ the greatness of his Capacity and of  
‘ his Knowledge.

‘ I shall say nothing of the Events fore-  
‘ told in those ancient Books, which required  
‘ not only a divine Wisdom to foresee  
‘ them, but an infinite Power to accomplish  
‘ them. Such was the Conversion of  
‘ the *Gentiles* to Christianity, an Event,  
‘ which depending on the free Co-operation  
‘ of Man, demonstrates plainly that the God  
‘ who revealed it had an uncommunicable  
‘ Power over his Heart. But without entering  
‘ into the Particulars of those Facts,  
‘ which so evidently prove that the *Jewish*  
‘ Law, was given from above, I come directly  
‘ to Christianity. In demonstrating  
‘ the Truth of the latter we establish the  
‘ Authority of the former, since the Christian  
‘ Lawgiver has supposed it Divine.

‘ I. THE Miracles of Jesus Christ were  
‘ not done in a Corner, in impenetrable  
‘ Hiding-places, or deep Caverns, but before  
‘ the Face of a whole People, who were  
‘ Enemies and incredulous. They were afterwards  
‘ published and renewed by the  
‘ Apostles in many different Nations, who  
‘ were powerfully interested to make the  
‘ Cheat

344      *The* TRAVELS *of*

' Cheat appear in Case they had been Coun-  
 ' terfeit. Our Lord feeds a Multitude of  
 ' People with four Loaves. He recovers the  
 ' incurable with a single Word. He calls  
 ' up the dead from the Grave. He raises  
 ' himself from Death. Every thing is no-  
 ' torious and publick, and in which the least  
 ' Imposture might have been easily disco-  
 ' vered. Here was nothing of delusive Arts  
 ' to bewitch the Eyes, no Legerdemain,  
 ' nor subtle Operations of Physical Science ;  
 ' the Facts were all palpable and visible,  
 ' contrary to the common Laws of Nature.  
 ' The Simple and the Learned were equally  
 ' Judges of them, and need only to open  
 ' their Eyes to be convinced of their Rea-  
 ' lity.

' 2. THE principal Eye-witnesses of these  
 ' miraculous Deeds cannot be suspected.  
 ' 'Tis possible that Men through Infatua-  
 ' tion and Prejudice may suffer all Sorts of  
 ' Hardships in the Defence of speculative  
 ' Errors, because they may be really per-  
 ' suaded that they are Truths ; but that  
 ' Men without View of Pleasure or Ambi-  
 ' tion, of temporal or eternal Recompence,  
 ' should expose themselves to all Kinds of  
 ' Calamities in this Life, and after it to  
 ' the revenging Justice of a God who hates  
 ' Falshood, to maintain that they have heard  
 ' with their Ears, and seen with their Eyes,  
 ' such Things as never were : This disin-  
 ' terested Love of Evil is absolutely incom-  
 ' patable with human Nature, and can never  
 ' be

‘ be supposed, especially in Men who pass  
 ‘ their Lives in practising and teaching the  
 ‘ most sublime Morality that was ever heard  
 ‘ of.

‘ 3. THE Religion of *Moses* considered  
 ‘ separately, and without Respect to Chris-  
 ‘ tianity, might possibly be suspected of  
 ‘ politick Views. It might be said, that  
 ‘ the Magicians of *Egypt* having imitated a  
 ‘ Part of the Wonders wrought by him, he  
 ‘ only excelled them in the Magick Art.  
 ‘ But in the Religion of *Jesus Christ* there  
 ‘ is no Pretext for Incredulity, no Shadow  
 ‘ of human Policy, no Footstep of Worldly  
 ‘ Interest. The Miracles of the Lawgiver  
 ‘ evince his Mission to be divine, and the  
 ‘ Purity of his Law proves that his Miracles  
 ‘ were not deluding Enchantments. When  
 ‘ a Legislature has a Mind to deceive Men  
 ‘ by false Miracles, and to bring them un-  
 ‘ der his Government by abusing their Cre-  
 ‘ dulity; does he invent a Religion which  
 ‘ mortifies the whole Man, makes him be-  
 ‘ come an Alien and a Stranger to himself,  
 ‘ overthrows the Idolatry of Self-love, ob-  
 ‘ liges us to love God more than ourselves,  
 ‘ and not to love ourselves but for his Sake?  
 ‘ *Jesus Christ* has taught us to look upon this  
 ‘ Life, this infinitely short Moment of our  
 ‘ Banishment here below, as the Infancy of  
 ‘ our Being, and as an obscure Night in  
 ‘ which all the Pleasures we meet with are  
 ‘ but transient Dreams, and all the Evils  
 ‘ we feel but wholesome Bitternesses to  
 ‘ make



' make us loath this World, and press for-  
 ' ward to our true and native Country. Pe-  
 ' netrated with the Sense of our Nothing-  
 ' ness, our Inability, and Blindness, he  
 ' would have us continually present, and  
 ' expose ourselves before the *Being of Beings*,  
 ' to the End that he may impress again his  
 ' Image upon our Souls, and at length,  
 ' being made totally conformable to him, he  
 ' may absorb and consummate us in his di-  
 ' vine Unity. This is that Worship in Spi-  
 ' rit and in Truth of which the Gospel  
 ' speaks ; the Worship which Man finds so  
 ' agreeable to his natural Ideas, when it is  
 ' once discovered to him ; a Worship never-  
 ' theless of which we scarce see any Traces  
 ' in the most refined *Paganism*. It was but  
 ' late, and after that Christianity had en-  
 ' lightened the World, that the *Pagan*,  
 ' *Arabian*, and *Persian* Philosophers borrowed  
 ' this Language, which they have always  
 ' spoken imperfectly.

' 4. ALL is Union in *Jesus Christ* ; his  
 ' Life is agreeable to his Doctrine. This  
 ' divine Legislator does not think it enough  
 ' to give Men the dry Precepts of a sublime  
 ' Morality. He puts it himself in Practice,  
 ' and sets us the Example of an accomplished  
 ' Virtue, which neither has nor pretends  
 ' to any Thing upon Earth. His whole  
 ' Life is but a Tissue of Sufferings, a per-  
 ' petual Adoration, a profound Humiliation  
 ' before the Supreme Being, an unbounded  
 ' Submission to the divine Will, and an in-  
 ' finite

finite Love of Order. Is it possible any where else to find either such a Law or such a Law-giver?

5. THE Establishment of such a Religion amongst Men is the greatest of all Miracles. In spite of all the ancient Roman Power, in spite of all the Passions Interests, and Prejudices of so many Nations, so many Philosophers, so many different Religions, twelve poor Fishermen without Art, without Eloquence, without Power, published and spread their Doctrine throughout the World. In Spite of a Persecution for three Centuries, which seemed ready every Moment to extinguish it; in Spite of continued and innumerable Martyrdoms of Persons of all Conditions, Sexes, and Countries, Truth in the End triumphs over Error, pursuant to the Predictions both of the old and new Law. Let any one shew some other Religion which has the same Marks of a divine Protection. A powerful Conqueror may establish by his Arms the Belief of a Religion which flatters the Sensuality of Men; a wise Legislator may gain himself Attention and Respect by the Usefulness of his Laws; a Sect in Credit, and supported by the Civil Power, may abuse the Credulity of the People; all this is possible. But what could victorious, learned, and incredulous Nations see, to induce them so readily to submit to *Jesus Christ*, who promised them nothing in this World but Persecutions  
and

‘ and Sufferings, who proposed to them the  
 ‘ Belief of Misteries, which shock the Un-  
 ‘ derstanding of Man, and the Practice of  
 ‘ a Morality which sacrifices all our Darling  
 ‘ Passions? In one Word, a Faith and a  
 ‘ Worship, which drive our Reason and  
 ‘ our Self-love to the Extremity of De-  
 ‘ spair.

‘ Do we find these five Marks of Truth  
 ‘ in the pretended Miracles of Magicians,  
 ‘ or the Impostures of *Appollonius* and *Ma-*  
 ‘ *homet*? They may out of Ostentation  
 ‘ have presented the People with some pub-  
 ‘ lick Shew, in order to surprize, amuse,  
 ‘ and captivate them: But have they done  
 ‘ any Miracle so publicly notorious, and  
 ‘ seen by such Witnesses? Have they  
 ‘ taught a Doctrine so sublime, and ac-  
 ‘ companied it with Manners so pure, or  
 ‘ have they spread it over the Face of the  
 ‘ Earth by Means so opposite to what may  
 ‘ be called political?

To this the Gentleman replied.

‘ I am deeply affected with what you  
 ‘ say; the high Ideas which you give  
 ‘ me of the Christian Doctrine, the noble  
 ‘ Sentiments which it inspires, and the com-  
 ‘ fortable Hopes it affords, evidently prove  
 ‘ that the Christian Legislator surpassed all  
 ‘ the others. But may it not be said that  
 ‘ this Philosopher, being himself persuaded  
 ‘ that his Morality was the only Worship  
 ‘ worthy



‘ worthy of the Supreme Being, and that his  
 ‘ System was the only Means of rendering  
 ‘ us happy here and hereafter, believed him-  
 ‘ self obliged, out of Respect to the Diety  
 ‘ and Good-will towards Men, to give  
 ‘ Credit to his Law, by feigning a secret  
 ‘ Communication with the Almighty ; that  
 ‘ he chose twelve simple and ignorant Men,  
 ‘ to the End that he might conceal from  
 ‘ them, or perhaps persuade them more  
 ‘ easily of his innocent and generous Illu-  
 ‘ sion.

‘ THIS Stratagem succeeded with them,  
 ‘ and was by Degrees spread about, at first  
 ‘ by Persuasion, and at Length by Force,  
 ‘ when the Christians became the most nu-  
 ‘ merous and most powerful. The Priests  
 ‘ then, who make Use of Religion to go-  
 ‘ vern the People, might they not have de-  
 ‘ parted from the first and noble Designs of  
 ‘ the Legislator, converted every thing into  
 ‘ Politick, added Tenets to the System of  
 ‘ Morality, slipt Passages into the original  
 ‘ Writings, favouring the imperious Power  
 ‘ which they endeavour to usurp over the  
 ‘ Multitude, and, in fine, disguised, exag-  
 ‘ gerated, and supposed Facts unknown at  
 ‘ the Beginning. For if the Miracles which  
 ‘ were mentioned were true, is it possible  
 ‘ that the *Jews* could have stood out against  
 ‘ their Evidence, or that Authors cotempo-  
 ‘ rary should have said so little about them ?

‘ THERE is no room to doubt, answered  
 ‘ the Father, of the Truth of these Facts.  
 ‘ The Books which contain the History of  
 ‘ them were received, and translated by  
 ‘ great Numbers of People of different  
 ‘ Countries as soon as they appeared : They  
 ‘ have been in publick Assemblies in almost  
 ‘ all Nations, from Age to Age, and yet no  
 ‘ body ever taxed them with being false ;  
 ‘ neither *Jews* nor *Pagans*, nor *Hereticks*,  
 ‘ who were powerfully interested to op-  
 ‘ pose them, and to make the Imposture  
 ‘ appear.

‘ THE *Jews* indeed alledged, that *Jesus*  
 ‘ *Christ* had performed his Miracles by the  
 ‘ Power of Magick, but they never rejected  
 ‘ them as Forgeries. Is it surprizing that a  
 ‘ People under Expectation of a Messiah,  
 ‘ who was to load them with all temporal  
 ‘ Blessings, and to extend their Dominion  
 ‘ over the whole Face of the Earth, should  
 ‘ be irritated against a Legislator who over-  
 ‘ turned all their flattering Hopes. We  
 ‘ know how far the Passions influence the  
 ‘ Mind, and how much the Heart blinds  
 ‘ it. Is it astonishing that this People should  
 ‘ rather chuse to look upon the Miracles  
 ‘ of *Jesus Christ* as Delusions, than to em-  
 ‘ brace a Law, which proposes no other Plea-  
 ‘ sures but these of Virtue, nor other Happi-  
 ‘ ness but a future Immortality ?

‘ THE

‘ THE *Pagans* could no more disallow  
 ‘ those Facts than the *Jews*. *Celsus*, *Por-*  
 ‘ *phyry*, *Julian* the Apostate, *Plotinus* and  
 ‘ the other Philosophers, who from the Be-  
 ‘ ginning attacked Christianity, with all  
 ‘ imaginable Subtilty, acknowledged the  
 ‘ Truth of our Saviour’s Miracles, the  
 ‘ Sanctity of his Life, and the Authentick-  
 ‘ ness of those Books which give us the  
 ‘ History of them. The Silence of cotem-  
 ‘ porary Authors with the Apostles proves  
 ‘ nothing. The Philosophers just now men-  
 ‘ tioned never brought this Silence as an Ob-  
 ‘ jection.

‘ IF Christianity be an Imposture, and if  
 ‘ the Illusion has been concealed so as to  
 ‘ deceive all Nations, it might have been  
 ‘ easily consummated, by slipping in formal  
 ‘ Passages in the cotemporary Authors, to  
 ‘ prevent an Objection which gives so much  
 ‘ Umbrage. The Simplicity of this Con-  
 ‘ duct proves the Veracity of the Facts which  
 ‘ are advanced.

‘ IN fine, the numerous and successive  
 ‘ Sectaries, which in every Age have dis-  
 ‘ turbed the Peace of the Church, uncon-  
 ‘ testably prove, that it would have been  
 ‘ impossible to corrupt the sacred Originals  
 ‘ without a Discovery of the Imposture ; so  
 ‘ that if we go back from Age to Age, to  
 ‘ *Jesus Christ* himself, we shall see *Christians*,  
 ‘ *Hereticks*, *Jews*, *Pagans*, *Greeks*, Ro-  
 ‘ mans,



‘ *mans, Barbarians*, all giving Testimony  
‘ to the same Facts, and to the same  
‘ Books.

‘ As the Certainty of our Ideas depends  
‘ upon the Universality and Immutability of  
‘ their Evidence ; so the Certainty of Facts  
‘ depends upon the Universality and Immu-  
‘ tability of the Tradition by which they are  
‘ confirmed.

‘ It is impossible to make first one whole  
‘ Nation, and afterwards many different  
‘ Nations, believe that they have seen with  
‘ their Eyes, and heard with their Ears,  
‘ such Things as never were ; that the Me-  
‘ mory of these invented Facts should be per-  
‘ petuated openly, successively and univer-  
‘ sally, in all Ages by different Nations,  
‘ of opposite Interests, Religion, and Pre-  
‘ judices ; that these Nations should con-  
‘ spire with their Enemies to spread abroad a  
‘ Delusion which confounds and condemns  
‘ them ; and that, nevertheless, neither at  
‘ the Time of the Forgery, nor in the Ages  
‘ following, it should ever be discovered ;  
‘ this, I say, is not only incredible, but ab-  
‘ solutely impossible.’

‘ I own Father, said the Gentleman, that  
‘ the Morality and the Facts of the Christian  
‘ Religion would not shock me. I see no-  
‘ thing in the one that is not sublime, nor  
‘ in the others that is not possible ; but I  
‘ would gladly separate the noble Ideas of  
‘ which

‘ which you have been speaking from those  
‘ Things which the Priests call Mysterics.

‘ THE low and mercenary Ideas which  
‘ are commonly entertained of Religion,  
‘ were, I thought, unworthy of a divine  
‘ Mission. I suspected the Miracles of the  
‘ Law-giver, while I was unacquainted with  
‘ the Beauty of his Law. But why do we  
‘ find in the Bible such a shocking Contrast  
‘ of luminous Truths and obscure Doc-  
‘ trines?

‘ WHEREFORE, answered he, would you  
‘ reject so many luminous Truths which  
‘ console the Heart, because they are ming-  
‘ led with Shades which humble the Un-  
‘ derstanding? Ought not the true Reli-  
‘ gion to elevate and abase Men, to shew  
‘ him at once both the Grandeur and Weak-  
‘ ness of his Nature? You have as yet  
‘ too narrow a Notion of Christianity. It is  
‘ not only a holy Law to purify the Will,  
‘ it is also a mysterious Wisdom to subdue  
‘ the Understanding. It is a continual Sa-  
‘ crifice of the whole Man, in Homage to  
‘ the Sovereign Reason.

‘ THE Practice of Christian Morality is  
‘ a renouncing of Pleasures for the Love of  
‘ the Supreme Beauty. The Belief of the  
‘ Gospel Mysterics is a respectful Sacri-  
‘ fice of our Ideas to the eternal Truth.  
‘ Without this double Offering of our  
‘ Thoughts and Passions the Holocaust is im-  
‘ perfect

# 354 *The TRAVELS of*

‘ perfect, our Victim is defective. It is by  
 ‘ this Means only that the whole Man is, as  
 ‘ it were, annihilated before the *Being of*  
 ‘ *Beings*.

‘ OUR Business is not to enquire whether  
 ‘ it be necessary that God should thus re-  
 ‘ veal Misteries to us for the humbling of  
 ‘ our Minds, but rather to know whe-  
 ‘ ther he has revealed any or not. If he has  
 ‘ vouchsafed to speak to his Creatures, all  
 ‘ that love him will obey his Voice. You  
 ‘ are to consider the Christian Revelation as  
 ‘ a Fact. Since you no longer doubt of the  
 ‘ Proofs of this Fact, you are no longer at  
 ‘ Liberty to chuse what you will believe and  
 ‘ what not. When the Mind is once cured  
 ‘ of its Presumption, all those Difficulties,  
 ‘ whereof you have brought together some  
 ‘ Instances, vanish in a Moment. We can  
 ‘ then easily believe, that there is a Depth in  
 ‘ the Divine Nature, and in the Conduct of  
 ‘ his Providence, which is not to be fa-  
 ‘ thomed by the short Line of our Rea-  
 ‘ son. The Infinite Being must of Ne-  
 ‘ cessity be incomprehensible to the Crea-  
 ‘ ture.

‘ ON the one hand we behold a Legif-  
 ‘ lator, whose Law is altogether divine, and  
 ‘ who proves his Mission by miraculous  
 ‘ Works, of which we cannot doubt, since  
 ‘ the Reasons we have to believe them  
 ‘ are so strong and cogent. We find on  
 ‘ the other Hand divers Misteries which  
 ‘ shock



‘ shock our Understanding. What shall we  
‘ do between these two perplexing Extremes  
‘ of a clear Revelation, and an incompre-  
‘ hensible Obscurity? We have no Way  
‘ left but to sacrifice our Understanding, and  
‘ this Sacrifice is one Part of the Worship due  
‘ to the Sovereign Being.

‘ HAS not God an infinite Variety of  
‘ Knowledge which we have not? when  
‘ he discovers any of his Secrets to us by  
‘ a Supernatural way, our Business is not to  
‘ examine the *Manner* of those Mysteries,  
‘ but the *Certainty* of their Revelation. They  
‘ seem to us inconsistent, without being so  
‘ in Reality; and this seeming Inconsistency  
‘ arises from the Scantiness and narrow Li-  
‘ mits of our Understanding, which can not  
‘ reach to see the Connexion of our natural  
‘ Ideas with these supernatural Truths.

‘ CHRISTIANITY adds nothing to your  
‘ pure Deism but the Sacrifice of the Under-  
‘ standing, and the Catholick Faith does but  
‘ compleat this Sacrifice. We have, pro-  
‘ perly speaking, but two Articles of Reli-  
‘ gion, the *Love* of an invisible God, and  
‘ *Obedience* to his Living Oracle the Church.  
‘ All the other particular Truths are emi-  
‘ nently contained in these two simple and  
‘ universal ones, which are within the Reach  
‘ of every Capacity. Can any thing be more  
‘ worthy of the divine Perfection, or more  
‘ necessary for the Weakness of Men?

THE Gentleman then said : ‘ I have no longer any Difficulty about the incomprehensible Doctrines of Faith, but about certain Opinions which have unawares crept in among the Priests and the People. May not the Christian Law, as well as the Jewish, have been obscured by uncertain Traditions? I am persuaded that the Church will never teach any Errors which are dangerous or damnable ; but may she not tolerate certain innocent Errors as being useful and necessary in the present Weakness of human Nature? Such, for Example, is the Notion of eternal Punishments.

‘ NOTHING would be more dangerous than to free the Minds of Men from this salutary Fear. But there is nothing in the natural Ideas we have of the Deity, nor even in the Holy Scripture to hinder us from believing, that sooner or later all Beings will return to Order. This was the Solution which Origen hit upon to justify all the Steps of Providence. This furnishes an Answer to all the Objections which Celsus, Mr. Baile, and all other Unbelievers, whether ancient or modern, have formed against the Christian System. Leave me but this single Idea ; I give you up all the rest.’

‘ No,

' No, no, said the Father, I will leave  
 ' you no Refuge to escape the Sacrifice of  
 ' your Understanding. Should we suppose  
 ' that the Church might tolerate some inno-  
 ' cent Mistakes, yet since she never will  
 ' teach any dangerous Error, which can jus-  
 ' tify a Rebellion, and the throwing off our  
 ' Dependance, why do you delay to submit,  
 ' and to lose in the Incomprehensibility of  
 ' God all those vain Speculations, which  
 ' might limit and set Bounds to your Obe-  
 ' dience? This Life is but a dark Night,  
 ' in which we are not allowed to reason upon  
 ' the Secrets of the divine Nature, or the  
 ' impenetrable Designs of his Providence.  
 ' One Moment more, and all will be un-  
 ' veiled. God will justify his Conduct. We  
 ' shall see that his Wisdom, Justice, and  
 ' Goodness, are always concordant and in-  
 ' separable. 'Tis our Pride, and our Im-  
 ' patience which make us unwilling to wait  
 ' for this Unravelling. Instead of using that  
 ' Ray of Light which is left us, as a Guide  
 ' to lead us out of our Darkness, we lose it  
 ' in a Labyrinth of Disputes, Errors, chi-  
 ' merical Systems, and particular Sects,  
 ' which not only disturb the present Peace of  
 ' human Society, but indispose us for the true  
 ' Life of all intelligent Natures, who have  
 ' no Understanding or Will of their own,  
 ' but are enlightened by the same universal  
 ' Reason, and are moved and animated by  
 ' the same Sovereign Love.

' HITHERTO



' HITHERTO you have sought to possess  
 ' Truth. Truth must now captivate and  
 ' possess you, and strip you of all the false  
 ' Riches of your Understanding. Before  
 ' we can be perfect Christians, we must be  
 ' disappropriated of every Thing, even of  
 ' our Ideas themselves. No Religion but  
 ' the Christian teaches this Evangelical Po-  
 ' verty. Impose this Silence upon your Ima-  
 ' gination and your Reason. Say continual-  
 ' ly to God ; instruct me by the Heart and  
 ' not by the Understanding : Make me be-  
 ' lieve as the Saints have believed : Make  
 ' me love as the Saints have loved. By this  
 ' Means you will be secured from all Incre-  
 ' dulity.

' NOTHING is more clearly proved, said  
 ' the Gentleman, in Metaphysicks than  
 ' the Existence of a Being infinite, perfect,  
 ' and eternal, that's to say GOD ; but the  
 ' Immortality of the Soul does not appear  
 ' to carry with it the same Clearness and  
 ' Strength of Proof, at least by the little  
 ' that I have read. What appears to me  
 ' to be the best Proof is, that as we are per-  
 ' fectly sensible of its *Unity*, it is not subject  
 ' to Division of Parts as Bodies, and conse-  
 ' quently to destroy it, a particular Will of  
 ' God would be necessary, as one was requi-  
 ' site for its Creation. This Reason answers  
 ' equally for the Immortality of Matter,  
 ' and can amount to no more than Probabi-  
 ' lity,

‘ lity, which is not sufficient.’ This is my  
‘ first Difficulty.

‘ 2. THE Immortality of the Soul being  
‘ established, the Question still is to prove  
‘ the Necessity of a Worship, and what  
‘ Relation there can be between the Infinite  
‘ and the Finite, that this Worship may be  
‘ agreeable.

‘ 3. IT must be made appear that we are  
‘ free Agents, otherwise we are answerable  
‘ for nothing. Now, as we have within  
‘ us an invincible Desire to be happy, and  
‘ an Intelligence necessitated to acknowledge  
‘ an evident Truth which appears, it must  
‘ be shewn, that our Wit is not a Balance  
‘ necessarily counterpoised by the Idea of the  
‘ greatest Good.

‘ I cannot doubt but that it is possible  
‘ to prove these Truths in a clearer, shorter,  
‘ more interesting, and exacter Manner,  
‘ than has been hitherto done : I should  
‘ be glad to see such a Work as this which  
‘ would be of infinite Use.’

HERE the Gentleman left off speaking,  
and the Priest made the following Discourse  
containing Proofs of *the Being of a God,*  
*the Liberty of Man, the Necessity of a di-*  
*vine Worship, and the Immortality of the*  
*Soul.*

‘ THERE

## 360      *The TRAVELS of*

‘ THERE must of Necessity be something  
 ‘ eternal, nothing could not produce the  
 ‘ Things which are. That *Being which ex-*  
 ‘ *ists of itself* is for no other Reason *Eternal*,  
 ‘ but because it carries within itself the Ne-  
 ‘ cessity of its Existence. All finite Beings  
 ‘ may either be or not be. Every suppo-  
 ‘ sed Infinite, or Infinite in all Respects, has  
 ‘ nothing in it self to make it exist prefer-  
 ‘ ably to an Infinite of a Superior Degree ;  
 ‘ so that its Existence is not necessary. The  
 ‘ self existent Being, the infinite Being, the  
 ‘ absolute Infinite, are therefore synonymous  
 ‘ Terms. It is for this Reason that God  
 ‘ defines himself *He that is*.

‘ MULTIPLICITY is poor in its seeming  
 ‘ Abundance. The absolute Infinite is su-  
 ‘ premely *one*, and supremely *all*. He is all  
 ‘ Being, and not all *Beings*. He exists, knows  
 ‘ himself, and loves himself always alike. He  
 ‘ contains all that is real in all Beings by  
 ‘ an indivisible Simplicity, and not a Com-  
 ‘ position of Parts. He knows all that is  
 ‘ knowable in knowing himself. He loves  
 ‘ all that is lovely in loving himself. He can  
 ‘ do all that is possible by the simple Act of  
 ‘ his Will. We do not see his Essence,  
 ‘ but we have here a clear Idea of his essen-  
 ‘ tial Properties. It is, I confess, but an  
 ‘ infinitely small Perception of the infinitely  
 ‘ great Being, but it is a very real one, and  
 ‘ such as distinguishes him from all other Be-  
 ‘ ings whether finite or infinite, in one Res-  
 ‘ pect only.

‘ SINCE



‘ SINCE the *absolute Infinite* is the only Being which exists of itself ; since finite Beings cannot be small Parts taken off from his indivisible Substance ; it necessarily follows, that he has a real Power of making that to be which was not before : We have no Idea of this creating Power, but such a Power there must be in God, or the Existence of finite Beings would be impossible

‘ THE Action by which God has created all Things is never discontinued. ’Tis plain that he every Moment gives Being, because he can every Moment take it away. Now he cannot take it away but by ceasing to give it, or by giving nothing : but nothing cannot be communicated. The Preservation therefore of the Creatures is a perpetual Gift, that is to say, a continued Creation. A Being which holds its Existence in Dependance, cannot but be dependant on its Operations. The Creatures act, as they exist. Their Activity as well as their Being is every Moment communicated to them. What a wide Field of Truth is here opened to the Mind ?

‘ IT is God alone who creates all, and he is the sole Agent in his Work. It is he, who being every where present, gives Form and Motion to the corporeal World, Light and Love to the Intellectual. It is he who makes the one intelligible, and

362      *The* TRAVELS of

‘ the other intelligent. It is by him alone  
 ‘ that they correspond to each other, pur-  
 ‘ suant to certain general Laws, which he  
 ‘ has established for the Preservation of Or-  
 ‘ der and Union in his Works.

‘ *SECOND Causes* are but the *mere* Occa-  
 ‘ sions of his Action, which we don’t per-  
 ‘ ceive because of its Delicacy, and which we  
 ‘ falsely attribute to the Creatures and to  
 ‘ ourselves, thereby usurping the Rights of  
 ‘ the Divinity. There is no Shadow of real  
 ‘ Power in finite Beings, but that of our  
 ‘ Liberty, by which we are enabled to con-  
 ‘ sent, or not to consent, to the divine Ac-  
 ‘ tion, which illuminates, excites, and moves  
 ‘ us.

‘ *THE Impulse* which is given us by God  
 ‘ towards good in general, is the Ground  
 ‘ and Essence of the Will, and the Spring  
 ‘ of all our Loves. But this Impulse never  
 ‘ carries us irresistibly towards any particular  
 ‘ Good. we can always stop to examine  
 ‘ whether the Good that presents itself be  
 ‘ real or imaginary, whether according to  
 ‘ Order, or contrary to it ; whether good in  
 ‘ itself, or only pleasing to us. We can by  
 ‘ Consequence give Way to the Action of  
 ‘ God upon us, either from Virtuous or sen-  
 ‘ sual, rational or pleasurable Considerations,  
 ‘ from a reverential Regard to his adorable  
 ‘ Perfections, or from the Relish of our agree-  
 ‘ able Sensations. Here we see the two-fold  
 ‘ Spring

‘ Spring, by which our Liberty is explained.

‘ This Power of consenting to the divine  
 ‘ Action does not suppose an infinite Strength  
 ‘ in the Creature. It produces neither the  
 ‘ Object, nor the Action of the Object, nor  
 ‘ the Motion towards the Object. Our Action  
 ‘ is of itself always barren. The Action  
 ‘ of God is what alone produces all  
 ‘ our luminous and beautifying Perceptions.  
 ‘ It is the only Source of all the *Truths*,  
 ‘ and of all the *Pleasures* by which we are  
 ‘ moved. This Activity (or this Power of  
 ‘ chusing) like our Being, is a continued  
 ‘ Gift of God. We have a Being different  
 ‘ from his, and in like Manner we have an  
 ‘ Activity distinct from his. But as our Being  
 ‘ can not exist independently of his, so  
 ‘ neither can our Action produce any Thing  
 ‘ without his. His Action does all in all  
 ‘ according to certain Laws which he has  
 ‘ established.

‘ THE universal Rule by which God communicates  
 ‘ himself to free Beings, is to do  
 ‘ it more or less, as they more or less give  
 ‘ Way to his Action. When the Creature  
 ‘ sins, it is not necessary to suppose it endowed  
 ‘ with a Strength equal to the Creator’s,  
 ‘ whereby it may put a Stop to the  
 ‘ Action of God; it is God himself who  
 ‘ stops. He ceases to Act, because the Terms  
 ‘ or Condition upon which he Acts is wanting.



' THE Sight of the Sovereign Good, displayed without Covering or Veil, would  
 ' invincibly determine every finite Intelligence to cleave and adhere to it. But  
 ' this the Creatures might do, either to pay  
 ' Homage to its infinite Perfection, or in  
 ' order only to the Enjoyment of Happiness.  
 ' To separate these two Sorts of Love is to  
 ' commit a Sacrilege. No Method was more  
 ' worthy of the divine Wisdom for the confirming us eternally in the pure Love of  
 ' Order, than to raise us to it by a State  
 ' of Tryal, wherein we have continual Occasions of Sacrificing our pleasurable Sensations to the pure Idea of his infinite Perfection. The only Reason then why he  
 ' has made us free, is that we might be capable of *pure Love*.

' THIS is the Worship which God exacts from his Creature, and the eternal Condition of our Union with him. Order requires that we would love his infinite Perfection more than our finite Perfection.  
 ' Every Creature is but a bounded, communicated and dependent good: whereas the first Being is properly the *Only* good, the Source of all other good, the unbounded and independant Good. Our Love of this good ought likewise to be a peculiar kind of Love, the Source of all our Loves, a Love without Bounds, and independent of all other Love. On the contrary, the Love of our selves ought to be a Love derived from

' from this primitive Love, a Rivulet from  
 ' this Source, a bounded Love, a Love pro-  
 ' portioned to the small Portion of Good  
 ' which is fallen to our Lot. This is that  
 ' true Worship from which God cannot dis-  
 ' pense any intelligent Creature, and with-  
 ' out which he cannot unite himself to it.  
 ' God is *all*, and we are but a meer Nothing,  
 ' cloathed with a small Particle of borrowed  
 ' Being. That *Self* which we love so dearly  
 ' is, so to speak, but a little Part which seeks  
 ' to be the *All*, and falsely challenges divine  
 ' Honours. The Idol must be thrown down,  
 ' that it may be reduced to its own little  
 ' Place. When this Foundation is once laid,  
 ' the whole Edifice will rise as it were of it  
 ' self. We shall find the whole of Religion  
 ' unfolded in our Heart.

' THE Existence of God, the Liberty of  
 ' Man, and the true Nature of religious  
 ' Worship being once established, the Immor-  
 ' tality of the Soul necessarily follows from  
 ' these three Principles.

' WE are capable of knowing and of  
 ' loving to Infinity. God could have no  
 ' other End in creating a Being with so  
 ' vast a Capacity but to make himself known  
 ' to it as the Sovereign Truth, and to make  
 ' himself loved by it as the universal Good-  
 ' ness. Man does not in this Life accom-  
 ' plish this Design of his Maker. All his  
 ' Employments and Occupations here below  
 ' are unworthy of so noble a Capacity. Now

‘ it is impossible that God should create Be-  
 ‘ ings to know and to love him to Infinity,  
 ‘ without ever fulfilling the Design of their  
 ‘ Creation, unless they render themselves  
 ‘ incapable of it by their own Fault.

‘ THIS Inconsistency would be infinitely  
 ‘ unworthy the Wisdom and Goodness of  
 ‘ God who cannot destroy a Being that loves  
 ‘ him, and which he has created for no other  
 ‘ End but to love him. Supposing then, that  
 ‘ the Soul were material and mortal by its  
 ‘ Nature, it might become immortal by Love.\*

It was thus the good Father brought  
 Atheists to be Deists, Deists to be Christians,  
 and Christians to be Catholicks, by a well  
 connected Chain of Ideas and Reasonings;  
 which abounded with Light, and with noble  
 Sentiments. All his Arguments centered in  
 the Love of Order, and all flowed from  
 thence. This great and noble Idea gave  
 Strength, Beauty, Elevation and Unity to  
 all his Principles. I do not pretend here to  
 demonstrate the Truth of this System; but  
 I intreat the incredulous to shew me another,  
 all the Parts of which are so closely knit to-  
 gether, a-System so fruitful in luminous Con-  
 sequences, and so satisfactory to the Mind and  
 Heart.

WE were all so charmed with this Con-  
 versation that we were sorry when it was at  
 End, and every one of us, in our Turns, ex-  
 pressed our Acknowledgment to the *Reve-*  
*rend*



*rend Father* for defending the Christian Religion in so glorious a Manner, and by Proofs so convincing, that Incredulity could not possibly stand its Ground; for my Part, what he had said gave me so great Satisfaction that no Words were capable to express it.

THE Count complimented him in that genteel Manner of which he is so much Master, that few Men equal and none exceed him: *Dear Father*, said he, you have established our Religion in so clear a Manner, that even I could now deal with your Free-thinkers and Deists, though before I durst not venture to enter the Lists with them, nay I even thought some of their Objections unanswerable, but you have now drawn the Veil from before my Eyes, and I plainly see what I thought intricate and dark in the Christian System; but were it not the Fear of fatiguing you with too much speaking, I would ask you one Favour more which is this; that as you have intirely settled me with regard to my religious Principles, you would favour me with your Thoughts upon political Principles, which, though not so necessary as the former, a Man conversant in the World ought likewise to be settled and fixed in.

SIR, answered he smiling, I might easily excuse myself from granting your Request from Reasons of Inability, which might be alledged without a Blush by a Man of my Pro-

Profession ; but though I ought, perhaps, to do so rather than expose the Weakness of my Capacity in obeying your Commands, yet I chuse rather to shew you my Ignorance than to give you Occasion to suspect my Inclination to oblige you in every Shape, and with that View I shall frankly tell you my Sentiments upon Politicks, which are these.

‘ ALL the Nations of the Earth are but so many different Families of one and the same Republick, of which God is the *Common Father*. The natural and universal Law, by which he would have each Family governed is, *to prefer the publick Good to private Interest*.

‘ IF Men were guided by this Law, every one would be swayed by *Reason* and *Friendship* in the doing of what he does at present only for *Interest*, or through *Fear*. But we are so blinded and corrupted by our Passions, that we neither love nor understand this *great Law*. It has become necessary to explain it, and put it in Execution by *National Laws*, and consequently to establish a Supreme Authority which might judge in *dernier Ressort*, and to which all might have Recourse as to the Fountain of *Political Unity* and *Civil Order* ; otherwise there would be as many arbitrary Governments as Men.

‘ LOVE of the People, the publick Good, the common Interest of the Society, is then  
‘ the

' the immutable and universal Law by which  
 ' Sovereigns are to rule. This Law is ante-  
 ' cedent to all Contract. It is founded in  
 ' Nature itself. 'Tis the Source of all other  
 ' Laws, and the Rule by which they should be  
 ' made. He who governs, ought to pay the  
 ' most perfect Obedience to this primitive  
 ' Law. He has absolute Power over the  
 ' People, but this Law should have absolute  
 ' Power over him. The common Father of  
 ' the great Family has committed the Care  
 ' of his Children to him for no other End  
 ' but their Happiness. His Intention is that  
 ' one single Man should minister by his Wis-  
 ' dom to the Felicity of so great a Number,  
 ' and not that so great a Number should serve  
 ' by their Misery to flatter the Pride of one  
 ' Man. It is not for his own Sake that he  
 ' is made a King by God, but only to be the  
 ' Guardian of the People ; and he is no far-  
 ' ther worthy of the royal Dignity than as he  
 ' forgets himself for the Sake of the publick  
 ' Good.

' THE Tyranny of Princes, who govern  
 ' by despotick Sway, is a Violation of the  
 ' common Rights of Men, as Brethren. It  
 ' is an intire Overturning of the great Law  
 ' of Nature, to maintain and support which  
 ' is their only Office. Despotick Power in  
 ' the Multitude is a senseless blind Power,  
 ' which turns frantick and furious against it-  
 ' self. A People that has been spoiled by an  
 ' Excess of Liberty is the most insupportable  
 ' of all Tyrants. The Wisdom of every  
 ' Government



' Government consists in finding the Middle  
 ' between these two dreadful Extremes, in  
 ' a *Liberty which is bounded and restrained by*  
 ' *the sole Authority of the Laws.* But so  
 ' blind are Men, and so much their own  
 ' Enemies, that they cannot confine them-  
 ' selves to this just Medium.

' SAD Condition of human Nature !  
 ' Princes, jealous of their Power, are always  
 ' for enlarging it. The People fond of their  
 ' Liberty, are ever for augmenting it. It  
 ' is better, however, patiently to suffer for  
 ' the Sake of Order those Evils which are  
 ' unavoidable even in the best regulated  
 ' States, than to shake off the Yoke of all  
 ' Authority, and to abandon ourselves to  
 ' the wild Fury of the Multitude, who act  
 ' neither by Rule nor Law. When, there-  
 ' fore, the Supreme Power, is once lodged,  
 ' by fundamental Laws, in *one alone*, in a  
 ' *few*, or in *many*, we ought to bear the  
 ' Abuses of it, till we can find a Remedy  
 ' consistent with Order.

' ALL Sorts of Government are of Ne-  
 ' cessity imperfect, because the Supreme Au-  
 ' thority must of Necessity be trusted in the  
 ' Hands of those who are but Men. And all  
 ' Kinds of Governments are good when the  
 ' Governors act by the *great Law* of the  
 ' *publick Weal.* In the Theory, some cer-  
 ' tain Forms appear more eligible than others;  
 ' but in the Practice we find, that the In-  
 ' conveniencies to which all States are ex-  
 ' posed

‘ posed through the Weakness or Corruption  
‘ of Men (all subject to the same Passions)  
‘ are pretty near equal. It very seldom fails  
‘ but the Monarch, or the Senate, is wholly  
‘ influenced and led by two or three Men.

‘ THE Happiness then of human Society  
‘ is not to be obtained by changing and over-  
‘ turning the established Forms, but by sug-  
‘ gesting to Princes, that the Safety of their  
‘ Government depends upon the Happiness  
‘ of their Subjects, and by inculcating upon  
‘ the People ; that in order to their solid  
‘ Happiness, there must be a Subordination.  
‘ Liberty without Order is a Licentiousness  
‘ which brings arbitrary Power. Order with-  
‘ out Liberty is a Slavery which ends in  
‘ Anarchy.

‘ ON the one hand, Princes should be  
‘ taught, that to govern with unlimited Power  
‘ is a Madness which proves ruinous to their  
‘ just Authority. When Sovereigns accus-  
‘ tom themselves to know no other Law but  
‘ their absolute Will, they sap the Founda-  
‘ tions of their Dominion. There will come  
‘ a sudden and violent Revolution, which  
‘ instead of restraining their excessive Power,  
‘ will irrecoverably put an End to it.

‘ ON the other hand, the People should be  
‘ made sensible, that Kings being liable to Hat-  
‘ reds, Jealousies, and involuntary Mistakes,  
‘ which have terrible but unforeseen Conse-  
‘ quences, are to be pitied and excused. Men  
‘ are

are unhappy in that they are to be governed by a King who is but a Man like themselves; for it would need a Divine Wisdom to reform and conduct them. But Kings are not less unfortunate, being but Men, that is to say weak and imperfect, to have such a numberless Multitude of corrupt and deceitful Men to govern.

It was by these Maxims, equally adapted to all States, that the wise *Mentor* endeavoured to make his Country happy, in maintaining the due Subordination of Ranks. It was thus that he reconciled the Liberty of the People with Obedience to Sovereigns; seeking to make Men at the same Time good Common-wealth's Men, and loyal Subjects, submissive without being Slaves, and free without being licentious. The pure Love of Order is the Fountain of all his *political* as well as of his *religious Virtues*. The same Unity of Principles prevails throughout all his Sentiments.

HERE the Priest left of speaking; and getting up from his Chair made the Company a low Bow, and wishing us all Happiness in our intended Journey, went out of the Room along with the Gentleman who had disputed with him upon Religion.

*End of the First Volume.*





